The New Statesman and Nation, November 3, 1951

MID-AUTUMN BOOKS

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLII. No. 1078 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1951 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	477
LET'S FACE THE FUTURE	479
ELECTION POLLS	480
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	481
IN MEMORIAM. By Sagittarius	482
THIS ENGLAND	482
FRENCH REACTIONS. By Alexander Werth	482
THE LIBYAN SCENE. By John Ross	483
THEATRE CLUBS AND THE LAW. By C. H. Rolph	484
THE GREEN FIELD—II. By Nigel Harvey	486
THE EMPTY GRATE. By Helen Gosse	486
ANGST-PLATZ	488
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
New Architecture in Whitehall. By John Summerson	489
The Stratford Histories. By T. C. Worsley	489
A Pianist and Two Operas. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	490
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT (*contd.*)	
Tudor and Paltenghi. By Peter Brinson	490
The Movies. By Frank Hauser	490
Radio Notes. By Naomi Lewis	491
CORRESPONDENCE	492
From Ian Mackay, D. C. R. Francombe; Robert Carr, M.P.; Rom Landau; Hilda Stekel and Dr. S. Lowy; John Boulton; Fred Ogden; S. W. Green; Joanna Richardson.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By H. R. Trevor-Roper	495
CHANEL. By Lawrence Durrell	496
THE ISLAND SONG. By Kathleen Raine	496
REVIEWS:	
A Private Voice. By V. S. Pritchett	496
The Best of Palmerston. By A. J. P. Taylor	498
The Shape of Towns to Come. By Charles Madge	499
REVIEWS (*contd.*)	Page
Shows and Sideshows. By Arthur Marshall	499
Shelley, M.P. By Stephen Spender	500
New Novels. By John Raymond	500
Bedtime Books. By Anthony Curtis	502
The World From a Blank Page. By R. A. Skelton	502
Detection and Innes. By Ralph Partridge	504
Enough of This Joke. By Edward Hyams	506
Frogs, Warble-flies and Pintails. By Geoffrey Taylor	506
Wit and Witchcraft. By Naomi Lewis	506
Kiss-kiss, Bang-bang. By Frank Hauser	508
New Poetry. By Peter Duval Smith	508
SHORTER REVIEWS	510
SOME REPRINTS	511
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	512
CHESS. By Assiac	513

Crusaders in Chains

MR. R. A. BUTLER'S appointment to the Exchequer is already openly criticised in the City. Mr. Butler, the author of the recent Education Act and the short-lived Industrial Charter, is the principal champion in the Conservative Central Office of the Welfare State; he has for some years been *persona non grata* with the Axe-happy industrialists who form the hard core of Conservatism, and has repeatedly been criticised by Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers in terms only less harsh than those reserved for Socialist Ministers. The City is now asking in blunt and angry tones why so much money has been contributed to Tory funds if the net result is to be a Chancellor who is little more than a pink edition of Mr. Gaitskell. The Beaverbrook press has been lukewarm in its welcome to Mr. Churchill's Cabinet and Lord Beaverbrook, the chained Crusader, has apparently retired in dudgeon to Canada.

Mr. Churchill's selection of his Chancellor is some reflection of one of his principal dilemmas. For years the Tory party has been trying to persuade the people of Britain that they can both keep their cake and eat it—that greater benefits, more houses, lower prices, full employment and rearmament are all possible simultaneously. At the same time employers have been counting on their own kith and kin to force down wages, liberate profits, and, by whatever fiscal or economic measures prove necessary, to restore discipline to Labour and provide an adequate supply of domestic servants for middle-class wives. Owing to Labour's extraordinarily successful election campaign, during almost the whole of which the Tories were on the defensive, categorical promises were forced from the Tory leaders about the maintenance of the Welfare State which are to-day very difficult to evade. Mr. Churchill now has to make a show of honouring these and he has been manoeuvred into a position where he cannot follow normal Tory practice of handing over financial policy to the City and dismantling the Welfare State by a classical deflation.

But the corollary of this is serious both for the Tory Party and the Government. For the financial backers of the party have made it abundantly clear that they are expecting a quick return on their money and are in no mood to co-operate cheerfully with any Government which is not prepared to bring the working-class to heel. Mr. Butler therefore starts his new task under a great handicap—suspected by the Left, as any Tory Chancellor must be, mistrusted and disliked by much of his own party as a "fellow-traveller of the Socialists."

There is another questionable feature of his appointment. The new Ministry shows a considerable bias of talent towards external affairs and Defence. Mr. Churchill himself, Mr. Eden, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Ismay will prove more than a match for any group of their colleagues in Cabinet controversy. The most important task of the Chancellor in recent years has been to hold the scale between civil and Defence expenditure; and this task is inescapable at a time when the combined burdens of rearmament and the Welfare State are greater than our total resources. In the outgoing Ministry, both Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. Gaitskell had the financial experience and the authority to exercise this function. If ever it came to a real deadlock between the Chancellor and the Foreign Secretary or the Minister of Defence, the Prime Minister, standing above and apart from either of the disputants, could and did resolve it. In the new Cabinet, Mr. Churchill himself is Minister of Defence; and it is difficult to imagine Mr. Butler finding much support in that quarter when it becomes his duty to resist Defence expenditure. Moreover, Mr. Butler lacks the knowledge and toughness which enabled his two predecessors on the whole to dominate the Treasury; and Mr. Churchill, who has never had more than the sketchiest knowledge of economics, is unlikely to acquire a new expertise in his seventy-eighth year, overburdened as he will be with the Premiership and the Ministry of Defence. It is a fair conclusion with which many Conservatives will agree that the Exchequer will form the point of greatest stress in the new Government and that for many reasons, not all to his discredit, Mr. Butler is not the right man for the job.

For the rest, the appointments are much as

was expected, and offer little real hope that new ideas will be brought to bear upon our problems. The general appearance of the Cabinet is that of a revival of Churchill's war-time administration, with the strange embellishment of eight Peers.

The most extraordinary (and incomprehensible) is Mr. Oliver Lyttelton's posting as Colonial Secretary, which he must find a most disappointing consolation prize for his loss of the Exchequer, and which is certainly a matter of astonishment in the Colonies. The most inadequate is at the Board of Trade, where Mr. Peter Thorneycroft will find that the problem of balancing our overseas payments calls for a greater *gravitas* than has hitherto been apparent in his slick party speeches. (Among the lesser appointments that of Mr. Duncan Sandys is really indefensible). The most anomalous Cabinet appointment (and in a narrow way perhaps the most resented) is that of Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, an unmistakably Scottish lawyer representing a Liverpool constituency, as Minister responsible for Welsh Affairs. It has provoked the ribald speculation in Westminster that the post offered to Mr. Clement Davies, the Liberal leader from Montgomery, was that of Secretary for Scotland!

Impasse in Egypt

In the Canal Zone an impasse has been reached from which both sides will have increasing difficulty in extricating themselves. In a Note delivered last week-end, the Egyptian Government complains that the armed collisions which have occurred between the strengthened British garrison and Egyptian nationals constitute, on Britain's part, action which has "all the juridical and political qualities of an act of aggression in . . . terms of the U.N. Charter." Since the only reply from the British Government has been to order the Third Infantry Division to the Middle East, the next political step by the Egyptian Government will probably be to carry its complaint of "aggression" to the U.N. Assembly in Paris. Before it could endorse the Egyptian claim, the Assembly would have to rule that the unilateral abrogation of the 1936 Treaty by Egypt was legal and valid—a course which the Assembly seems unlikely to take. But, even though Britain may rely on being exculpated from the charge of being an aggressor, it is clear that "sitting tight" on the Canal, with Egypt carrying on an economic boycott of the Zone and withdrawing Egyptian civilian labour from the area, is not a permanent solution.

In so far as a solution is to be sought in terms merely of military strategy, a communiqué issued on Tuesday by British G.H.Q. at Fayid states that British troops will be retained in the Zone for the defence of the Middle East as a whole "until such time as an alternative organisation, such as that outlined in the Four-Power proposals, takes the place of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty." The implication appears to be that Britain would be prepared to acquiesce in the legal termination of her Occupation if Egypt agreed to the establishment in the Zone of a Western military base. The fulfilment, however, of such a plan depends on several uncertain factors. Egypt and Syria have both refused at present to participate in any Middle Eastern defence pact; and, though it is suggested that the Lebanon and Saudi Arabia are both disinclined to reject out of hand the offer of Western "assistance," it seems doubtful whether any of the Middle Eastern States could overtly differ from Egypt and adopt a "Western" line without completely disrupting the Arab League. Moreover, it is by no means certain whether the U.S. Government has yet made up its mind to take on the heavy additional commitment which would devolve on it if Britain were to hand over to the U.S. the major share of responsibility for Middle East defence—especially if the "defence" had to be organised against the wishes of some at least of the Middle East States concerned. In this obscure situation, the wise course for the British Government would be to inform the Assembly that, as a matter of principle, and irrespective of military plans, it is prepared to hand over the Canal Zone to U.N. trusteeship.

The Deal with Malan

It is an ironical and unpleasant fact that growing condemnation of South African racialism by people of all parties in this country, far from being reflected in the attitude of His Majesty's Government, has been accompanied by ever warmer relations between Britain and South Africa. At Lake Success the British Government supported the South African case in South-West Africa: the British delegate was one of those who voted against Michael Scott's being heard. In Bechuanaland the Minister for Commonwealth Relations bowed to White prejudice by refusing to permit Seretse and Ruth Khama to reside there. On this showing it seems doubtful even whether Britain will for much longer refuse to hand over the three High Commission Territories to South Africa.

The reasons for the British attitude were always thought to be connected with the problem of "African defence," and especially with "Middle Eastern defence." The South Africans, it was said, were being asked by London to send troops to the Middle East: in return for this, London would make no difficulties over "native policy." Major-General du Toit, the Chief of the South African General Staff, now gives chapter and verse. Speaking in Johannesburg on October 20, General du Toit said that South Africa had now been assigned "her part in the Middle East." She was better prepared for a major war than at any time in her history; he hoped that she would accept an offer of arms from the United States; meanwhile, "every single detail of organisation has been worked out in complete co-operation with the Allied armies." The good will of White South Africans, it seems, is more important to British imperial strategy than the good will of the non-White peoples of Africa. It is a choice which cannot fail of profound and, as we believe, disastrous consequences.

University Seats

Although the Conservatives' proposal to restore University representation played little part in the election, the narrowness of the Tory victory has suddenly focused attention upon it. To many people, especially Liberals, who did not vote Labour, this measure would seem a gross example of partisan tactics. The argument that the University seats provide an entry into Parliament for Independents without rigid party allegiance is a poor excuse for restoring any form of plural voting. In fact, the University seats would yield up to a dozen more votes for the Tory Division Lobby on all the main issues which divide the two large parties. The argument from tradition carries no more weight than would a proposal to restore pocket boroughs which, after all, did return both famous and useful Members. As for the suggestion that University graduates are, by virtue of their education, exceptionally fitted to choose Members, this rests on an illogical assumption which ignores the very purposes of parliamentary democracy. It could as easily be argued that the recurrent fuel crises require additional representation from mining areas, or that the need for higher production requires the presence in Parliament of more members of the engineering trade unions.

The whole case is based upon a fallacy. It assumes that the specialist is somehow more fitted to choose Members than the ordinary citizen. But the nature of our system of government is that a man votes as a citizen with a political bias and not as an expert with special talents. Moreover, any form of University franchise would result in the election of some Members by as few as four or five thousand votes, or perhaps fewer, if the modified method of giving graduates an optional and alternative University vote were adopted. In other words, the graduate's vote would be weighted five or six times as heavily as that of the non-privileged majority. This is one measure which, if the Government unwisely proceeds with it, is bound to evoke passionate, sustained, and bitter opposition.

The Hauliers Get in First

The Road Haulage Association, representing the majority of the residue of private hauliers still outside the nationalised sector, has lost no time in endeavouring to cash in on the Conservative victory at the Election. It demands an immediate removal of the 25-mile limit to which private hauliers are restricted unless they can get special permits, and thereafter gradual liquidation of British Road Services by the sale of its vehicles and depots back to private firms. In this latter process, the R.H.A. proposes to give priority to concerns which have been taken over compulsorily, leaving those which entered B.R.S. voluntarily to take their chance of what is left. It apparently intends that firms should be allowed to keep the whole of the sum they received in compensation when they were taken over, and that the State should write off these sums as lost. It demands representation of the private hauliers on a special Disposal Board, which is to carry through the liquidation of B.R.S., and appears to contemplate something in the nature of a monopoly for pre-existing businesses as against newcomers in acquiring the assets of the State service. The problem of road and rail, says the R.H.A. memorandum, can be tackled after the harmful effects of nationalisation have been undone—which means, in effect, after the possibility of achieving any co-ordination of road and rail services has been completely removed.

The Future of Steel

Road haulage is first with its claim; but it is not likely to be the first industry to be taken in hand by the Government, save possibly to the extent of modifying the 25-mile rule. Steel, obviously, is likely to be given the first place, not only because the Tories have all along announced their intention to undo the Steel Act, but also because the Act can indeed be repealed without giving rise to any serious difficulty. A large part of the iron and steel industry has been nationalised on paper; but very little has actually happened as a result of the Act. The firms taken over retain their separate identities, and there has been neither time nor opportunity for the steps towards the nationalisation of the industry's structure that was meant to follow its unification. The greater part of these changes had to wait, in any event, on the availability of larger allocations for investment. There have been a few resignations and replacements of directors in some of the firms taken over; but in the great majority of cases the same individuals as before remain in control at both the executive and the managerial levels. All the denationalisation of steel will mean will be that the control of investment policy will revert to the small group which dominates the Iron and Steel Federation—the group which dominated it so disastrously between the wars. The effects for the time being are not likely to be disastrous, for the simple reason that the industry can look forward, for some time to come, to enough demand to keep all the resources it has, or can get, in full employment. Only in the event of a recession in demand would the old restrictive policies be likely to come again into play.

Limits to "De-nationalisation"

Nevertheless, the return of steel to private ownership will be a big victory for British capitalism, because steel, more than any other industry, is the symbol of large-scale capitalist enterprise, as well as the key industry both for the production of a wide range of armaments and for investment. Coal-mining, which was once the advance guard of British capitalism, has been so thoroughly nationalised that no one now proposes to hand it back to private ownership. The Tories, we fancy, will even be wary of going further towards the announced schemes of decentralisation than they can go under the existing Act: they dare not arouse strong opposition among the mine workers, on whose positive good will the getting of enough coal to prevent disaster depends. Of the other industries and services nationalised since 1945, the Bank of England is not likely to be touched; and it is highly improbable that anything will be done about either railways or canals. Passenger road transport has been so little affected that there is hardly anything actually to undo; civil aviation will probably be let alone. Electricity would be nearly impossible to denationalise, though there might be some steps towards even greater regional autonomy on the distribution side. Thus, the scope for Tory measures of denationalisation, outside steel, is not very great. In any case, many of the recipients of compensation, now enjoying the income from State bonds, are by no means eager to revert to a risk-bearing investment.

Let's Face the Future

THOUGH no party can be satisfied by an electoral defeat, however narrow, it can hardly be denied that Labour's position to-day is incomparably stronger than it was when Mr. Attlee decided to go to the country last September. At that time, the Gallup Poll suggested that in all classes (and not least among the Labour Party's rank-and-file workers) there was widespread disillusionment with the Government and a defeatist acceptance of the inevitability of a long period of Tory rule. Mr. Bevan's resignation, followed by the elections to the Party Executive at Scarborough, had revealed a dangerous cleft within the ranks. Everything pointed to a Tory landslide; and even the most wildly optimistic Government supporter saw no prospect of anything better than the retention of office with yet another inadequate majority.

The election campaign has transformed the situation. As it proceeded—and particularly during its last four or five days—it became clear that the movement of public opinion was no longer away from Labour but towards it. The prospect of a Tory Government—so heart-warming to the resentful minority whose power and privileges have been clipped since 1945—became more and more alarming even to the disgruntled housewife and to the lower-paid worker, whose irritation at the wage freeze had been the chief cause of Labour's setback in the 1950 election. Moreover, as the campaign got under way, the conflict of Bevanite and anti-Bevanite dwindled into a minor issue, compared with the great task of preventing Lord Woolton from obtaining a working majority. It became clear indeed that there was One Way Only of defeating Toryism, and that this way was remarkably similar to that which Mr. Bevan had recommended. As far as we know, no Socialist candidate pinned his colours to the mast of the £4,700 million Defence programme or argued that it was essential to give arms a priority over social services in next year's Budget. The mood of the electorate—and in particular of the Radical Liberal whose support was so vital—ruled out any such concessions to purely military ideas of "strength." So once again the menace of a return to Tory rule compelled the Labour Party to unite, and in so doing to rediscover the first principles of Socialism.

As a result, what began as a half-hearted pursuit of a Tory party, far ahead and supremely confident of victory, ended as a neck and neck race. By the Monday of election week, it was the Conservatives who were fighting desperately to retain their votes in spite of the alarm which Mr. Churchill's leadership was arousing; it was Labour that was gaining all along the line. And as the results were announced on Friday afternoon it became clear that Mr. Churchill had just slipped into Downing Street on a minority vote. Moreover, his victory had been due not to any swing away from Labour but to a Liberal preference for Toryism as a lesser evil in some 25 marginal constituencies. For a weak Labour Government, dependent on a precariously split vote, there had been substituted a weak Tory Government created by a few thousand Liberals voting Tory, much against their will, in the absence of their own candidates. Instead of proving that the country is sick of Socialism and giving Mr. Churchill a mandate to dismantle it, the election has shown that just under half the British people, despite the grievous failures of Labour leadership in the last twelve months, believe tenaciously in the Welfare State whose foundations have been laid since 1945. And unless the new Cabinet can rapidly fulfil its assurance that a return to Tory rule will bring more houses, lower prices and better living standards, it may convert a much larger proportion to the Labour view before this Parliament is out. For it is now the turn of the Labour Party to profit in Opposition from all those misfortunes and discomforts to which the British people are subjected. And it can do so in the knowledge that Mr. Churchill's majority, while just big enough to make him responsible for those misfortunes and discomforts, is not sufficient to enable him to dismantle very much of the Welfare State. This applies also to foreign affairs, where anxiety to rebut the charge of "warmongering" will probably lead Mr. Churchill to make more concessions to the Opposition than to the bellicose brigadiers on his own back-benches.

In these circumstances, the obvious tactic for the Labour Party is to wait upon events and to let them show the gap between Tory policy and practice. No one wants another election just yet; and the Opposition, unless it is outrageously provoked, should give the Government time to condemn itself out of its own mouth. It should refrain from picking a quarrel: indeed, if possible, the first real clash may well be postponed until the Budget, in which Mr. Butler will have to harmonise his own progressive Conservatism with the demands for a return on their investment of those who contributed to Lord Woolton's election fund.

There is another reason for caution and patience on the part of the whole Labour Movement. Despite the comments of a few superficial observers this election was neither "coy" nor "demure." On the contrary, it was fought with an undercurrent of extreme bitterness by both sides. The Labour Movement united to defend the security and rights it had achieved for the first time under the Labour Government; the Tories and a large section of the Liberals to regain the economic power of the employer class which has been very slowly undermined since 1945. It is folly to deny the reality of this class conflict or to turn a blind eye to the resentments and fears it aroused. Below a placid surface are concealed violent passions which, if once released, could threaten our democratic liberties. The new Government, for instance, may well follow the example of Mr. Menzies in Australia and Mr. Holland in New Zealand. If so, it will seek to isolate one section of the workers, and to provoke them into industrial action. Then it will demand special emergency powers to crush a "Communist plot." If that happens, Labour must at all costs retain the unity which is strength and fight back. But it would be insane by factious opposition either in Parliament or outside to give the Tories the excuse for what many of them secretly desire.

The need to meet this danger well in advance

demands something further from the Opposition. The emergence of Bevanism as an unorganised but very powerful Left-wing force was an inevitable consequence of Mr. Attlee's decision to prolong unduly the sickly life of the second Labour Government at the cost of drifting into what was virtually a bi-partisan policy on Defence and foreign affairs. Deprived of the unifying leadership of Sir Stafford Cripps and Ernest Bevin, that Government in the last nine months also made in domestic policy so many departures from the principles on which the Welfare State was to be founded that the explosion, though dangerous, was a welcome sign of vitality. If it very nearly killed the patient, it shocked him out of his stupor and enabled him to recover his strength just in time for the electoral battle.

It would be tempting to suggest that, with the Tories in office, Bevanites and anti-Bevanites should forget their pre-election controversies and unite against the common enemy. Certainly many Labour M.P.s, who felt unable to support Mr. Bevan's resignation, will find it easier to approve his strictures on rearmament now that Mr. Churchill is Minister of Defence. Against the Tories, unity will not be difficult to achieve, even if some leading ex-Ministers will be prevented by their record in recent months from joining wholeheartedly in the attack which the Bevanites are free to make. But "Get The Tories Out" is as inadequate a programme for the next election as "Keep The Tories Out" was for the last. What is required is a positive Socialist policy; and this will not be achieved without a long and hard struggle in which the Bevanite controversy will be revived on far broader lines. The Labour Party desperately needs some new thinking, if it is to face the future in the next election with as clear and persuasive a programme as it put forward in 1945. Such a programme cannot be worked out in the absence of a vigorous and articulate Left-wing in the House of Commons and in the Labour Movement outside.

Election Polls

(From a Correspondent)

SINCE November, 1936, when the three pioneers of public opinion research, Roper, Gallup and Crossley, correctly forecast that President Roosevelt would have a comfortable majority, no pre-election period has been complete without its public opinion polls. The techniques seemed simple and the results reasonably in accordance with the electorate's voting behaviour. Then came the disaster of November, 1948. The same experts predicted that Mr. Dewey would receive 50 per cent. of the votes and that President Truman would be several million votes behind. Overnight the oracles became outcasts. Contracts were cancelled and publishers looked round hurriedly for new experts who could embellish the theme: "What Went Wrong With the Polls?"

Almost as quickly the Social Science Research Council provided funds for a Committee on the Analysis of Pre-election Polls and Forecasts. The nine-man Committee included six university professors and an ex-President of the American Statistical Association. Its main generalisation was that "the overall operation of making election predictions from pre-election polls is a complex one involving eight major steps at each of which error may enter." At least by implication they reported that some of the earlier successes were a lucky cancelling-out of some of these errors.

However, comparatively few people read the Committee's substantial volume of inconclusive analysis, and by the time the British General Election of 1950 was over public faith in the polls was more or less restored. During February of that year, three of the London "National" daily newspapers (*News Chronicle*, *Daily Express* and *Daily Mail*) were measuring the pre-election pulse of the electorate. Judged by the election results, all three slightly understated the Labour vote, and all three slightly overstated the Liberal vote. By and large, however, anyone who had remembered the statistical cautions published by the polling organisations, would agree that all three surveys produced figures reasonably close to the voting outcome.

This year there were again three sets of findings to choose from. The *Mail* withdrew from the picture and the *Daily Graphic* stepped in. The final figures of the *News Chronicle* and the *Express* appeared on October 25, while the *Graphic's* series ended on the 24th. The survey figures of voting intentions and the election results were:—

	Actual Votes	*News Chronicle*	*Daily Express*	*Daily Graphic*
	%	%	%	%
Conservative	48	49½	50	50
Labour	49	47	46	43
Liberal, etc.	3	3½	4	7
	100	100	100	100

All three polls erred in the same direction—they all suggested that the Conservatives would be ahead of Labour by at least 750,000 votes; in fact, they were behind by roughly 250,000. As in 1950, all the polls underestimated the Labour vote. Most reasonable people would regard the *News Chronicle's* deviations as statistically negligible; they might even, in a mood of generosity, pass the *Graphic's* figures as being reasonably close to the actual distribution of votes. To interview 2,000 people over the week-end and then, on the basis of their replies, to indicate with an average error of 4 percentage points how 35 million people will behave on the following Thursday would in most contexts be regarded as at least adequate. Where pre-election polls are concerned, however, the man-in-the-street regards anything less than perfection as almost intolerable. Can one, therefore, surmise in what ways distortions can creep into any pre-election poll and certainly have done this time in at least one of them?

First, there is the problem of timing. In between elections, some supporters of the Government like to enjoy the pleasure of being "agin' the Government." They express this "protest vote" at the public opinion polls, but as the day of voting rushes towards them they revert to their basic class loyalties and emotional fixations. In the case of Labour Party "protestors" this reversion to type tends to be concentrated in the few days just before voting, when the Party organisation and the workshop propagandists are going all out for victory. As long as possible a minority of Labour protestors hang on to "Don't know" or a "Liberal" position, and the reversion may not take place until the actual day of voting. That this pseudo-rebelling occurred in 1948 in the United States has been established by a lengthy survey which interrogated electors frequently both before and after voting. The pre-election polls could perhaps meet this situation in various ways. They could continue interviewing up until the evening before the election; or alternatively they could finish a few days before and make allowance for this last-minute swing; a third possibility would be to ask respondents additional questions and then decide their future voting behaviour in the light of their answers to questions *other* than the direct one: "Which way do you intend to vote at the General Election?" If either of these last two solutions is adopted then what is reported is something more than a public opinion poll—it is that plus the judgment of the expert running the poll.

The second main source of bias lies in the field of sampling. The polls should ideally concern themselves not with a sample of electors, but with a sample of voters. At the last two British General Elections, roughly 17 per cent. of the electorate has not voted. It is true that the polls normally report only the views of those who say they have made up their minds, but these are not necessarily the same people as those who go and vote. The American survey already mentioned found that of the people who said they had decided to vote for Dewey nearly one-quarter failed to turn out to vote; among those declaring an intention to vote for Truman, 28 per cent. abstained. The most surprising difference occurred among those who in the pre-election poll had insisted that they were without the slightest preference for either candidate: on Election Day, 85 per cent. of these neutralists were, by some means or another, dragged to the voting booth. In fact, we so far know very little about the people who form the 17 per cent. of non-voters, and meanwhile substantial guesses have to be made about the number of non-voters and of their composition.

A further source of possible error lies in the sampling process. The American Committee appointed in 1948 reported that "quota sampling (the method used by polling organisations) . . . under-samples the groups having the very highest and the lowest incomes in the population." The biases had normally not produced any serious deviations in the American forecasts since comparatively few people in these groups turn out to vote and when they do they vote for opposing parties (the top 10 per cent. vote Republican, the bottom 15 per cent. Democrat). The sampling methods of the British polling organisations are the same as those used in America, and therefore they too tend to under-represent the people with the largest and smallest incomes. In this country, however, these two groups tend to think alike; both vote Conservative. Presumably what happened was that the people who organised the *Daily Graphic* poll assumed that this time the top 10 per cent. and bottom 15 per cent. of the income scale

would register a very heavy turnout of voters. (This assumption would seem plausible since the super-tax payers seem to be very worked up about current levels of direct taxation, the working-class old age pensioners were obviously being badly hit by the increasing cost of living, and both Party headquarters were making a special effort to get out the postal vote of rich invalids and bed-ridden old age pensioners.) They, therefore, made special efforts to interview these sections of the population, and in doing so they expanded the predicted Conservative vote by about two percentage points at the expense of the predicted Labour vote. This rigid insistence on accurate sampling was apparently unnecessary; without it the *Graphic* poll might have been much nearer the actual voting behaviour of the electorate.

At the next General Election we shall probably have more pre-election polls for the sake of newspaper headlines. And that in many ways is a pity. In spite of the British pollsters' successes in 1950 and 1951 we are still in need of research at a less hectic level which will help us to understand why some polls are right in spite of the "eight major steps at each of which error may enter."

London Diary

LORD BALFOUR used to say that whoever was in office the Conservatives were always in power. Can one reverse this to-day and say that even if the Tories are in office, the trade unions and Labour movement will always be in power? Is it true that no British Government will in future be able to deprive the workers of the rights to employment, security and the national minimum of health, welfare and education which they believe they have won, just as the middle-classes won free speech, freedom from arrest and other civil rights? That would be putting it strongly. But certainly the Conservatives would not have climbed into office now if they had not pledged themselves to maintain the social services and not drastically to cut down the food subsidies. And yet they know that their remedy for our economic problem involves destroying the Welfare State. They are now in a dilemma. They dare not use the stick and they can't afford the carrot.

* * *

The first necessity then is for Mr. Churchill to get more American money. He may hope to be more popular in Washington than Mr. Gaitskell. But the Americans are not sentimental when it comes to lending money and Mr. Churchill may find it difficult to persuade his friends that a stable England under a Tory Government needs a further subsidy. By way of inducement I recommend the Tories to organise a few impressive Communist demonstrations in Trafalgar Square. Mr. Churchill also promised —and I have never doubted his sincerity in this matter—to have another try with Moscow. Once again success depends on getting his way in Washington. For President Truman has gone so far in talking of Soviet aggression, bad faith, etc., that he will now have difficulty in persuading the American public that an agreement with Russia can be worth the paper it is written on. The best plan would be to produce a long list of the agreements that Russia *has* kept—especially the financial ones, where Russia has a quite exceptionally good record. Something of this sort must be done; the alternative appears to be some sort of American ultimatum to Russia in 1953. I am sure that Mr. Churchill will not readily accept this purely military timetable that is now apparently taken for granted in high quarters in Washington. To do so is to accept as practically inevitable the destruction of Britain.

* * *

Who is to free the Crusader now that Britain has been set free? This superb line of an unwritten poem was inspired by the remarkable fact that the little red Crusader figure who has so long embellished the front page of the *Daily Express* suddenly became laden with chains on Monday, October 15, and still remains shackled on October 30 even though Mr. Churchill is Prime Minister What is the explanation? Are we to assume merely a bright publicity stunt, a mystery to rouse public curiosity? If so, I fall for the bait and recall rumours that Lord Beaverbrook would have liked to see repeated in this electoral campaign the shock "Gestapo" tactics which Mr. Churchill so disastrously adopted in 1945; Lord Beaverbrook was perhaps thwarted in this by responsible Conservatives like Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler, whom I believe he regards as contemptible milk and water "me-tooists." With such men in the Cabinet, how can Lord Beaverbrook feel sure that the country is even now set free? May we not, even under Churchill, cling to our chains, our full employment, our cheap food, our national health and our slavish Socialist Welfare State? Is it any wonder that the *Daily Express* Crusader still drags around with him his heavy, dismal load of chains?

* * *

The demise of the Liberal Party evokes a dirge or dithyramb of personal regret. Lady Megan has long been one of the most deservedly popular people in the House of Commons. She should long ago have thrown the past off her shoulders; as a member of the Labour Party, she could have played a great part in building the Welfare State her father did so much to found in England. I am personally sorry for Lady Violet; I doubt if anyone ever more passionately wanted to be in the House of Commons or was more trained by history and capacity for membership. She also should have buried her dead long ago and joined the Conservative Party. I am sorry, too, for Clement Davies who saw the sweets of office taken from his plate because, presumably, the Liberals still insist on maintaining a separate identity. Several of them have much to contribute. Some, like Dingle Foot, would make good independent critics. But ours is a two-party system—a fact which the Liberal Party could surely have recognised twenty years ago.

* * *

An American friend has just drawn my attention to the curious attempt last year to corner the soyabean market in the U.S. According to the *Herald Tribune*, "51 persons with Chinese names—many of them living in this country—all but cornered the soyabean market just before the Korean war . . . . The Chinese cleared an estimated $30 million on a sharp rise in soyabean prices." This news item appeared on August 16; two months before, in the MacArthur hearings, Senator McMahon had suggested that this operation had been handled by Chinese Nationalists (who operate in America as well as in Formosa), and had pressed Mr. Acheson in vain for details. I can understand the Senator's anxiety. Clearly, the operation was highly organised, since more than fifty names were known to the U.S. authorities, and it was on a very large scale, since so great a profit can be made only on an enormous capital stake. But the interesting question is why a group of Chinese Nationalists should suddenly speculate in soyabeans *before* the Korean war began. The trend in soyabean prices had been steadily downwards, and the trend was unlikely to be reversed unless Far East trade was abruptly disrupted by war. Did these Chinese Nationalists work purely on a hunch? If they did, they had amazing gambler's courage and astonishing luck. Or did they know some sort of conflict would start in the middle of 1950? The issue seems important enough to me to warrant a thorough inquiry. Yet very little has been heard of the investigation of the China Lobby which Mr. Acheson promised at the time of the MacArthur hearings.

* * *

The regulations about pedestrian crossings that came into force on Wednesday have had a promising beginning. The advance publicity was good, especially the news-reels, and the broad zebra markings are the most striking yet devised. The biggest legal change is the dropping of the provision giving precedence to pedestrians at controlled crossings. This was never of much importance anyway, because bad driving at a controlled crossing was already punishable under other enactments having no special relation to crossings. Precedence now arises only at uncontrolled crossings. If you are off the kerb before a vehicle reaches the black-and-white markings, the crossing is yours, and the driver who behaves as though it were his commits an offence. This may sound merely another way of saying that if you are knocked down it doesn't count; that you will have the satisfaction of being in the right if you are killed. But in practice it probably means that you've a much better chance of crossing safely on condition that you do not loiter, but cross with what the law still calls "reasonable dispatch." That, I admit, is what I have hitherto crossed with, and I see nothing in the new regulations to encourage a change of plan. It gives official support, so to speak, to the remark (made originally, I think, by Ivor Brown) that in London nowadays there are "only two kinds of people, the quick and the dead."

* * *

Supporters of Labour who have long suffered from Tory jibes as they waited in queues are now going to have quite a bit of quiet fun. The Tories have actually persuaded many middle-class people that all our post-war difficulties are due to the incompetence—or worse—of the Labour Party. They expect the butchers' shops to be filled with succulent steaks at prices they can afford. Even before the results were com-

plete a friend of mine overheard two comfortable ladies in Hampstead congratulating each other on the fact that with Mr. Churchill in office there would be plenty of coal for everyone. The defeated, I think, will not be slow to get their own back. Gloomily viewing the pelting rain on Tuesday a garage-hand said to me: "Just look at this weather, and the Tories haven't yet been in office for a week!" CRITIC

IN MEMORIAM

The morrow of Election Day
Sees victors plan the tasks ahead,
But carnage far and wide is spread—
The Liberals, O where are they?

They fought and did not count the cost,
And now, amid victorious cheers,
How dully falls upon their ears
The jingling of deposits lost!

The Tory hold indeed is weak,
Nor is the mandate they fulfil
Broad based upon the people's will—
They won but by a narrow squeak.

Yet Liberalism's fighting force
Lies strewn and slaughtered on the field;
The fateful verdict has revealed
The country takes no middle course,

But passing down appointed grooves,
The sovereign electorate
Decides for the Two Party State,
To which the whole creation moves.

Now on that remnant, once sublime,
The Party of Reform, we look,
And question why its dying took
Such an unconscionable time.

Ask, can the rival Parties give
An equally enlightened lead,
Untinctured by the Liberal creed?
The answer's in the negative.

And though in darkness they may grope,
With Britain's basic Liberal vote,
Compelled by circumstance to float,
They faintly trust the larger hope,

That though they have departed hence,
Their ghostly being will extend
On whom their mantle may descend
A liberalising influence.

The Liberals their fate have met,
But their example still may save—
Their honoured and lamented grave
Is not without its violet.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD

"Corporal punishment has not had the desired effect on the boy . . . He seems to be rather a miserable sort of fellow."—Report in *Evening Standard*. (Graham Brooks.)

It was extraordinary there was still broadcast such a song as "One for the Road" . . . Such sentiments are completely contrary to the tenets of the Highway Code.—Report in *Liverpool Echo*. (Barbara M. Lobb.)

If the B.B.C. are as impartial as they are supposed to be during the election period surely they should not broadcast things like "The Peasants' Revolt," to schools as they did the other day. This is a distinct lesson in class hatred.—Letter in the *Star*. (F. B. H. Cullen.)

The competition is open to living writers only.—Announcement in the *Observer*. (M. Delph.)

French Reactions

FRENCH reactions to the result of Britain's vote on October 25 are fairly obvious: satisfaction mingled with regret on the Right; disappointment mingled with relief on the Left—not counting the Communists, to whom it's "a plague on both your houses." With the Tory majority as slender as it is, the effect in France will not be as marked as it would have been if the Tories had come in with a thumping majority; it is now expected here that the new Churchill Government will exercise caution in both home and foreign affairs. The chief dread in French Government quarters at the thought of a great Tory victory was, as I wrote a fortnight ago, that Mr. Churchill would seek his main solution to the problem of European "security" in the all-out rearmament of Germany if the Russians did not agree to a whole series of demands—to be presented to them either by Mr. Churchill on his own initiative or jointly with the U.S. But with Tory victory as thin as it is, French opinion on the future course of the British Government is also more reserved. And there is also another point: the first Cabinet list has, on the whole, made a favourable impression; Mr. Eden continues to be remembered by many Frenchmen as an anti-Munichite, as "a man with good instincts," and as one who "got on well with Litvinov." Similarly, Lord Salisbury's attitude towards MacArthur in 1950 is remembered with satisfaction by the political experts here.

The hope, therefore, that, even with the disappearance of the Labour Government, Britain might yet continue to act as a restraining influence on Washington has not been altogether abandoned, and it takes in France an all-out pro-American writer like M. Servan-Schreiber to declare that the British election and Britain generally are of no consequence to Europe, since Britain, whatever her Government, must be, and always will be, by sheer economic necessity, America's satellite *par excellence*. The Americans, he says, can do with Britain at any time exactly as they please, just as they did this time, when they brought down the Labour Government through their latest financial squeeze. Britain, he further says, is so much an "organic" satellite of America's that she has got to re-arm, whether she likes to or not; she cannot, like France, "pretend" to re-arm, and get away with it by merely paying lip-service to the Atlantic Pact. If France can, at a pinch, live in a state of autarky, and tell the Americans to go and chase themselves, Britain is an infinitely more "dependent" territory. This "debunking" of Britain, coming from one section of the French Right is, in its own way, as characteristic as the "delight" expressed by another section of the Right, represented by M. Paul Reynaud, who sees in Mr. Churchill's return to power a deadly blow to Socialism in Europe. This section of the Right now foresees a British *rapprochement* with Franco Spain, a final break with Peking, closer "co-ordination" between London and Washington, and a greater readiness to support "European unity" based on German rearmament.

For all this, the issues are not quite as clear as they would have been in the case of a great Tory victory. According to unofficial reports from Moscow, the Russians are extremely interested to know whether Mr. Eden will come to the U.N Assembly, as Mr. Vyshinsky is *most anxious* to have some "exhaustive talks" with him. This suggests that, especially with Eden as Foreign Secretary, the Conservatives may, in the Russian view, have fewer "inhibitions" than the Socialists—"always scared of being suspected of Communist sympathies"—about acting as peace-makers between Moscow and Washington. All this, oddly enough, goes hand-in-hand with the common view of Churchill as a "dangerous" man in foreign affairs.

While M. Pleven is groping in the dark, still uncertain whether he will be Prime Minister when the National Assembly meets again on November 6, and, if he is, what kind of majority he will be able to rely on (a great squabble is going on at the moment between the pro-Socialist and the pro-Gaullist tendencies at the Radical Congress at Lyon) the French public have been worrying and speculating on a variety of other vital problems. A number of these were raised by the latest utterances of General Eisenhower—on the one hand, his announcement that, two years hence, the American troops would begin to withdraw from Europe, which, by that time, would be "fit to look after itself"; and, secondly, the interview he gave to the French weekly, *Paris-Match*. Blowing hot and cold, Eisenhower suggested that war was possible, but not inevitable; for although the Russians knew that, by invading Europe, they "would win a battle but lose the war," they might still go on "nibbling" here and there, and "America might make the mistake of reacting too sharply to certain provocations." (Presumably whether Europe liked it or not.) Eisenhower also foresaw another danger: although by the end of 1952 the Russians were "even less likely than now" to attack Western Europe, the Atlantic Powers would, by then, be fully armed, and "would then have to take the risk of a showdown" (*une explication*); and this, Eisenhower said, would be "a delicate moment for peace." What exactly he meant by such a "showdown" he did not say, except that the "showdown" would be "a stormy one"—which rather suggests that some kind of ultimatum would be presented to Moscow. But the risk was "worth taking." And if there was to be fighting, this might well take the Atlantic armies to Southern Russia or to "the area round Leningrad"!

On Germany, Eisenhower said that the Grotewohl proposal had brought the unification of Germany much nearer, and that it was for the West to persuade the *whole* of Germany to join the Atlantic military system—which is, of course, tantamount to saying that the danger of West Germany rearmament, which the Russians (and not only the Russians) are anxious to avoid, should be supplemented by the rearmament, against Russia, of Eastern Germany as well. Which is, needless to say, a handsome contribution to an East-West *détente!*

To the French, Eisenhower was fairly charitable, saying her rearmament effort was "at least equal to that of other countries," but that it wasn't good enough, because France was rather a special country, from which one had the right to expect a special effort, and greater enthusiasm and self-sacrifice—why not 1792 ("*La Patrie en Danger*") all over again, or a revival of "the spirit of Verdun"? To try to rouse French enthusiasm for the holocaust of Verdun at this stage is like asking Britain to thrill with delight at the prospect of another Passchendaele. But then, other people's psychology isn't always the *forte* of American generals.

In conclusion, after paying tribute to France's effort in Indo-China, Eisenhower complained of the unfriendliness of so many French people towards the American soldiers and airmen here, and of the "U.S. GO HOME" scribbled all over the place. This, he observed, made a deplorable impression on the Americans here and their families back home. It was, Eisenhower said, ungrateful and ungracious to behave like this towards people who were here only to "protect France against a grave danger," and who had no intention of

staying longer than necessary. He thought it was "almost the duty" of the French press to explain this to the French people.

Political observers here consider that this and other statements lately made by General Eisenhower have much to do with the possibility of his running for the Presidency in 1952. Whereas he is opposed to war in the Far East, he (like Truman) is suspected of being ready to risk the lives of "American boys" in a showdown in Europe. Hence his statement—seemingly illogical, as coming from the head of N.A.T.O.—about the early withdrawal of American troops from Europe. But this is considered here an important election manoeuvre directed both against Taft and against the Democrats. But whether this, in itself, lessens the danger of war is quite another matter.

France is worried, and these worries are perhaps more clearly reflected in the provincial press than in the much more "conformist" Paris press. In the *Dépêche du Midi* (formerly the *Dépêche de Toulouse*), belonging, not to any Communists, but to the great Radical dynasty of the Sarrauts, M. Jacques Gascuel, the distinguished economist, himself closely associated with important French business interests, wrote an article, *What do the Americans Want?* which is typical of the apprehensions widely felt here:

> After Washington and Ottawa, the Europeans are worried. What do their American partners really want? More and more people fear that, before 1954, a kind of unconditional surrender will be demanded from the Russians—a demand that will be backed by armed force . . . Beyond the Atlantic, there is more and more talk of "liberating the oppressed peoples" and of America's "crusading spirit," which will correspond equally well to America's moral values and to her business interests . . .
>
> Rearmament has already proved a splendid business for the American standard of living . . . In two years from now America's national income will exceed everything the world has yet seen, and war (already widely accepted as inevitable) will mean a grand extension of the American way of life . . .

This enthusiasm, says Gascuel, is not shared by Europe; for to her, rearmament does not mean boom, but impoverishment. And yet, there is a limit to the American boom, for in 1954 America's volume of production will be 2½ times higher than in 1938—and the choice may well lie between war and that economic collapse the Marxists have been prophesying.

And to what extent Europe rearms, doesn't, in his view, really matter all that much to the U.S.A., which is relying, more and more, on its own strength and the power of its "fantastic weapons"—and, of course, on its overseas bases.

> Europe, for her part, has not waited till 1945 to discover military glory. She believes no longer in the benefits of military victory, nor in the omnipotence of any weapons, even atomic weapons . . . The Korean war has shown her what to expect from a war in Europe. She believes that, after overrating the power of Russia, America is now underrating it . . . It is one of those psychological somersaults of America which Europe has always found so dangerous and disconcerting.

He says, in conclusion, that Russia has, since last autumn, done her utmost to arrive at a *modus vivendi;* every effort of hers has been turned down as a swindle or a manoeuvre; but if the Russians become finally convinced that America is feverishly preparing for her 1953 or 1954 D-Day, will she not strike first, come what may? And he concludes that the time has come for some very clear thinking in Washington—for can America really expect to thrive on the ruins of Europe? This sort of thing is not said in the best French circles; and yet a lot of thinking—and melancholy brooding—is done precisely along these lines.

Paris, October 29. ALEXANDER WERTH

The Libyan Scene

I. Cyrenaican Power Pattern

The Mutassarif (Prefect) sat under a picture of the Emir, with a deputy at hand to echo his more telling phrases. He assured me that 95 per cent. of the people supported the Emir, and that only a miserable 5 per cent. opposed him—all paid with foreign gold. Speaking about July's riots in Benghazi and their aftermath, when the Opposition party was banned and its newspapers closed down, the Prefect assured me that loyal citizens in their thousands had sent telegrams to the Government demanding that members of the Opposition should be punished severely as traitors. "I am no politician, only a public servant," he added; "but I know that the only path for our people is that of the Emir and the present Government."

The Emir's Government has been in power now for two years, and has already had time to develop the pattern of a Middle Eastern autocracy. Later, when it forms part of a Federal Libya, pressure from Tripolitania may modify it, though Cyrenaica will retain full autonomy in matters of internal administration. Meanwhile it bears witness to the weakness of the traditional British approach to protectorates.

At the centre of the power pattern is the Emir, Sayyid Idris es Senussi, to whom power was handed by the British administration in 1949, with the exception of certain reserved powers like foreign relations and defence. He owes his position in the first place to religious supremacy which he inherited from his father, Sayyid el Mahdi es Senussi. He has chosen his Ministers and advisers from among friends and sychophants, retaining them in office against both popular disapproval and the misgivings of many of his British advisers and senior officials.

The Emir's relatives, who share his inherited theocratic eminence to greater or lesser degree, according to which particular line of the Senussi family they sprang from, receive substantial State pensions; in addition, have been granted various monopolies and concession, rather in Elizabethan style, including the sole right to export esparto grass (of which over £500,000's worth is exported yearly), scrap metal from the old battlefields, and the right to run passenger transport. Ministries have tended to fill up with cousins and friends, as is general in the Middle East; a political Opposition was formed, in the first place, from those left out—though, by now, purges of Opposition sympathisers in Government service have become commonplace. Public feeling is strongly against the Government, and against the Senussi privileges, though there is general loyalty to the Emir himself as head of the State.

The discontent which led to riots and demonstrations in Benghazi in July had among its causes the economic hardships intensified by this year's bad harvest and unemployment. The police were called in to restore order, using far more force than was necessary, and several people, who included Mustafa ben Amor, deputy to the elected advisory assembly, were arrested on charges of "participating in an unlawful demonstration." The judge in charge of the case gave light and suspended sentences; whereupon the Prime Minister, Muhamed Saqisly, replaced him by another judge, newly arrived from England. Mustafa Amor was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. Since this step was not opposed by the British legal adviser, public opinion, which was angered by the sentences and change of judge, naturally held the British responsible for them.

The gradual identification of British with an unpopular Government could conceivably have been avoided. In the first place, power need not have been handed over to the Emir; it might have been devolved on some representative body. Though it is true that the Cyrenaicans are backward, and not fully prepared for democracy, this should hardly constitute a valid reason for ignoring the more enlightened among them, and establishing an autocracy. As it is, in dealing with the Emir's administration the British Residency has laboured in the dilemma whether to intervene in internal affairs. Its unwillingness to intervene against maladministration, however, has forced it now to take sides with the Government against the Opposition. Since Britain gave the Emir power, pays him a subsidy, and maintains British advisers in the Government, public opinion universally holds Britain responsible for the Government's actions. As a result, opposition inevitably becomes directed partly against the British. This has enabled Saqisly to convince the Residency that the National Association (the Opposition party) is subsidised by Egypt and must in consequence be fought as anti-British—thereby exacerbating the rift, though reconciliation is still possible.

This development has taken place against the protests, and even resignations, of many British officials who were carried over from the British administration into Cyrenaican Government service in September, 1949. The advisers and employees in the main have done a magnificent job. They have built up an Arabic education system whose results are accepted in Egyptian schools and Universities, a Health Department, and an Agricultural Department orientated towards Arab needs. They have fought as best they could against abuses of power by Ministers, and the resulting decline of administrative standards. Sometimes they are successful; for instance, when an illiterate was appointed as headmaster of a Derna School, after a long struggle the British education organiser was able to obtain his demotion (not dismissal), but usually it ends with the Minister saying: "These are my orders."

The behaviour of the Minister of the Interior and his Mutassarif, aping procedure they learned as Italian officials, has been especially reprehensible. Though there was no rioting in Derna, they closed down the National Association's club room, throwing books, furniture and billiards tables out of the windows in good old *Fascisti* style, before loading them into lorries. Towards the end of August, the Minister of the Interior called the Mutassarif to a hurried conference at Barce, after which leading members of the National Association were placed under police supervision, bound over to abstain from public activity, ordered to keep a Curfew from 8 p.m. to 8 a.m., and to obtain police permission before leaving town. Deprived of the press, and of the right to public activity, the Association's members are becoming increasingly bitter, while Saqisly's banning of all working-class organisation, with the exclusion of Benghazi's few intellectuals from Government service, has caused considerable resentment in Tripolitania, where Cyrenaican affairs are closely watched. As the British enjoyed great popularity here, having come as liberators, and helped the country a good deal, present resentment can be ascribed only to the Victorian ideas among our responsible officials.

Another weakness noticeable in the approach of many English officials to Arab problems is their glamourising of the Bedouin, a trait which Saqisly and his Commissars have been quick to exploit, propagating the idea that only the townsmen are in opposition, and that they are a bad lot anyway, while the noble Bedouin are all loyal to the Emir and his Government. This viewpoint, which

usually stems from lack of acquaintance with the Bedouin, is unfortunate in that it means relying on the most backward and unenlightened section of the population, a section which is steadily declining in importance with economic and educational advance. It is in any case misleading: many townsfolk, including some of the those now in gaol, are influential members of their tribes, and there is discontent among the tribesmen themselves: their ideas of loyalty beyond their own tribe are limited and conditional. Recently one tribe threatened to move into Egypt and become Egyptian subjects, if its grievances were not remedied.

JOHN ROSS

Benghazi, October.

Theatre Clubs and the Law

LIFE may not always seem very comfortable now, but it would be worse if it weren't for the unwritten legal convention that the "Executive" has a general discretion whether to enforce the law or not. If I go so far as to call it a convention, it is because one or two of our leading jurists have discovered that the Nelson eye has become a part of the Constitution. Thus, though public whist drives are still unlawful, it is so long since there was a prosecution that the police now run public whist drives themselves, and the recent Royal Commission on Betting, Lotteries, and Gaming wanted them legalised. Judges, it is true, have said that every law on the Statute Book should be either properly enforced or repealed, and that when it appears, from the popular outcry, that a particular law has become repugnant to the people's will, then they should know what to do about it. But such dour academicism belongs to those who would make a desert and call it peace.

The theatre has moved in this legal twilight for centuries. The strolling actor and the player of interludes are still lumped with the bear-ward and the vagabond as persons only faintly distinguishable, in the eyes of the law, from the cut-throat. The English theatre got established by defying the law so entertainingly that the law at last fell into step sufficiently to say, in the Theatres Act, 1843, that public play-acting could continue provided every building used had "letters patent" from the Crown authorising its use as a theatre or a licence to the same effect from the Lord Chamberlain, who was also to be shown every script before production.

It was the abuse of this power of censorship by one Victorian Lord Chamberlain after another that, besides infuriating Shaw, Ibsen, and Henry Arthur Jones, led to the formation of small clubs for the private enjoyment of plays, particularly a number of French ones, that had no chance of being licensed for "public" presentation in this country. The Theatres Act, it was thought, applied only to plays presented in "places of public resort," so that what took place "in private" was no concern of the law's. There was, and there has always been, a tendency to overlook section 11 of the Act, which says:

> Any person who, for hire, shall act or present, or cause, permit or suffer to be acted or presented, any part in any stage play in any place not being a patent theatre or duly licensed as a theatre . . . (penalty, £10 per day).

"Places of public resort" get no mention here. "The effect of this section," said Mr. Justice Blackburn in 1873 (*Tarling v. Fredericks*), "is to make it punishable to act stage plays for hire *anywhere* where there is no licence."

Theatre clubs—there are now about a dozen in London alone—grew up in the belief that the law was observed so long as you admitted only "club members" to the performances. This may still be true so long as there is no question of acting "for hire," but the payment of anyone, or a requirement that playgoers shall buy some article, or the sale of "excisable liquor" on the premises—any of these brings the occasion within the meaning of "acting for hire," and thus destroys even this tenuous legality. Nevertheless, in the half-century of the theatre club "movement," prosecutions, usually begun by the Lord Chamberlain's Department, have been confined to performances to which "non-members" were admitted—a tacit suggestion, gaining strength with the years, that, *pace* Section 11, strictly-membership audiences would be left alone.

The trouble is, what does "membership" mean? You can join a theatre club merely in order to see one of its plays, and then resign or let your "membership" lapse by not paying another subscription. Some of the clubs impose a 48-hour wait upon applicants for new membership, but no law requires them to do this—as it does in the case of proposed members of "registered clubs" (i.e., ordinary clubs whose members want intoxicants). The 48-hour interval in the case of theatre clubs is a propitiating touch of anxious verisimilitude.

In fact, the question has become primarily one of size. A theatre club with, say, twenty-five members or less would not, perhaps, interest the Lord Chamberlain's men. A membership running into thousands, which is not now unusual, approaches the point where a "private" activity might be thought to merit a new description. When does it become "public"?

The Unity Theatre, King's Cross, was recently selected for prosecution under the Theatres Act. (I hope I have said enough to suggest that "selected" is the right word.) The theatre club itself, as the "Unity Theatre Society, Ltd.," its manager and two producers were charged under section 11 of the Act with presenting a revue called "Here Goes" on two dates in February this year, the theatre not being "a patent theatre or duly licensed as a theatre." The club and its manager were further charged (under section 15) with putting on a play which had not been licensed by the Lord Chamberlain.

The case raised a number of subsidiary issues of hardly less importance to theatre clubs than the fact of their general vulnerability. Whereas, for example, it has been usual to prosecute only the proprietors or lessees of unlicensed theatres (under section 2 of the Act) for "*keeping* a place of public resort for the public performance of stage plays, without authority or licence," that limited procedure was dropped this time in favour of a charge that could include everyone connected with the production. It may seem unfair that producers, for example, whose responsibility ends on the "first night," should be held punishable because, weeks or months later, a non-member got into the theatre and damaged the pretence that it was not a "place of public resort." But the Unity Theatre case suggests that that may now be the intention of the Director of Public Prosecutions. One of the producers, Miss Vida Hope, was discharged by the Magistrate because she gave evidence and satisfied him that she was not working "for hire." The other, Mr. Alfred Bass, who seems to have been convicted because he would give no evidence at all (the Act places the onus upon him), appealed to the High Court and won—not for the reasons that led to Miss Hope's acquittal, but because he had never been identified, in any evidence before the Magistrate, as the Alfred Bass whose name appeared as producer.

Unity Theatre may have felt it to be ironical, too, that it should be charged with presenting a play not licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, since any play it sends to his Lordship is returned with a note disclaiming jurisdiction on the ground that the theatre is not a licensed one. And a considerable amount of time was spent, during the three-day hearing at Clerkenwell Magistrate's Court, on the question of access by "non-members" (two Lord Chamberlain's men and a detective sergeant), the relevance of which must surely diminish as the size of the "club" increases.

Now the Unity Theatre Society is, potentially at least, of such fantastic numerical size that "theatre club" ceases to be rationally applicable. "Any society or company registered under an Act of Parliament," says No. VII(3) of the Society's Rules, "or any other organisation having subscription-paying membership and keeping a register of such members, may become members of the Society." So the British Legion, presumably, could join with its 1,000,000 members, or the T.U.C. with the 8,000,000 men belonging to trade unions affiliated to it—and all their wives and families. (Trade Unions do, in fact, join *en bloc*.) Thereupon, each individual member of those bodies becomes entitled, under Rule XXV(4), to buy six tickets for every play which the Society puts on.

There must come a point at which, on a numerical basis alone, the meanings of "private" and "public" begin to merge; and even if the regular theatre-going public adds up to five million people, it is still heavily outnumbered by the potential "club membership" of Unity Theatre. In looking for reasons behind the recent prosecution by the Lord Chamberlain's Department (who could prosecute a theatre club every day if they wanted to), you must take your choice between size of "membership" and Unity Theatre's declaration that it is "a people's theatre, built to serve as a means of dramatising their life and struggles, and as an aid in making them conscious of their strength and of the need for united action."

Whichever it was, the result of the case might reasonably have been regarded by all theatre clubs as the writing on the wall. They did not, in fact, so regard it until the National Council for Civil Liberties, in a circular letter to them all, called their attention to the danger in which they stood and afforded them an opportunity to close forces and work out a common policy for the future. They took counsel's opinion on their status under the law, and will probably behave with the wariness that will keep that status in a permanent condition of ambiguity. Officialdom regards the theatre club, equally with the bottle party and the football pool, as a device for hoodwinking the law. Discriminating lovers of the drama see it as the only way of getting "experimental theatre," in view of the costs and hazards of ordinary commercial production. Essentially, however, what divides these two views is our old friend, the censorship of plays. Extended on Unity Theatre lines, the theatre club could before long reduce the censorship to complete impotence.

There are two ways to get rid of the censor if we don't want him. One, gallantly tried by Mr. E. P. Smith in the last Parliament, is to abolish him by Statute. (The theatre managers always oppose this now. "Better the devil we know . . ." they say.) The other is to develop the theatre club to a position of such dominance as to enforce its recognition in a new Theatres Act, as permissive as the old one was until the growth of civil liberties made it seem punitive.

C. H. ROLPH

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

AS the pilot swings his plane round on London, he sees clearly the detail of the city below him through his plastic windscreen. It is made of 'Perspex' acrylic sheet, all-British alike in its discovery and its production, transparent as crystal but only half the weight of glass. It is the ideal material for use in aeroplane construction. This has been called an age of plastics. The natural plastic material, bitumen, was known to Man as long ago as 2000 B.C., but it was not until 1864 that the first artificial plastic, xylonite, was invented by Alexander Parkes of Birmingham. Then in 1908 the phenolic resins were discovered, but real development had to wait until the war of 1914-18. Then the necessity to find substitutes for wood and metal turned the minds of research chemists to the field of plastics. Since then the industry has developed hugely and swiftly. Each year sees an increase in the number and types of plastic materials, each with its own peculiar properties. Every month almost sees one or other of these materials finding fresh applications in the chemical, electrical, mechanical and motor-engineering, shipbuilding, and other industries: in articles varying from grinding wheels to cutlery, from vacuum cleaners to containers for cosmetics, from telephones to toothbrushes. The British chemist is continually adding to the range of these plastic materials which are as vital to our daily lives as steel or timber. This unremitting research in British laboratories is quickly translated into production in British factories.

ICI

The Green Field

In the last generation of the nineteenth century cheap food from overseas came to Britain in unprecedented amount and with unprecedented reliability. The prairie and the ranch, the railway and the steamship, the mechanical reaper, canning and refrigeration combined to make mock of the ten-acre field and the four-course shift; and together they beat the High Farming, whose corn and meat they undersold, though it fought in its own home market with a century of unparalleled achievement behind it. Such was the economic challenge which faced the British farmer in later Victorian times. And grass was the primary tool with which he made his technical response.

Consider, therefore, the basic industrial properties of grass, for here lies the key to much of our modern agricultural development. First: it produces human food not directly like wheat, but indirectly, via the stomachs of the stock which turn it into meat or milk. It is, indeed, the primary food of most types of farm animal. Only in terms of stock, therefore, can its value and purpose be properly assessed. Secondly, it is a cheap crop. It does not, for instance, require annual ploughing or seeding, and its demands on labour are light. Further, the minimum agricultural standards it requires for continued existence are low and it is relatively less harmed by neglect than any other crop. Grass, uncultivated, unmanured and mismanaged will still produce something, however light and poor the crop may be, whereas similar treatment will kill corn or roots so that they leave only a harvest of weeds. Thirdly, it is a singularly variable and versatile form of crop—or rather combination of crops. For species of what are known, vaguely, as "grass" will grow on the hills and in the valleys, on rich or poor land, in the dry Eastern Counties or in the damp and gentle West. Indeed, it is peculiarly suited to the climate of our country, and if you abandon for a year or two an acre of ploughland almost anywhere in these islands you will find some kind of grass growing there. But in economic value the grasses vary hardly less than soil; they may do no more than "carpet an open-air floor" for stock, or they may fatten a bullock or more to the acre. Fourthly, it can be either a natural growth, a stage in ecological development, or a human crop. The farmer can use it as he finds it or he can, given suitable conditions, improve or re-create it. Such is the economic lord who took over the stricken realm of King Corn.

The first decades of this new reign were, on the whole, years of improvisation, for grass offered an immediate and obvious way of escape from a farming system which was no longer profitable. In England and Wales, between 1877 and 1888, over one and a half million acres, more than a twentieth of the entire farmland of the time, was sown down to permanent pasture. But as the new King consolidated his power, so he raised up a new technical nobility to do his bidding. Basic slag, a peculiarly valuable grassland fertiliser, made its appearance in the 1880s, followed a little later by the piped water-supply which served the stock grazing in what had been waterless cornfield. It was in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, too, that mechanisation came to the hayfield and human muscles, the scythe and the rake yielded slowly to the power of the horse, the mower and the swath-turner. But soon there came an even greater change, not directly in the fields but indirectly in the minds of men: the development of a coherent doctrine of the place and function of grass in the new farming system.

For grass answered the long-term as well as the short-term needs of the British farmer. It served to create a new type of agriculture whose symbols were the joint and the udder rather than the wheatsheaf, whose significant figure was the stock-breeder rather than the harvester. And the first great prophet of the new order was a Scots landowner and farmer, Robert Elliot, of Clifton Park, whose book, published in 1898, originally bore the significant title, *The Agricultural Changes required by These Times and How to Carry Them Out*. In this he argued, and on his estate he demonstrated, that grass, properly used, would not only provide the basis for a predominantly stock-farming industry but would also create the manurial conditions for a limited amount of cheap corn-growing. In his own words, "the success of our agriculture depends on the cheapness of production and the cheapest food for stock is grass and the cheapest manure for soil is a turf composed largely of deep-rooting plants."

The story is told in the agricultural statistics of the period. Between 1871 and 1931, the total ploughland area of England and Wales fell from 14 million acres to 9½ million, the corn acreage from 8 million to 4 million, while the temporary grass in the reduced arable area fell from only 3 million acres to 2½ million and the permanent pasture, viz., the grass outside the ploughland cropping system, rose from 11½ to 15½ million acres. And with the increase of the grass acreage went an increase of horned stock, for in this period the total number of English and Welsh cattle rose from 4¼ million to 6 million. Such were the changes wrought by the coming of King Grass and they were summarised tersely by Geoffrey Garratt in the middle '20s: "Arable farming may be given pride of place, just as the artillery and cavalry march past before the infantry, but it is stock which makes up seven-tenths of our farm produce and pasture which covers two-thirds of our farmland. The keeping of stock and the use for this purpose of pasture is the basis of English farming."

But the change was technical as well as statistical. For there is nothing simple about a green field and the good farmer judges each species of grass and clover with the same care as a huntsman judges a horse—and the "points" of grass are numerous. It should, for instance, grow as many months in the year as possible; it should carry a high proportion of leaf to stem, for the former contains the greater amount of nutrient; it should stand up to heavy grazing; it should be persistent so that the cost of replacement is reduced and it should spend all its energies on immediate production; it should thrive on heavy (or light) soil; it should resist drought (or waterlogging); it should be this, that and the other. And, of course, all these qualities are not found in any one type, hence the "seeds mixture" of different species and strains which will do the required job together, so that the farmer, in effect, plants a vegetable team. Moreover, there is nothing static about a green field, which lives in a constant state of ecological development, and this the farmer, by the use he makes of it, can to a considerable extent control and direct. The character of a field which has been grazed early will, for instance, differ from that of a field which has been grazed late, and both will differ from a field which has been cut for hay. So modern research and technical development have concentrated on three main factors in grassland, the type of seeds sown, their relationship and the management, including manuring of the sward.

None of this work is particularly spectacular, though the name of Stapledon is rightly familiar to many who live and work far from farming, and its economic effects are necessarily gradual. But the general achievement of the grassland men in the last generation, since, say, the foundation of the famous Welsh Plant Breeding Station at Aberystwyth in 1919, has been prodigious. New and improved strains of grasses and clovers have been produced and distributed, and their properties and uses studied, so that we moderns live in the first age which, except in a few areas of physical extremity, can grow good grass as a normal crop. This is one of the most important developments of our time and those who glibly couple "Science" with Hiroshima would do well to remember Aberystwyth.

So much for the production of grass; equally striking has been the development of methods of conserving it. For the modern farmer still faces the problem which has haunted mankind since Neolithic times—he cannot make grass grow in winter time. In other words, in summer the rate at which grass grows exceeds the normal rate at which cattle eat it, in winter the rate at which cattle eat it exceeds its rate of growth. Somehow, therefore, this summer surplus must be preserved for use in winter. Our forefathers met this need in one way only, by making hay—in reality a somewhat unsatisfactory technique in which the weather plays a distressingly influential part. Indeed, haytime on an undermanned, undermechanised farm in a really bad season comes very near one's concept of Hell. Hence the rise of silage-making, which preserves the cut grass in a succulent state in air-tight pits or towers, *i.e.*, it "cans" undried grass in a container instead of dehydrating it in the open.

Both these methods, however, conserve grass primarily as a bulk-fodder. Grass-drying, one of the most interesting agricultural developments of the last twenty years, does more than this; it converts grass into a concentrate. Neither process nor plant are particularly romantic—grass driers tend to live in buildings like small hangars and their general appearance is crudely industrial—but their importance is immense, for they enable the farmer to turn one of his most plentiful and easily wasted crops into a rich and essential type of animal nutrient which he has traditionally purchased from overseas in the shape of cake.

NIGEL HARVEY

(To be concluded)

The Empty Grate

For a fortunate few the streets of London are still paved with gold. Always popular, "Council" wood-blocks, those tarred brick-shaped pieces of wood which form the surface of so many West End and City streets, are yielding unusually high profits to street traders. Bought from road-building contractors for about 8s. 6d. per hundred, they are sold as firewood to the housewife at 16s. per hundred—a fat profit, when overheads are little more than a pony's winter-fodder and stabling. The price of logs has also skyrocketed, and the less scrupulous dealers are offering them at exorbitant prices. Although wholesale prices are controlled, and vary from about 45s. to 90s. per ton, according to quality and to freight charges, dealers are retailing logs *by number* at prices almost identical to those of the tarred blocks. As about 1,000 logs make up a ton, it is not surprising that some log merchants are making huge profits; this year, green logs are fetching higher prices than good logs did last year. It is known that certain merchants are stockpiling logs in the hope that prices will rise to even more fantastic heights when the coal shortage reaches its late winter peak.

Such gentry are not the first to see in a fuel-hungry England their opportunity. In Elizabethan England, not only was timber rationed but

'Take my advice
Smoke
Grand Cut
It never
burns
the tongue'

Grand Cut

REMEMBER GENEROUSLY SAT - NOV 10

2 oz. 8/-

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

Midland Bank Services for you

However you seek to provide for the years ahead—whether by a will, a trust, or a settlement—you will need an executor or trustee to carry out your wishes. Your dependants will be fortunate if your choice falls upon the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company. Backed by the resources of a great modern bank, the Company is expert, it is sympathetic and it is always available. Branches of the Company are established in the principal provincial centres and at any of the 2,100 offices of the Bank the Manager will be glad to answer questions.

Midland Bank
Executor and Trustee Company

Looking for Sunshine

this Winter?

Cooks have hundreds of holidays wherever the sun shines brightest. Plan your escape to sunshine now. Here are a few ideas.

Grand Escorted Tour of Morocco:
22 days—15Gns. *Leaving* 5 2 52, 4 3 52.
Ideal Escorted Tour of North Africa:
18 days—9Gns. *Leaving* 28 12 51, 25 1 52 *and* 22 2 52.
To Nice by Luxury Motor Coach:
15 day holidays (8 nights in Nice) £55.
Also 22 *and* 29 *day holidays. Leaving from* 12 1 52.

Free! Write for a copy of "Winter Sunshine" to Dept. U.2, F.T., Thos. Cook & Son Ltd., Berkeley St., London, W.1, and branches.

COOKS

Welcome to the Inn

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.

DR. JOHNSON

beer is best

Issued by the Brewers' Society, 42 Portman Square, London, W.1

REMEMBER GENEROUSLY SAT - NOV 10

Great Britain's Greatest Hydro

SMEDLEY'S HYDRO

MATLOCK . Derbyshire

Avoid the vagaries of the English climate by staying at Smedley's the unrivalled ALL-SEASON RESORT for young and old which provides a wide range of indoor and outdoor recreational facilities.

FOR THOSE SEEKING REST AND RECUPERATION Smedley's stands pre-eminent, all treatments being given in an extensive wing of the Hydro.

The BOOKLET OF SMEDLEY'S gladly sent on request.

attempts were made to control its price. In 1594, Lord Burghley reflects the mood of his Government in a letter to the Countess of Rutland. The shortage of timber at the time was so acute that tree-felling had been forbidden in the Royal forests without special warrant. The Countess had written pretending that she had not received her ration and complaining that, in any case, her allocation was inadequate. Lord Burghley, in a devastatingly frank reply, points out that she had already been given no fewer than 450 trees from Sherwood Forest for the repair of her castle and mills in Newark. Worse, she had sold her ration in the black market.

> It hath bene informed unto me and complained of, that the greatest nomber of the said trees have not been employed to the use they were allowed for, but sold by such as your Ladyship put in trust for money . . . which is a verie foule deceit and abuse towards mee and wrong to her Majestie, which shall make mee more careful both in granting my warrants herafter and in seeing them employed to the use they are granted for.

During the seventeenth century, when coal replaced timber as a domestic fuel, many devices were employed to raise the prices of coal in London. Its cost was a matter of continuous public anxiety throughout the reign of the Stuarts, and at one time the Government proposed that the Crown should take over the coal trade. Pirates, the blockade of the Newcastle collier fleets during the Dutch Wars, and the Fire of London each provided ideal conditions for profiteering. London prices at the beginning of the century had been around 10s. per ton. In 1667, coal which had sold at the pithead for about 3s. was fetching from £4 to £5 10s. per ton in London—a fact which makes our present-day approximate ratio of one to two as between cost at pit and hearth considerably easier to tolerate, and is no mean tribute to the efficiency of the present Coal Board and the coal merchants.

The worst fuel crisis of all was caused by the Great Fire, in which large stocks of coal were destroyed. Notorious cases of profiteering were then disclosed. Sir Edmund Godfrey, a magistrate and Westminster woodmonger, was one of the worst offenders; his behaviour being particularly flagrant, as he was knighted as a reward for his relief work during the Plague. A committee of the House of Commons revealed that Godfrey and his fellow spivs had sold coal to the poor at 72s. per chaldron, for which he had paid only about 41s. His reputation did not improve when it was discovered that his stocks, unlike those of the majority of dealers, had suffered no loss through the Fire. In April of the same year, Pepys, if not positively guilty of buying on the black market, certainly was not slow to avail himself of the chance of laying in winter fuel at less than summer prices; he already possessed experience of the trade, as he had previously speculated in Newcastle coal. He records with quiet satisfaction: "Got in some coals at 23s. per chaldron; a good hearing, I thank God."

Even the subjects of fuel economy and smoke abatement are not peculiar to modern industrial England. Among recent officially recommended methods of saving coal are recipes for home-made briquettes to be moulded in an old tin or flower-pot from cement and coal dust. In 1603, Sir Hugh Platt wrote a book which deals with the smoke nuisance and goes on to say: "A new cheap and delicate fire of cole Balles, wherein seacole is by mixture of other combustible bodies both sweetened and multipled." Borrowing from the practice popular in Germany at that time, he advocated mixing loam with powdered seacole and making balls "which are neither so oppressive in smell or yet in soile as the ordinary seacole fires are." He adds:

> The smoke which in our usuall fires doeth immediately ascend from the seacoles unprepared must needs according to the foule and grosse matter of the cole, be also foule and smooty itself. But when the smoke doth pass and become scarsed through the lome (the mixture) it is then so refined and sibtilated that it either consumeth and swalloweth up, or else leaveth behindeth the gross residence of its own nature, whereby that black kind of peppering or seacole dust is either wholy or for the most part avoideth.

Here was an early fore-runner of the modern heating experts, who rightly contend that the solution to the shortage of coal for domestic use is not the acquisition of expensive logs or wood-blocks but the adoption of grates capable of making efficient use of all solid fuels—including the fine dust which, till recently, was discarded at the pit-head.

HELEN GOSSE

Angst-Platz

"GLAMORGAN SQUARE!" said the old railwayman in the next hospital bed to mine, when he heard I lived there. "What a shame! I remember when Glamorgan Square was filled with the grandest folks; and their carriages outside the doors of a Sunday morning, it was a sight to see. I can't go there no more without it makes me sad." And he didn't go there no more. That night they put screens round his bed and the next morning they wheeled him out past sight, memory and sadness.

As I look across the square at the opposite façades, I see between the planes the grandeur in one house freshly painted and the degradation in the next with its peeling stucco, milk bottles on window-sills and lace curtains as sooty as the walls. It must have been a grand square a century ago when people had few baths and many slaveys to carry coals and hot water the hundred stairs from basement to attic, and nurses to exercise the children in the central garden. But to-day no one who could afford to maintain a six-storied house for his family would choose the inconveniences of Glamorgan Square. Some of the houses have been converted into what for want of a better word they call hotels. A few are divided into maisonettes, more into flats, and the majority into "flatlets" in which each spacious living-room has been carved into a bedroom, living-room and kitchen. Six houses have been requisitioned by the Council, and these are the dirtiest, noisiest and shabbiest of all.

The man from whom I bought the lease of the unwieldy maisonette in which we live, remarked: "It's a big place, and the landlord wouldn't object to your subletting. But not by the hour." That is the tone of Glamorgan Square. The three Coloured men who lived with five White women, all of whom were either pregnant or nursing mothers, were at last evicted. Glamorgan Square still has its standards.

Glamorgan Square conforms to the principle of modern town planning, that a well-balanced neighbourhood-unit should contain a cross-section of the community. With representatives of every class, creed, nationality and colour squatting there, Glamorgan Square is a cross section of the modern world. Yet, with the exception perhaps of the half-dozen successful prostitutes, no one is living there because he wants to. As one walks around the square (as round the perimeter of a concentration camp, where the most unlikely people are driven together for a hundred different reasons), the only common thought one can detect is "How can we escape?"

There is no unity in confinement, no *esprit de prison*. Those who have access to the strictly enclosed garden spend their time chasing the children from the requisitioned houses, who break down the hurdles which secure the privileged. Yet when these children play in the streets, outraged women come from the houses and complain that they can't read, or listen to the wireless or play bridge because of the noise. The acoustics are so bad that if the man in Number Seventeen pokes his fire, the child in Number Eighteen has a nightmare about burglars. If the people on the first floor are gay, those above and below are sleepless.

Because I live in Glamorgan Square, it appears to me a sort of central Angst-Platz, a poultice drawing into itself the poisons and impurities which have accumulated in the splendid houses built on what Carlyle described as the "bright sweeping green expanses, crowned by pleasant Hampstead, pleasant Harrow, with their rustic steeples rising against the sky." I forget that this is not the only square inhabited by people dreaming of a better future in houses built in a better past.

Last night, for the third time in the five years I have lived here, the woman sang. The first time it was a Sunday morning and the sun was bright, and suddenly her voice sprang up like a fountain in jets of purest, sweetest sound. The square, which amplifies every sound of exasperation, rage and passion, was on the instant filled with a beauty more blinding than the sunlight. She walked slowly down the far side of the square, singing not like most street musicians as a form of aural blackmail but with effortless beauty, as if she had decided for a whim to give a recital here instead of the Albert Hall.

Every window in the square was flung up and people threw her money wrapped in screws of paper. I felt, as I certainly wouldn't have done so strongly if I had gone to hear her sing in a concert-hall, a sudden joy in being alive; and the square she sang in became a lovely thing. And then she was gone; she didn't trouble to go all round the square. She collected up the money and left us with a memory.

It was two years before she came again and then it was at night and the snow was lying on the ground. I went down into the street to give her some money. She was standing beneath a street lamp, a grey-haired woman wearing an old musquash coat. I had expected, I confess, that she would be a woman as remarkable to look at as to hear. But only her voice was beautiful. She was like any of the poor women living round here in bed-sitting-rooms, dreaming of better days.

I gave her some money and said: "You ought to be singing professionally."

"I used to," she said, "but my son's a cripple now. So I only come out when we have no money."

Last night, as I said, she came again and filled the square with happiness as if by magic, making one realise that it was not the square that was loathsome but one's own thoughts and lack of spirit. It was a cold night, but people leaned out of the windows to listen. They showered down money and then called anxiously: "Can you find it? Shall I come and help you." A woman went out with an overcoat over a nightdress and pressed something into the singer's hand.

I ran down the ninety stairs to give her some money and ask after her son. But when I got into the street, the singing had stopped. In the darkness, there were three or four dim looking women walking away with resolution, any one of whom might have been her. I stood waiting for the voice to begin again, thinking, "If only she would come here once a week!" But there was no sound, and in the silence it seemed as if into the vacuum she had left came rushing back a horde of cares. A new-born baby wailed and then in Yiddish two voices rose in rage.

X.

The Arts and Entertainment

NEW ARCHITECTURE IN WHITEHALL

BETWEEN Whitehall and the Victoria Embankment is the great wedge of land on which the eastern half of the Tudor palace of Whitehall used to stand. Inigo Jones's Banqueting House, built into this palace, was the only substantial part of it to survive the great conflagration of 1698. The palace was never rebuilt. From time to time privileged persons put great homes on the site and these, in turn, gave place gradually to the greater public buildings which give modern Whitehall its character. Because the palace and the houses hugged the river while the public offices tended to line up in Whitehall, the site got divided against itself, so that by the beginning of the present century the relation of Whitehall to the Thames was irretrievably obscured and its grand possibilities lost. Internally, this wedge of London is the absolute reverse of memorable. One remembers the Whitehall frontage. One remembers the Embankment. But one never remembers them together, and it requires a determined act of recollection to picture what exactly happens between the two. The fact is that nothing much happens, since the two thoroughfares, though utterly divorced, are really only a few hundred yards apart.

Out of this unremembered wedge to-day emerges the new monster block of Government Offices, incomplete but already partly occupied. It has the distinction of being the first modern Whitehall building to look both ways—east to the Thames, west to Whitehall, and to that extent it may yet help to establish some sense of connection between the two. This depends on the ultimate treatment of the unbuilt (southern) section, on what is going to happen to Richmond Terrace, and on how much of the space hereabouts will be left permanently open, giving an eye-shot right through to South Bank and County Hall.

Of the new building itself it is hard to know what to say. It is the kind of building from which the architectural student of to-day shrinks away in case he should catch something horrible —rustication, perhaps, or an attack of symmetry. Stylistically, one must admit, it speaks a language in which the last effective words seem to have been spoken in the Thirties—by Lutyens. It comes at the tail of an English development which started about seventy years ago, and every phase of which is illustrated in and around Whitehall. Norman Shaw started it when, revolting against the Gothic Revival, he built New Scotland Yard in a style embracing French, Dutch and English "Renaissance," and coming it very strong with key-stones and broken pediments. That liberating gesture—loose-limbed, preposterous but saved by Shaw's phenomenal instinct for making something out of anything—belongs to 1888-91. The neo-Wren and neo-Palladian styles of William Young (War Office) and J. M. Brydon (corner block, Whitehall and George Street) followed all too naturally, giving Whitehall its immoderation of domes and towers. Then, in 1908, Norman Shaw, with Aston Webb, acted as assessor for the County Hall competition, out of which came Knott's sensational blend of English Renaissance (from Shaw) and neo-grec (from Paris), a complex, inhibited, tortured style, less easy to like now, perhaps, than any style in history. It was, however, the style of the moment, and when, in 1914, a competition for new Board of Trade offices in Whitehall was held, most of the designs sent in were much after this fashion. The winner of the competition was Mr. E. Vincent Harris.

The Board of Trade Offices were never built, but Mr. Harris's claim to be connected with whatever the Government should do on the site was duly honoured, and the designs for the present building had been made by him when war again interrupted the proceedings. Now, at last, the building is mostly built. It is meekly different from Harris's full-strength neo-grec of 1914 and a world away from Norman Shaw. It owes much to Lutyens, though it makes no attempt to emulate that master's fabulous and arrogant capacity to model the outside of an office block into an entirely personal and self-sufficient work of art. It is, in fact, what a building with such a case-history could hardly help being—a multi-storey mass, with no particular language of its own, but trimmed up with unorthodox Latin. The Latin, it must be added, gives the impression of having been modified rather drastically, particularly in regard to the monumental porch in Horse Guards Avenue. Whatever Mr. Harris's original intentions here, it is now a very curious study in elision.

The good things about the building, as an accession to the London scene, are its competent fenestration and clean skyline. From St. James's Park we now see two pavilions (there will be three) riding in the clouds, rather as if Wilton House had ballooned over from Salisbury to make a back-cloth to its architect's earlier masterpiece. The association has, at a distance, a pretty, poetic justice, perhaps intentional, perhaps not. In Whitehall the siting of the new block gives a dramatic recession from the street which, if the space between is well laid out, will be a tremendous gain. For the rest, one can only express the totally uncontroversial view that this kind of building has, in the mid-20th century, a minimum of artistic meaning. Should one discuss the Doric order of the main attic? Should one, as an architectural critic, consider its ratios and intercolumniation, and ask whether a Doric entablature with dentils but no triglyphs or mutules is a proper or an improper thing? Should one compare and contrast the rusticated ground-floor windows with Gibb's precedents or their quaint ancestors in Serlio? Should one? If one should, what is the meaning of the profound sense of futility which prevents one from doing so?

JOHN SUMMERSON

THE STRATFORD HISTORIES

THE Stratford season, just ended, has deserved much more considered attention than by an accident of presentation it has received. The extraordinary interest of it has resided in presenting *Richard II*, the two parts of *Henry IV* and *Henry V* in sequence, so that in the latter part of the season anyone able to spare three or four days could gain a wholly new view of the plays. Unfortunately, in order to launch the productions properly the presentation of each had to be spaced out so that the plays have, in fact, been treated as individual productions with only a passing reference to the additional interest which derives from seeing them one after the other.

This additional interest is, in fact, immense, as I found when I was lucky enough to take in the last four performances of the cycle last week. One will never again think of these plays as single entities, and when they are played as such we shall feel them to have been lopped. I remember at the outset being sceptical about the inclusion of *Richard II* in the cycle. But now I eat my words whole. Its inclusion simply makes the interest of the political parts of the *Henry's*. It isn't enough, as one now sees, merely to have the events described in *Richard* at one's fingertips. The emotional impact of Bolingbroke's rebellion, and the terms in which it existed in the words of the conspirators—one wants that echoing all the time in one's mind. When this happens it gives a double edge to almost everything that is said in the subsequent play, either by the King's party or the rebels. Playing the plays in sequence, with the same actors on the same set, reinforces the impact as nothing else could. On that same spotlighted throne, that Bolingbroke now calls sacred, sits the shadow of the Richard he unseated. In just this same setting Bolingbroke ten years ago used the arguments his enemies now turn upon him. In the same space and before the same characters the

PRECISION

To one of the TI Companies precision can mean making a tube which will fit inside another tube rather finer than a hair. A useful kind of accomplishment in an organisation which, in Britain, operates factories mostly concerned with light engineering. Bicycles and cycle components — electrical appliances — pressure vessels — precision steel tubes — metal sections — aluminium sheet, strip, extrusions — all call for a high degree of accuracy, and TI makes them all.

T.I.'s FORTY-NINE FACTORIES SERVE THE WORLD

TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED

The Adelphi, London, W.C.2 Trafalgar 5633

very people who helped to depose him now talk of Richard as that "sweet lovely rose."

But is isn't only that the interest is doubled as we live and breathe in this panorama of the times—moving from town to country, from the epicene court to barbarous Wales, and out to the unsophisticated vigour of the distant Marches, more than that we see how when the plays are played separately they are inevitably distorted in all sorts of ways which playing them in sequence can't allow if they are to make sense as a whole. To take the most obvious instances, Richard cannot be over-romanticised nor Falstaff over-sentimentalised, nor Bolingbroke over-glorified. One feels this most clearly, I think, over Bolingbroke. Mr. Harry Andrews lent him all the dignity and nobility in the world, yet for all that, his past as a mere usurper is always alive to us, the dubiety of his ascent to the throne never out of our minds.

Speaking of Mr. Harry Andrews brings me on to a further point. The star performances—Mr. Redgrave's poetic Richard and dazzling Hotspur, Mr. Quayle's splendidly rich Falstaff and Mr. Richard Burton's sultry intriguing Hal—have already been praised. But Mr. Harry Andrews's superb and masterly Bolingbroke has seemed to be only a fine piece of supporting acting; and so in each play by itself it may appear. But in the plays taken together his is a major role, and, seen so, his performance from the high excitement of early youth through the nobility of kingship to his early death, ranks as one of the finest, if not *the* finest, acting achievement of the year. I must also mention Mr. Alexander Gauge as Northumberland, another continuous performance enormously helpful in its solidity and strength, and the permanent set by Miss Tanya Moiseiwitsch, which I must confess never quite won my affection, but which proved extremely practicable.

Of the four plays the first part of *Henry IV* was the one which in the end seemed to me to be outstanding. It gave the other night just that same wonderful thrill that I talked of last week, carrying one away completely at the time and afterwards working in the memory like yeast. But it was only the first among peers: the whole cycle is one on which Stratford may well plume itself.

T. C. WORSLEY

A PIANIST AND TWO OPERAS

WILHELM KEMPFF, though one of the most famous of European pianists, is known in England mainly by his gramophone records, especially by his masterly pre-war Decca-Polydor series of the four last sonatas of Beethoven. It was doubtless his gramophone reputation which filled the Wigmore Hall last Saturday for what seems to have been his first public recital in this country.

He began with a performance of Handel's G major Chaconne which fulfilled our highest expectations; the baroque splendour of the music was precisely realised, the style was majestic yet fanciful, the tone massive but so lightly pedalled as to avoid all suspicion of fatness. Immensely exhilarating, again, was the blend of delicacy and strength in two small Rameau pieces. Then came Beethoven's Opus 111. In the first movement Herr Kempff realised to a remarkable extent Romain Rolland's ideal demand—that late Beethoven (even the *Hammerklavier*) should never sound rough or clumsy, but always *d'une sonorité magnifique*. Yet some element of wilfulness has crept into his playing, which I do not remember in his records; patches of superlative achievement now alternate with others in which effects seem to have been improvised rather than thought out; for example, a disconcerting emphasis is suddenly given to two or three isolated notes in a melodic sequence. In Schubert's great posthumous Sonata in B flat a long list could be rehearsed of exquisite moments in his performance of the enormous first movement: to name only one, the second subject, with the balance so equably maintained between tenor melody and treble descant. Yet the whole effect was something less than Schubertian. An imp of self-consciousness was present; Schubert was lovingly caressed, but he was also displayed too much to the audience, his divinely fresh and innocent beauty placed in too sophisticated a light. This small objection apart, one could hardly overpraise Herr Kempff's treatment of the long and magical transition which leads into the recapitulation. He is a great virtuoso, and too great an artist to allow his art to be spoiled by the little growth of egotism which now threatens it.

Covent Garden has taken a step which many people hoped they would take long ago; they have invited Sir John Barbirolli to direct some of the Italian repertory. Both in *Turandot* and in *Aida* the results were immediately apparent, above all in glowing string tone such as we seldom hear in this house. Presumably Sir John was not responsible for the casting, which was sometimes curiously inept. *Turandot* came off best, thanks to James Johnston's gallant, if rather underweight, Calaf, and to an absolutely secure performance of the Princess by Gertrude Grob-Prandl. This Viennese lady lacks bite in the lower register, but soars aloft with splendid imperturbability and considerable volume; she is the real thing. But it grieves me to hear the lovely music of the three Masks sung so unlyrically; and the Liù episodes cannot achieve their full pathos without a firmer *legato* than Blanche Turner was able to supply. Leslie Hurry's sets are among the best to be seen at Covent Garden, and the production is mostly good, except for the absurd dithering, both physical and vocal, of the Emperor. To *invent* a wobble at Covent Garden is carrying coals to Newcastle.

Of *Aida* I saw only the third act; but that was enough. The orchestra played the ravishing score with great delicacy; but no orchestral playing, even in late Verdi, can compensate for singing so low-spirited and casting so eccentric. Gre Brouwenstyn is a first-rate musician whose pleasant lyrical soprano has begun to develop shrillness and "beat" owing to the strain of singing unsuitably heavy Verdi and Beethoven roles in the small theatre at Amsterdam; to bring her to Covent Garden as Aïda—a part she has never previously sung—is just silly. Jess Walters has neither the incisive utterance nor the ringing high notes necessary for the music of Amonasro. Oddest of all is the fixed impression that, if you want a Radames, the best place to find one is Germany or German Switzerland. We have had Torsten Ralf; we have had Franz Lechleitner; and now we have Hans Hopf. Sometimes our visitors sing in mock English; sometimes, like Herr Hopf, in *echt Deutsch;* but not one of them, either in timbre or in style, has come within a hundred miles of suggesting the ardent Egyptian warrior of Verdi's imagination. Sitting through a damp and dim performance of this act which is so saturated with passionate, sensuous beauty, and watching Mevrouw Brouwenstyn and Herr Hopf bandy strange words which, while not Verdi's, were mutually unintelligible to the singers and quite inaudible to the house, I felt the Covent Garden language policy to be more than ever mysterious and indefensible.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TUDOR AND PALTENGHI

ANTHONY TUDOR and David Paltenghi come from the line of choreographers and dancers who have made their debut with the Rambert Ballet during the last twenty-five years and many of their works are part of the company's repertoire. Tudor's English ballets, *The Dark Elegies*, for example, have an air of restraint and simplicity and a sense of absolute unity between music and dancing which Paltenghi rarely achieves; Paltenghi often makes a memorable first impression which is quickly dissipated in a confused plot or an orgy of movement. *Prismatic Variations* is, perhaps, an exception. Here Paltenghi has used the infinite variety of ballet to describe the beauty of light in a prism. Though the steps lack a little in invention and precision there is an assurance about the work which is missing from *Canterbury Prologue* and *Fate's Revenge*, which received their London premieres during the recent Rambert season at Hammersmith. In these ballets the choreographer has tried to reproduce Chaucer and Regency England on a scale which is beyond him, though the intention is excellent. It needs someone of more than average competence to handle a large character ballet and to define clearly each character through movement. In *Fate's Revenge* and *Canterbury Prologue* buffoonery and pantomime have to substitute for the invention of dance movements, though Ashton's *Façade* and Cranko's *Pineapple Poll* have shown that comedy ballet need not be treated like a circus. Designers, composers, orchestra and dancers do for Mr. Paltenghi a creditable best, Mr. Paltenghi himself clowns, Cecil Bates displays a lithe grace not always used to best advantage and Margaret Hill in *Fate's Revenge* is the nearest thing to a balletic Cicely Courtneidge, but such pleasantries cannot prevent the ill-constructed stories coming adrift in the middle nor hide the fact that a romp at the end does duty for a climax. Mr. Paltenghi gets muddled as a scenarist and has yet to learn the value of simplicity.

He might have learned from Tudor. *The Dark Elegies* and *Soirée Musicale* were sandwiched between *Prismatic Variations* and *Fate's Revenge* in one of the programmes and provided a useful lesson in choreography. *The Dark Elegies* is like a pillar of stone to the memory of the fallen. Like Ivo Cramer's *The Message*, which the Ny Norsk Ballet presented, it is moving because it is absolutely simple. It conveys exactly the air of sadness without remorse or bitterness which runs through the *Kindertotenlieder:* first the bereavement of the parents, then their decision to build a new life. There is never a hasty movement, never a difficult movement, but it flows with a power and majesty which seem as inevitable as the coming of winter. Tudor displays the same mastery in *Soirée Musicale*. The bolero, for instance, uses only a few classroom steps but has a richness of composition which all Paltenghi's complicated movements never achieve. *The Dark Elegies* was first produced at the Duchess Theatre in 1937 and *Soirée Musicale* in November 1938. I do not know the quality of Tudor's work since he went to America but his ballets in the Rambert repertoire seem to show that we lost in 1939 probably the most vivid and creative imagination which English choreography has yet produced.

PETER BRINSON

THE MOVIES

"High Treason," at the Gaumont, Haymarket
"Lady Godiva Rides Again," at the Carlton
"The People Against O'Hara," at the Empire

The Boulting Brothers have always shown a welcome inclination to take on large-scale subjects, from the despair of civilised man at the state of world politics, in *Thunder Rock*, to his degradation before God, in *Brighton Rock*. Even *Fame Is The Spur*, a failure from most points of view, was an attempt to deal with important people overwhelmed by important situations, not a laborious version of the latest West End comedy. With *Seven Days to Noon*, however, came a strong suspicion of opportunism, of cashing in on the universal anxiety about the atom bomb in order to pep up a conventional thriller: the scientist who threatened to blow up London, it will be remembered, was rather perfunctorily dismissed as batty, and the film gained its force through the subsidiary interest of good acting and slick direction. Now the trend is carried a stage further. *High Treason* disposes of the Communist menace in Britain, and shows it to consist of an old maidish Civil Servant, several wildly inefficient young gentlemen in duffel coats, a group who study modern chamber music (hilariously funny *that* is), and our tired old friend, the smooth politician with an interest in ceramics ("You might care to come and see an Etruscan vase of mine, Inspector"). The film is not as well made as its predecessor. Roy Boulting has contrived an effective opening, some good performances (I liked particularly Patric Doonan as the good brother and Liam Redmond as the police officer)

and the least exciting climax since John Wayne was eaten by an octopus in *Reap the Wild Wind*. What distinguishes the film from any other average thriller on the John Buchan pattern is its pretensions to some sort of serious analysis of the Communist situation in this country. Communism, like the atom bomb, is a problem to be met and dealt with, not a useful peg on which to hang the villains of a spy story. Reduced, as *High Treason* reduces it, to the level of a power-hungry individual, the issue has a disconcerting knack of emerging with us from the cinema as more complex than we had thought. The film, in fact, does the exact opposite of what it intended. The Boultings were among the British directors who nearly cracked Hollywood four years ago by making films which were technically as competent as and intellectually far better than their rivals'. Since then, Hollywood has made its come-back, largely through improving the standard of its work: it seems a pity that in the sphere of social realism we should have proved ourselves quite unable to compete with such films as *Crossfire*, *Intruder in the Dust* and *The Set-up*.

Lady Godiva Rides Again makes no effort to compete with anyone, except possibly Gilliatt and Launder's earlier efforts in the same vein. A cheerful, rambling skit on the beauty queen racket, with side-glances at the cinema and French revues, it will please all who like a good, if somewhat occasional, laugh and do not feel the lack of that sense of exact eccentric locality which was the unique contribution of its makers to our screen. There are some delightful moments of self-destruction by Dennis Price: Pauline Stroud, as the heroine, copes likeably with a very long and testing part; and Diana Dors is superbly confident as a worldly-wise dowager in the cheesecake line. With its easy-going pace meandering plot-line, *Lady Godiva* contrasts curiously with the American piece, *The People Against O'Hara*. Here Spencer Tracy, at his best, is a reformed dipsomaniac lawyer who makes a come-back defending an innocent man on a charge of murder. The first half of the film, which tells this part of the story, is tight and well made. But when Tracy loses his case and is caught-out trying to bribe a witness, the piece suddenly seems to lose direction. It continues to be close-knit, and ought to be exciting, as the lawyer belatedly gathers evidence which will save his client: yet somehow, possibly because our feelings are a little obviously worked on, it isn't, and the piece goes down the drain to the accompaniment of Carmen Dragon's music leaving us with none of the affection which *Lady Godiva*, for all its faults, will inspire in most hearts.

FRANK HAUSER

RADIO NOTES

THE real radio achievement of the week was the Election: not merely the preludes and post-mortems but the actual announcing of the results—a piece of broadcasting which deserves nothing but praise. You must have heard it—the mild background of teashop music, the Delphic silences, and then, the calm bright earnest voices with their messages—all having a hypnotic effect which kept the steadiest citizens from their beds until far into the night.

But some listeners may also have noticed what a rich week it was for talks, with Gordon Craig at the one end and Mr. Somerset Maugham's National Book League address at the other; and in between humour, science, history and sociology—a good chance, if ever, to consider the questions: What makes a good talk? Whom should the speaker be addressing? The answer to each seems to be that there is no one answer, except that the subject should animate the speaker. A talk that sounds as if it is being read might as well be read with the eye in the first place.

Dona Salmon (*Death Without a Sting*), who was the least professional speaker, had the most startling subject—the work of the "morticians" in the small towns of America, a sort of extension of the American home into the thereafter. The speaker's guileless, pleasant, unsatirical manner seemed to emphasise the strange details—the Christmas trees garlanded with navy blue lamps, the lady mortician whose face was handsome "but wherever I had met her I should have thought that there was something terrible about it," the impossibility of getting a plain—or an inexpensive—coffin. The subject might have suited Rose Macaulay's very different manner; but the talk Miss Macaulay gave—all dry wit, clipped style, and oddities of scholarly information—was on *Swimming for Pleasure*. If a voice can be at once deliberate and nonchalant, her voice is that. But her talk is soliloquy; she is thinking aloud, not speaking to you or to me. This does not lessen its fascination.

Gordon Craig's *The Old School of Acting*—a recollection of a conversation he had with Salvini in 1913—was of more specialised interest, perhaps, than the two magnificent talks he gave in the summer, but it still prompted the critic to try to analyse why he should be so outstanding a broadcaster. For one thing, he completely dominates his script; most speakers are led by it. The pauses—the seeming improvisations and asides—the last thing we think of is that they can be an actor's performance; and yet it is an actor's relationship that he has with the listener. There is warmth and fire; there is no sense of reserve, no withholding of personality; yet there is no intimacy at all. Urbane Mr. Maugham, on the other hand, has the air of speaking to the listener—a conversational opposite on his own level.

Francis Dillon's play *The Twelve Princesses* was a skilful, even brilliant piece of work. For all its prevailing light-heartedness and its one or two contemporary funny references, it did not, I am grateful to say, make a pantomime out of the story. Prettiness is as important as humour in this fairy tale; it was not discounted. There was the indomitable sergeant (Mr. Charles Leno), and there, too, for a moment, the forests with their gold and silver leaves. The early morning bird chorus turned into the bird-like chatter of the young girls waking—a delightful opening, like that of a medieval poem; and indeed it was these untroubled gay voices of the Princesses that preserved the necessary childlike bright heartlessness throughout.

The Day Lewis *Aeneid* translation pursues its fresh inspiring course in the Third Programme. The whole important project requires a more serious treatment than the space this week allows; in the meantime I hope that listeners who have so far missed it will give themselves the pleasure of attending the next instalment. We are now at Book VII.

NAOMI LEWIS

Sven Blomberg, at the Galerie Apollinaire

Blomberg, a fairly young painter who works both in this country and in France and who exhibited a few years ago at the London Gallery, deserves to be better known. He is a painter with a genuine, lonely appreciation of landscape and a fine, fluid sense of colour and shape. Besides 10 oil paintings, there are 40 small watercolours on show. Some of these are abstract, some are straightforward landscape sketches, but the majority and the most successful are somewhere between the two. In these, one recognises landscape features, but finds them re-organised into *detached* colour schemes which are so vibrant and so natural (if one really thinks about it) that one is reminded of the camouflaged wings of butterflies. The ovoid shape of a leaf, the bar of a tree trunk, the spine of a hill, form patterns which are not only formally satisfying but which, like the camouflaged wings, deceive—are both exact and ambiguous. Obviously Blomberg owes something to Paul Klee, but these pictures have more air in them, and being the result of direct and intense experience seldom become derivative. His large oil paintings are less intense, more rigidly formalised and, in general, more contrived. They are, however, interesting enough to make it seem a pity that he has not been offered the chance of doing some mural paintings.

J. B.

ARMY FILMS LTD.

GLASGOW—DOES IT AGAIN!

Already the largest user of 'ELECTRO-MATIC' road traffic signals in the British Isles, with 68 installations in service, the City of Glasgow has now placed orders for a further five. The success of 'ELECTRO-MATIC' signals in this city, with a population of nearly 1¼ millions, is proof of the day-in, day-out reliability of this system of vehicle-actuated traffic control. Because 'Electro-Matic' vehicle actuated traffic signals provide positive control and are regulated by the traffic itself, there is a minimum of congestion and delay, even at the most complex road intersections. In use throughout the world, 'ELECTRO-MATIC' vehicle-actuated signals are the best control system for today's ever-increasing traffic—there is no traffic control problem they cannot solve. May we send you further information and literature?

ELECTRO MATIC SIGNALS

AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO. LTD.
STROWGER HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMple Bar 4506. Telegrams: Strowger, Estrand, London. Strowger Works, Liverpool 7.

Correspondence

THE PARTY OF THE PEOPLE

SIR,—During the general election campaign, which has resulted so ludicrously in the defeat of the Party which received the largest number of votes, the Conservatives based their main appeal to the electors on the claim that they represented all the people of this country, whereas the Labour Party was a class organisation which represented only one section of the community.

Different candidates phrased the thing differently, but that was the principal plea of them all from Mr. Churchill himself down to the intrepid trio who lost their deposits in Bethnal Green and the two Rhondda constituencies.

As this preposterous claim will, no doubt, be made again next time it may be worth while to set out in detail the occupational representation in the new House as given in the pocket biographies of the new members published in *The Times* last Saturday.

Apart from about 40 members whose trades or professions are not specified—they are probably people of independent means—the following occupations are represented by the two main parties.

CONSERVATIVES:

Company directors 80, lawyers 51, farmers 19, landowners 14, army officers 11, naval officers 6, stockbrokers 6, manufacturers 6, journalists 5, bankers 4, authors 4, chartered accountants 4, diplomats 4, doctors 3, publishers 3, party officials 3, economists 2, surveyors 2, professors 2, peeresses 2, business men 2, engineers 2, lecturers 2, paper merchants 2, newspaper proprietors 2, underwriters 2, insurance agents 2, and one each of the following: timber merchant, pharmacist, advertising agent, industrial consultant, colonial service, lay preacher, civil servant, secretary, brewer, merchant, R.A.F. officer, ship owner, nurseryman, land agent, architect, chemist, distiller, master printer, master spinner, sales executive, publicist, rancher, newspaper manager, contractor, coal owner, social worker and a psychiatrist.

LABOUR:

Lawyers 34, miners 33, journalists 29, teachers 26, railwaymen 22, trade union officials 15, engineers 12, lecturers 12, doctors 6, shop assistants 5, textile workers 4, professors 4, company directors 4, joiners 3, secretaries 3, civil servants 3, ministers of the Gospel 3, economists 3, authors 3, dockers 3, housewives 3, insurance agents 3, industrial consultants 2, steel workers 2, colonial service 2, dentists 2, post office workers 2, shipyard workers 2, bankers 2, barbers 2, and one each of the following: transport officer, interior decorator, house painter, shoemaker, estate agent, health officer, Oxford don, grocer, butcher, pattern maker, foundryman, education officer, airman, chain maker, tobacconist, land owner, naval officer, diplomat, designer, regular soldier, colliery engineman, wool merchant, wool manufacturer, printer, sales executive, shop manager, french polisher, ophthalmic surgeon, research worker, newspaper manager, glass blower, pawnbroker, publicist, engraver, metal worker and explorer.

This list shows that in the Tory party in the House of Commons which claims to represent all sections of the people there is not a single miner, steel worker, railwayman, textile worker, shipyard worker, teacher, docker, joiner, shop assistant, painter, plumber, barber or clerk. There are, it is true, two engineers but they would hardly qualify for the A.E.U.

But perhaps the most astonishing, and in its way alarming, thing about the list is that there are no farm workers in Parliament at all.

IAN MACKAY

5 Heath Drive, London, N.W.3.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE CHURCH

SIR,—Dr. Joad's important article ended with the claim that the Church saved civilisation in the Dark Ages. This claim, irrefutable as it is, will not make many converts. But it does seem relevant to ask why the Church was able to persist as the rock of mankind's Salvation in a climate even less propitious than our own. Surely it was because it was in a real sense up with the times; because it faced without compromise, and in spite of danger, the challenge made to its Faith; because it neither ignored nor temporised with evil; and because it was intellectually alive to the forces it could properly recruit in its service.

Coming to our own day, what would happen, for instance, if the Church, having examined your article on our heritage in the Middle East and concluded that it was substantially true, proclaimed to the world that we had failed morally to justify our presence in Egypt or Persia? The effect would be quite literally stunning; it might even be mortal to the Church itself. But I do not believe that resurrection would be long delayed or the Day of Pentecost far off.

For there are forces in this country now, more positive even that the "God-shaped blank" in the minds of 13 million listeners to the B.B.C. In the work of Britten and Rubbra, of Eliot, Fry, Duncan and Nicholson, to mention but a few, vigorous testimony is being made to the reality and power of the Christian Faith. Is any urgent recognition of the value of this work coming from the Church as a whole? I looked in vain round the crowded gallery, at the recent revival of Mr. Christopher Fry's *Thor with Angels*, for any trace of the Cloth. Parsons are hardly likely to have been in the more expensive parts of the theatre; and it all seemed rather a pity.

In our own lifetime one man, almost unaided, nearly succeeded in rebuilding the Church's reputation. And it was neither the rebuffs of Prime Ministers nor the rebukes of his own colleagues that caused the disastrous death of Archbishop Temple. Is it conceivable that he is without a successor?

72 Queen's Road, D. C. R. FRANCOMBE
Loughton, Essex.

PENNY WISDOM IN SAFETY

SIR,—In the light of ten years' experience as a "permanent" Inspector of Factories I should like to add some comment to your well-informed article.

The factory department is going through a difficult period. The scope of the Factories Acts and Regulations is continually being extended more widely over an increasing industrial population, and the Orders and Regulations for the protection of the worker are ever more numerous and complicated. The inspectors' duties are tending to be technical and advisory over a wide field, with routine enforcement forming a less important part. But instead of recruiting more inspectors with higher standards of qualifications and experience, the Ministry of Labour has allowed a steady shrinkage in the numbers of inspectors, and has lowered the minimum age of entry to 21 (implying that industrial experience is of small account).

Even more serious than the shortage of staff is the steady decline in morale of the Inspectorate. The staff feels that administration at the top is weak and is not able to adapt itself imaginatively to conditions of full employment and the Welfare State, where sweated labour is a thing of the past but really healthy and efficient conditions in factories are still largely unrealised. Rates of pay for Inspectors are poor, even by present-day Civil Service standards, the average increases over 1939 rates being 16 per cent.—apart from a few top posts which benefited from the Chorley Report and some people at the top of their grades who are receiving 25-30 per cent. over the pre-war maximum. In most other Departments the "wage freeze" has been less severe and promotions have been speeded up because of expansion of staff, but in the Factory Department promotion has been retarded and in some instances transfers to other Ministries deliberately blocked. The final turn of the screw has been a salary adjustment which gives recent promotees into the "career" grade as much as £75 a year more than their seniors who reached the grade before them. This shows a contempt for the simplest principles of staff administration which comes oddly from a Ministry that exhorts employers to adopt joint consultation and remove just causes of grievance.

In these circumstances staff shortages are not surprising. Resignations—which have been many—would have been far more frequent were it not for the unavoidable loss of accrued pension rights. But let there be no mistake: those who stay feel that they have been treated unjustly, and much of the enthusiasm and high sense of vocation which was evident when I joined the Inspectorate before the war has leaked away in frustration and disillusion. For over a century British factory legislation and its administration have been an example to the world. It will be regrettable if six years of Labour Government leave behind a trail of paper legislation with an Inspectorate too weak and disheartened to adminster it.

FORMER H.M. INSPECTOR

SIR,—Factory legislation and the work of H.M. Inspectorate of Factories are a most important part of social policy. Your article "Penny Wisdom in Safety" is most valuable in drawing public attention to it. But it is a pity that the first paragraph of the article is marred by false prejudices of party politics.

It is not at all strange that the recent champion of the Factory Inspectorate has been a Tory M.P., Dr. Charles Hill. The Tory Party has always taken a prominent and leading part in factory legislation. This is proved by reference to the Statute Book.

Nor does it seem puzzling that this Department has fallen to such a low ebb under a Labour Government. The basic trend of Socialism in the field of social policy, is to spend a large proportion of the national resources available for social reform in giving equal benefits to everybody regardless of need. The inevitable result of this is that special needs have to go short. The basic Tory concept of social reform is summed up in the word "priorities"—a belief that the adequate satisfaction of special and urgent needs should have the first call on available resources.

ROBERT CARR

House of Commons.

CANAL ZONE CENSORSHIP

SIR,—I am trying to draw your attention to one aspect of the trouble in the Canal Zone which has probably not come to your notice.

There is one English newspaper in Egypt, the *Egyptian Gazette*. It is edited by an Englishman and is printed specially for the pukka sahibs and English troops in the Canal Zone. Its contributors can hardly be called rabid Egyptians or nationalists;

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES
• FOR BOOKS •

FOR ALL YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS

New, secondhand and rare Books on every subject

Foyles Record Dept. for H.M.V., Columbia, Parlophone, Decca Long-Playing and all other makes.

You can take out postal subscriptions for British and overseas Magazines through Foyles and we have a first-class Postal Library.

We Buy Books, Stamps, Coins

119-125
CHARING CROSS RD., LONDON WC2
Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)
Open 9-6 (inc. Sats)

e.g., it takes articles straight from the *Daily Express*, has Giles' cartoons, is printing Churchill's memoirs, and is covering the Royal Tour of Canada. It does, however, give a review of the Arabic press and, commendably, prints *in full* important statements given by Egyptian Cabinet Ministers.

These statements included those by Nahas Pasha and Seraf-ud-Din Pasha about the great slaughter caused by British troops (they actually killed about fifty), about British troops robbing natives, and about the complete control of the British over transport and customs in the Zone. In fact, they stated the truth.

Apparently this does not suit British G.H.Q. Middle East, for, as from October 24, the *Gazette* has been banned from circulation by them. As the B.B.C. and special military bulletins are the only other sources of information for the British this represents *an act to cut off British troops from any other point of view except that of the British military.*

Are the British commanders ashamed to let the men know the truth? Are they afraid their actions have ceased to be "honourably" British and become shameful and horrible? Or is this just the usual behaviour of "democratic" Britons? One really begins to wonder. CONSCRIPT

M.E.F.

MOROCCO

SIR,—At the moment when the Arab League proposes to place the question of Moroccan independence before the U.N., both the French and Spanish leaders in the two zones of Morocco assure the world that Moorish assertions that freedom of movement (and other freedoms) is suppressed are untrue, and that everyone, Moor and foreigner alike, can leave and enter Morocco without hindrance. In view of these official statements it is surprising to find Tangier packed with Moors from both zones who, for political reasons, are not permitted to return to their native towns, homes and families, and most of whom have to live at Tangier on the charity of their friends. What applies to Moors applies equally to British writers and journalists who in the past have reported truthfully on the Moroccan situation. Both the French and Spanish authorities have just refused to grant me a visa for their respective zones. British tourists who intend to visit Morocco should be warned that the French and Spanish authorities do not want them, and that they will find themselves constantly supervised by the secret police. It will be interesting to see what the U.N. will have to say about these flagrant transgressions against the assurances given in the Act of Algeciras in 1906 and the Protectorate Treaty of 1912.

ROSA LANDAU

British Post Office, Tangier, Morocco.

HOMOSEXUAL OFFENCES

SIR,—We regret to read (Sept. 29) Mr. Laurie quoting that "Stekel, one of the greatest authorities on the subject [of psychoanalysis] writes that he has never seen a cure [of homosexuality] by this means." We are unable to trace the source and time of this alleged statement, though we were closely associated with the work of this pioneer of analytical treatments.

In his book on the subject (first published 1917) Stekel argued and demonstrated the emotional origin of this condition, as well as the possibility of altering it by psychotherapy. In the 1923 edition much corroborative experience was included, and in 1929 (*Nervenarzt*) Stekel informed the medical world of the finality of his previous conclusions.

If he erred, he did perhaps so by overlooking the limitations of therapy and in assuming that all such cases were caused by psychological factors. The then spectacular results achieved by himself and his associates, at this time in a matter of few months, accounts for his optimism.

The truth is that many homosexuals could be helped in their desire for turning heterosexuals, in spite of the basic constitutional factor, because the psycho-affective dynamism involved responds to treatment. In a probably larger proportion of cases however this outcome appears impossible, *even though much desired by some of these persons.*

One of us has pointed out how great disservice may be caused to the legal position of homosexuals, etc., by uncritically emphasizing the therapeutic possibilities. In fact, only few of those really suitable for treatment can have a chance of ever receiving it, not to speak about the others whose cases are intrinsically different. (Cf. *Co-operation, Tolerance & Prejudice*: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1948.)

HILDA STEKEL

London. DR. S. LOWY

SIR,—It is the clear intention of Mr. Laurie to defend the homosexual as a person not merely who cannot be cured but who has a right to his private life for what it is. He argues well, and those more complete humans who can put human prejudice aside will concede his points. But one important point he does not mention: the insidious thing about all present-day apologists for homosexuality is that they never *do* mention the all-important aspect, which is this: It is in the nature of homosexuality that there must exist amongst its adherents a free-masonry. They are as likely to be active in the fields of creative art and of criticism and appreciation as in any others. They may compose, write and paint so that others of their kind may sing, play, act, "plug," in short, their products. Creation and interpretation alike may then be assessed by literary brothers who are as incapable of disinterested judgment as they are of creative sexual activity. Here *is* a danger to the community which far outreaches any that Mr. Laurie is concerned to allay.

Further, it were well if we remembered that the vintage wines laid down by such as Peter Tchaikowsky and Oscar Wilde required no bush.

Paris. JOHN BOULTON

RENT CONTROL

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. M. P. Picard, looks at the problem of rent control through the wrong end of the telescope. He argues that, because companies which own uncontrolled properties as well as controlled properties have increased their dividends, there is no case for an increase of ordinary house rents. Mr. Picard's knowledge of the facts about the ownership of houses to let is singularly incomplete and is probably based on London with luxury flats.

Here in Lancashire, and throughout the industrial North, probably 90 per cent. of rent-controlled houses are owned by "little" people who have no uncontrolled property at all. The annual levy on uncontrolled property suggested by Mr. Picard (i.e., half of any increase over the 1938 rents) would afford only the most insignificant help to these "little" owners, who have to meet repair bills three times as big as they were pre-war.

All sorts of schemes have been proposed to avoid an increase of the rents of these houses, but, to be realistic, there is no practical way of keeping them in repair other than by such an increase. To use Mr. Bevan's own words, there are *eight million* of these rent-controlled cottages.

Rochdale is a typical Lancashire industrial town, with approximately 28,000 houses, of which the Corporation owns 5,000, leaving 23,000 privately owned. Assuming that one-third, say 8,000 are owner-occupied, that gives a figure of 15,000 which are under Rent Acts. These 8,000 will come into control if the owners remove and decide to let the houses.

De-control applies if houses are over £75 rateable value. Of these we have less than 50, mostly owner-occupied, and certainly not more than 15 are let at de-controlled rents, so these 15 houses would be required to contribute to a fund to keep 15,000 houses which are under the Rent Act in a reasonable state of repair. An inquiry into business premises would not make any appreciable difference.

Does Mr. Picard seriously think that his pool, or any other juggling, can deal firmly and adequately with a problem of that magnitude?

Incidentally, Mr. Picard is under a delusion if he thinks that all controlled rents are at 1939 levels. The fact is that hundreds of thousands of them are still at 1914 levels, plus the 40 per cent. increase granted in 1920 (of which 40 per cent. 25 was earmarked for repairs). Mr. Picard speaks of inflation. Does he realise that rents are the *only* item of family expenditure that has not gone up since war broke out?

Spotland, Rochdale. FRED OGDEN

COMMON CHILD

SIR,—Minerson believes that the number of children who "far outstrip their fellows in their ability to acquire and to assimilate knowledge" is about 10 per cent. rather than 20 per cent. Most apologists for selection at 11 rest their case on the argument, plausible but false, that at this age it is possible to recognise all children capable of benefiting from attendance at a Grammar school. The admission that the line has to be drawn at some arbitrary percentage further weakens the case.

In saying that a child's career is now decided at the age of 11, I was not referring to Grammar School pupils, but to the majority penned off in the Modern schools. No matter how hard they work or how their abilities may develop, these common children cannot join the favoured x per cent. who may later adopt careers for which Grammar schooling is essential.

I agree with Minerson that primary education is of cardinal importance, but this does not lessen the need for reform at the secondary stage. I agree also that it would be wrong to demand Comprehensive schools on a national scale before they have been tested here. I do not think that any such demand is made by the National Association of Labour teachers or other advocates of 7-year Comprehensive schools, nor do I make it in asking for a trial of 4-year Comprehensive schools with selection at 15 for Central High schools. What is needed is experiment under fair conditions, which need not involve spending money on new buildings. With the present uniformity no one can press the old claim that our British educational system is rich in variety. S. W. GREEN

108 Tenison Road,

Cambridge.

C. A. BROWN

SIR,—I am writing a biography of Charles Armitage Brown (1786-1842), and I should much appreciate any help which your readers could give me. Any material entrusted to me would be copied and promptly returned. JOANNA RICHARDSON

2 Turner Drive, N.W.11.

With Reference to **REFERENCE**

There is nothing like KEESING'S for those taking more than a myopic interest in current affairs.

Long after the clatter of the election has died down anyone seriously concerned with Politics, Economics, Social Questions might want to look up what Mr. Attlee said on armaments, or Mr. Churchill about the cost of living, or—for instance—Mr. Byers regarding foreign relations.

Sooner or later you are bound to look for facts and figures on nationalization, the national debt, the Council of Europe, NATO, or, say, Constitutional Development in the Colonies, American Foreign Aid, etc.—but where can you quickly find such information: objective, comprehensive, and always right up to date?

Here is your TOOL

All these data, not confined to Britain but covering the whole globe, are safely and fully recorded in KEESING'S, the authentic documentation on current international affairs, which can never be out of date because every week a fresh supplement is added to its contents, covered by KEESING'S unique Index which is always ready for action.

Thus you build up your own perpetual diary of our time at a moderate annual subscription which today is only 50/-, about the pre-war level thanks to KEESING'S steadily growing popularity among thinking citizens everywhere.

If you still lack KEESING'S, it's high time you obtained full details by mailing the coupon NOW.

Keesing's Publ. Ltd. - Keynsham - Bristol

Please supply free details of your service.

Name .....

Address ..... N.St. 58

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S WAR MEMOIRS

VOLUME V

'Closing the Ring'

Another magnificent chapter of world history seen through the eyes of the man who did so much to make it · The Conquest of Sicily · Reactions to Mussolini's fall · Negotiations for Italian Armistice · Quebec Conference Surrender of Italian Government · Salerno and Anzio operations · Eden's visit to Moscow · Cairo and Teheran Conferences · Greek mutiny · Planning for D-Day · Capture of Rome · Difficulties with de Gaulle, Stalin and U.S. Chiefs of Staff.

Begins on **NOVEMBER 5th.** *in the*

Daily Telegraph

Order your copy today!

Winston Churchill

LEWIS BROAD'S brilliant study

The third edition of this book is in great demand. "All should read the latest edition of Lewis Broad's *Winston Churchill*."—DAILY EXPRESS. 21s.

Louis Golding

THE DANGEROUS PLACES

"Page by page the novel clings to the hand . . . a vivid narrative."—THE OBSERVER. 12s. 6d.

Bernard Falk

BOUQUETS FOR FLEET STREET

Packed with entertaining and revealing anecdotes, this enjoyable book canvasses a wide range of interests, from journalism to art, from literature to politics. A book to please and intrigue all tastes. 21s.

This Fair Country

A wonderful book about the British people, by

Godfrey Winn

Forty pages of superb photographs. 12s. 6d.

Thomas H. Raddall

THE NYMPH AND THE LAMP

A finely-told story of life in a sea-sequestered radio station off the coast of Nova Scotia. The author was commended by John Buchan for his "rare gift of swift, spare, clean-limbed narrative." 12s. 6d.

Hutchinson

Books in General

On October 26, 1605, Lord Monteagle, a papist peer, suddenly ordered supper to be prepared in his long-unvisited house at Hoxton. At supper a servant as suddenly brought in a letter, handed to him (he said) by a stranger in the street. In spite of the mysterious circumstances, Lord Monteagle did not read the letter himself: he ordered a servant to read it aloud to the whole company. It was the famous letter revealing, in effect, the Gunpowder Plot. By this pre-arranged manœuvre Francis Tresham, a wavering conspirator, sought at the same time to prevent the Plot and to forewarn his friends.

In his first object Tresham succeeded. The gunpowder never exploded. But the consequences could hardly have been greater if it had. The horror of that discovery was universal. Lord Monteagle, as its revealer, became the hero of the nation, his dubious past forgotten, his praises sung by Ben Jonson, his rickety finances restored by a state pension. For 200 years the christian name Guy was ostracised from England; for 250 years the conspiracy was annually denounced in the national churches; after 350 years we still symbolically celebrate that famous last-minute deliverance. Further, from that date, gentry opposition to the English court took a puritan, not a papist, form; and with that date the heroic age of the English Jesuits was over.

For several years gentry opposition had been breaking out in such desperate conspiracies: In 1601 the Earl of Essex, his lucrative monopoly withdrawn, his case hopeless, and his creditors pressing, had drawn around him other desperately impecunious men and attempted a *coup d'état*. He had perished but his followers survived—Lord Monteagle, the Markham brothers, Robert Catesby, Francis Tresham. Next year Catesby's debts had forced him to sell his estate of Chastleton: almost automatically he and his friends, Monteagle and Tresham, "by reason of my Lord of Essex's death and the want of his purse to maintain them," had secretly offered themselves as a fifth-column to the King of Spain. A year later, when Sir Griffin Markham's debts had overtaken him and a warrant was out for his arrest, he also had planned a *coup*: to seize the person of the King as a hostage for change. He too had been condemned and exiled. By 1605 only Monteagle, Tresham and Catesby were left, and that group too was disintegrating. Monteagle had detached himself, "he had done with all former plots," he said, "and wished to stand wholly for the King"; Tresham, having suddenly inherited an estate, wavered at the last minute; only Catesby, "exceedingly entangled in debts and scarce able to subsist," with some old and some new allies, persevered to the end. The Gunpowder Plot was the last fling of the old Essexians, the idiot-fringe of the indebted gentry.

It was also something more. Tudor society was an aristocratic society and political action required aristocratic leadership. But by 1605 the peerage had ceased to invest in conspiracy—it did not pay. Eight peers had followed Essex in 1601; the Markhams had congratulated themselves on having two; the Gunpowder Plotters had none. They were all gentry, "gentlemen," as Guy Fawkes declared, "of name and blood"; "gentlemen," as Cecil retorted, "spent in their fortunes and fit for all alterations"—but still gentry. As for the nobility, said Catesby, he made account of them "as of atheists, fools and cowards." And yet if practical leadership was lacking, some substitute was needed. The substitute in fact used was religious intoxication, the fanaticism of the new popery. Though popery had been an element in the previous plots, it had never been exclusive—Essex and the Markhams had both relied on protestant, even puritan allies; Catesby, in his more desperate venture, relied on popish bigots alone, the pupils and converts of the Jesuit mission.

For the generation before the Plot had been the great age of the English Jesuits. Agents of a hostile power, propagandists of a foreign system, they were understandably regarded as traitors by the Elizabethan government, and cruelly treated if found. Individually they might be innocent unpolitical idealists; but their order was a political system, used by the enemies of England, and they, if not its agents, then its dupes. Had not the Pope declared Elizabeth a heretic and a usurper and sent papal troops to fight her in Ireland? Did not their own doctors pronounce that heretic sovereigns might lawfully be destroyed by Catholic subjects? From 1585 to 1604 England was at war with Spain; for nine of those years the chief English Jesuit sat at the Spanish court protesting that King Philip was rightfully King of England and advocating military invasion. In 1593 Fr. Walpole came to England direct from Madrid with the personal blessing of the King; in 1602 Fr. Garnett, the English superior, personally presided over the treacherous session of Catesby and his friends, and Fr. Greenway personally carried their offer of a fifth column to the King of Spain. Even the instruction to the English missionaries not to speak against the Queen bore a significant rider which made it a matter of tactics, not principle: "except in the presence of proved Catholics." The function of the Jesuit missionaries was not to excite direct political opposition, it was to create and maintain a potential fifth-column. How that fifth column should be used would be determined not by them, but by the enemies of England. Understandably, they protested that they had no politics, they only preached a gospel. Understandably, the English government failed to make that distinction. When the Cominform preaches war, local communists vainly, even if genuinely, insist that they mean peace.

Nevertheless, idealism has an appeal independent of the uses it may serve, and against the superior resources, the corrupted interests, the vulgar instruments of even liberal power, the lonely, hunted, disinterested agents of even illiberal systems shine with the purity of the spirit contending with the world. One of those idealists was John Gerard, whose autobiography* (written in Latin after the failure of the Plot) Fr. Caraman has newly and excellently translated, and as excellently edited. Born of an old Romanist family in Lancashire, Gerard had become a Jesuit in Rome, and in the year of the Armada, with Fr. Oldcorne and two other Jesuits, secretly landed on the Norfolk coast to begin a life of extraordinary adventure. Posing as a falconer who had lost his hawk, he wandered through Norfolk till he found, in a recusant family, a home and a base of operations. Then, going out hunting with the local gentry, or talking in a window with a lady in the evening, he drew them quietly into religion. Compared with the go-getting, competitive, successful world with which the State Church was associated, he offered to those remote gentry families, often casualties in that competition, a more dignified, more ancient, more spiritual consolation; and they, contrasting this gentle evangelist, whose cultivated tastes and elegant clothes concealed such secret courage and serious devotion, with their own local vicars of Bray, were "blessed in hearing him" and felt their roof sanctified by his presence. So, from family to family, *via* the Counter and the Clink, the torture-house (he was barbarously tortured) and the Tower (from which he perilously escaped by rope), he carried his message and, so doing, built up, and in his narrative reconstructs before us, that freemasonry of recusant gentry families which was so soon to be split by politics and convulsed by the Plot. Here and there we see local cells—his own, first in the East Anglia, then with the Vaux family at Kirby and Harrowden; Fr. Southwell's with the Countess of Arundel in the Strand; Fr. Oldcorne's at Hinlip House in Worcestershire with its eleven priest-holes disguised as chimneys. Now and then his tale is punctuated by martyrdoms—two of his original companions in 1590 and 1591, Walpole in 1595, Southwell in 1598, Page in 1602. And over the whole story hover two central figures: Fr. Garnett, the Superior, in London, who for eighteen years controlled all things from his secret headquarters; and Garnett's servant Nicholas Owen, called "Little John," the architect of all those priest-holes which so often baffled the keenest poursuivant. Had he been unfaithful, "Little John" might have ruined the movement, "knowing the residences of most priests in England and all those of the Society, whom he might have taken as partridges in a net, knowing all their secret places, which himself had made." Fortunately he was not.

Then, suddenly, came "the catastrophe of the Powder Plot." If others had lit the train, the priests had laid it: naturally there was a hue and cry after them. The Superior himself and Fr. Oldcorne were taken at last, forced out of their priest-hole at Hinlip by bad air, looking "like two ghosts" after twelve days' concealment, and both were tortured, tried and unjustly executed. "Little John" was taken and cruelly hanged. Fr. Greenway, who knew more than any priest about the Plot, escaped abroad in a cargo of dead pigs. Gerard also, after nine anxious days in the priest-hole at Harrowden, escaped abroad, never to return. Split by faction, discredited by the Plot, the English mission, for all its heroism, had failed altogether, and the next generation of English Jesuits, living more comfortably under the tolerance of a "roman-

* *John Gerard: An Elizabethan Autobiography.* Translated and edited by PHILIP CARAMAN. *Longmans.* 18s.

ising" court, somehow made less appeal to earnest country gentry whose non-conformity, being opposition to court-religion, now took a puritan form. The order which, in those thirty years, had recovered Poland and Bavaria, had not recovered England. But then in England, unlike Poland and Bavaria, they did not control the ruler; and although, eighty years later, they might think that they had found their ideal King even in England, the English perversely chose that occasion to adopt the Jesuit doctrine that orthodox subjects may depose a heretic ruler.

Such political considerations did not occur to Fr. Gerard in his thirty years of exile after the failure of the Plot. He was an idealist, not a politician, and to him his mission did not seem a failure. Had he not, with feminine aid, after patient angling, skilfully caught Sir Everard Digby "in Peter's net"? It is true Sir Everard, in consequence of this conversion, had joined the Gunpowder Plotters and so perished miserably at twenty-five instead of living happily with the hawks and hounds in which he had formerly delighted; but what of that if his soul was saved? And had not Gerard also ensured the safe keeping of certain important relics—a chip of St. Thomas Becket's skull, a complete spine from the Crown of Thorns, and "a large piece" of the arm of St. Vita, a West Saxon royal virgin? Such were the positive results of the heroism, the devotion, the purity of the Jesuit missionaries.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

CHANEL

Scent like a river-pilot led me there:
Bed-room darkness spreading like a moss,
The polished wells of floors in blackness
Gave no reflections of the personage,
Or the half-open door, but whispered on:

"Skin be supple, hair be smooth,
Lips and character attend
In mnemonic solitude.
Kisses leave no fingerprints."

"Answer." But no answer came.
"Beauty hunted leaves no clues."

Yet as if rising from a still
Perfume whispered and was still,
All those discarded husks of thought
Hanging untenanted like gowns,
Rinds of which the fruit had gone. . . .

Still the long chapter led me on.
Still the clock beside the bed
Heart-beat after heart-beat shed.

LAWRENCE DURRELL

THE ISLAND SONG

The singer is old and has forgotten
A girl's grief for the handsome soldier
Who sailed away across the ocean,
Love's brief joy and lonely sorrow:
The song is older than the singer.

The song is older than the singer,
Shaped by the love and the long waiting
Of women dead and long forgotten
Who sang before remembered time
To teach the unbroken heart its sorrow.

The girl who waits for her young soldier
Learns from the cadence of a song
How deep her love, how long the waiting,
For sorrow is older than the heart,
Already old when love is young:
The song is older than the sorrow.

KATHLEEN RAINE

A PRIVATE VOICE

Two Cheers for Democracy. By E. M. FORSTER. *Arnold.* 21*s.*

Mr. E. M. Forster is the least moderate of men, but, in the last forty years, what extremists our elders have been; how we know them, as we know all extremists, by what they have left out. Shaw, Wells, D. H. Lawrence, T. S. Eliot—I say nothing of the violent names in arts other than literature: in the sciences or in politics—they certainly correspond with our violent world, reflect its belief in will, rage and assertion; they are full of faith, driving us forward or back—to something. We can only guess about such things but I have the suspicion that even among the faithful, Faith pure and simple, is out. At any rate, Mr. Forster's extremism, which is of the opposite kind, seems a more powerful survival. He does not, he has told us, "believe in Belief"; we ought to have as little as we decently can; we had better rely on weakness rather than strength; private life comes before the cause; keep the planners off the individual; a spell of inertia, apathy and uninventiveness is desirable; freedom and variety are indispensable and democracy deserves "two cheers" because it allows them; but there is no call for enthusiasm here: "Two cheers are quite enough; only Love, the Beloved Republic deserves three." And Mr. Forster sits on his deck chair, cut off by the tide, looking sternly at it but without surprise. He points out that things are likely to get worse for Liberals like himself, but a shocked, rebuking look comes into his eye as he declines the ropes, lifebuoys and rescues we hysterically offer him from the shore. He replies in a voice that we can only call tellingly inadequate, unmoved, personal, relaxed and non-co-operative.

> Faith to my mind, is a stiffening process, a sort of mental starch, which ought to be applied as sparingly as possible. I dislike the stuff. I do not believe in it for its own sake. Herein I probably differ from most people who believe in Belief, and are only sorry they cannot swallow even more than they do. My law-givers are Erasmus and Montaigne, not Moses and St. Paul.

The passage I have quoted comes from a volume of collected articles, reviews, broadcasts and lectures which go back to before the war. They are all touched by that dislike of the will and the intellect which, as Mr. Trilling noted in his brilliant little book on Forster, has been discernible in European literature since the time of Matthew Arnold. There is a coolness, a hardness, sufficiency and maturity in Forster's throw-away lines which indicate not the sad æsthete, but the man who is extreme because he thinks the time has come for redressing the balance. He has the worldliness of the saint. Society, society, society; it is the unceasing theme in the 19th century, since the French revolution. Is society really what the private man is or ought to be interested in now?

> I believe . . . in an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate and the plucky. Its members are to be found in all nations and classes, and all through the ages, and there is a secret understanding between them when they meet. They represent the true human tradition, the one permanent victory of our queer race over cruelty and chaos. . . . On they go, an invincible army, but not a victorious one.

Uplift? No, he knows love does not work in public life. If tolerance is going to be necessary in the post-war world—he is talking in a war-time broadcast—tolerance means more than live and let live; a comfortless virtue, it means "putting up" with people. The thing we notice about these broadcasts is their freshness, their freedom from what can in any sense be called an official view, a party line, and the sense—so rare in public utterances—that we are listening to a person. For it is the measure of Mr. Forster's integrity that he speaks privately in public, and nowadays there is nothing so arresting, indeed so hard to come by, as a private voice. It can be preserved only by continuous refusals. The streak of personal inadequacy is carefully, cunningly put in; the astutely dated slang plays its part in the masked battery of weakness. Swanky, a cert, a mess: there is nothing breezy in words like these; they are put in to deflate, not to raise the wind. They are put in for the sake of shabbiness. Shabbiness, in our official time, may be a deadly weapon. Even the jokes are flat, by calculation: that one about the Scotsman who wanted less chastity and more delicacy, is there to recall that civilisation exists where a flat story may point an angry moral. To be austerely at a disadvantage, to appear arrestingly feeble may be a strength in an age of power. There is a comic piece about an official dinner in Pretoria where the author had the chicken broth poured over him by a nervous servant. Mr. Forster's natural self laughed hysterically. He dressed up in a fancy costume for the rest of the day, and for days afterwards the African dust unfailingly picked out the fantastic, undignified, unofficial stains on a cheap suit. An odd story; like episodes in one or two of Mr. Forster's novels, it briskly argues for loss of dignity, for the authority of anti-climax.

Then there is the brilliant piece on *Mrs. Miniver* which was first published in this journal. It began with just that touch of subtle English social rudeness which may be seen in Jane Austen or *Alice in Wonderland* (as Mr. Edmund Wilson once pointed out) and then went on to wreck the national tea party in the classical British way: Mrs. Miniver might be all right but she was not out of the top drawer. Neither, Mr. Forster added artlessly, after the poor lady was made to look foolish, was he; nor, he went on, were we, her readers and his. It was one of Mr. Forster's deadliest themes, for in Mrs. Miniver one of his own characters had appeared, a descendant of the Schlegels or the rescuing lady in *Where Angels Fear to Tread*, and she had upon her that brave uneasiness which is evoked by the word "relative," that defensiveness or shame of human connection, which is the cross our middle class, rather gladly, bears. (Its strength, too.) Like Jane Austen, Mr. Forster has been sharp and unfailing in detecting that all his people were relatives: they had the blood relationship of class. Here is the vinegar that gives his comedy its bite.

If Mr. Forster puts *Mrs. Miniver* in her place with social precision, he has the same quick brief decisive manner with ideas. His politeness is of the iron kind that proceeds by inquiry. Do you? Can we say? There will be no mess, no muddle, no "good mixing." There will be the choice of unsatisfactory answers:

> The State believes in education. But does art educate? "Sometimes, but not always" is the answer, an unsatisfactory one. The State believes in recreation. But does art amuse? "Sometimes, but not always" is the answer again. The State does *not* believe in experiments in the development of human sensitiveness in directions away from the average citizen. The artist does, and consequently he and the State—who will soon be his sole employer—must disagree. . . . There is a danger and indeed a probability that art will disappear.

Or, what about criticism? Has it any first-class *raison d'être* in the arts? Is there a point at which criticism and art meet? No, it can have no first-class *raison d'être*. It is educative, it encourages precision, but it teaches the artist next to nothing. It belongs to the world of culture which has no close relationship with the artist himself:

> The only activity which can establish such a *raison d'être* is love. However cautiously, with whatever reservations, after whatsoever purifications we must come back to love. That alone rises to the co-operation with the artist which is the sole reason for our æsthetic pilgrimage.

And why this pilgrimage?

> The work of art is the only material object in the universe which may possess internal harmony. It achieves something which has often been promised by society, but always delusively. Ancient Athens made a mess, but the *Antigone* stands up. Renaissance Rome made a mess—but the Sistine ceiling got painted. James I made a mess—but there was *Macbeth*. Louis XIV—but there was *Phèdre*. Art for art's sake. I should just think so and more so than ever at the present time—*c'est*

THE LIFE OF

GEORGE LANSBURY

By his son-in-law

RAYMOND POSTGATE

To be published on Monday. 21s. net, illustrated

RECOMMENDED BY THE BOOK SOCIETY

FIFTY YEARS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

By R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

A critical survey of English Literature from the beginning of the century down to our own time. The period has been an exciting one, for it has produced a wider diversity and a greater spirit of exploration than any half-century since the Renaissance. It is a far cry from late Victorian literature to English literature in 1950; but the author manages to reveal, with great skill and clarity, the patterns which successive generations of writers have created. *15s. net*

★ Have you read Francis King's *The Dividing Stream* yet?

LONGMANS

THE POETICAL WORKS OF

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

edited by

H. F. LOWRY, A. L. P. NORRINGTON, and F. MULHAUSER

OXFORD ENGLISH TEXTS 35*s. net*

This edition has been based upon an entirely fresh collation of manuscripts, and provides a more complete and more correct text than has hitherto been available.

THE SUBMERGED VILLAGE

by JAMES KIRKUP

7s. 6d. net

'. . it is a refreshment to find a poet whose verse has such an enchanting texture as well as revealing such contrapuntal skill and suggestive invention . .'

Manchester Guardian

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

DARTON

CAN'T YOU DECIDE?

Then may we suggest the following books as gifts:

Your eager aunt

whose goodwill overflows like warm beer will love RETURN TO NAPLES by Giuseppe Marotta. (10s 6d)

Your jaded uncle

who will only read the back pages of the newspaper (can't you interest him in politics?) will want APPRECIATION OF FOOTBALL by Percy M. Young. (6s 6d)

Your intellectual neighbour

who likes to learn about life the hard way —from books rather than reviews—will appreciate WHITE TRAVELLER IN BLACK AFRICA by Colin Wills. (12s 6d)

The hectic household

who need the 'Shotgun' present which is intended to kill the household at one shot will go mad over THE DECLINE AND FALL OF PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY by Will Cuppy. (10s 6d)

UNWIN

British Columbia

F. H. GOODCHILD

Life in Columbia is stamped with the bustle and stimulus of a new industrial development. The author mirrors this vigour in a thorough survey of the great province from geography to social welfare, from history to modern industrialism.

"British Columbia, so ably narrated by F. H. Goodchild, will give to our friends in many lands a deeper understanding of Canada's most westerly province"—*from the foreword of* BYRON L. JOHNSON, *Premier of British Columbia. Illustrated* 18*s. net*

Sons and Daughters

ROGER PILKINGTON

Dr. Roger Pilkington presents not merely the growth of the embryo but the whole exciting world of heredity and genetics. Chromosomes, genes, mutation, environment and the factors which produce the unique characteristics of every living thing are all discussed. We learn why even Negros produce albinos, how the eyes are formed, what we inherit from our ancestors, why twins are so ardently pursued by scientists, etc. *Illustrated.* 18*s. net*

The Philosophy of Grammar

OTTO JESPERSEN

"His book is a fascinating storehouse of the wonderful devices of language, and as its illustrations are largely taken from English, its appeal is not merely to linguists, but may be appreciated by anyone. A very important and very detailed treatise."—*Spectator. 6th imp.* 16*s. net*

The Principles of Mathematics

BERTRAND RUSSELL

This work sets forth, as far as possible without mathematical symbolism, the grounds in favour of the view that mathematics and logic are indentical, what is commonly called mathematics being merely later deductions from logical premises. *6th imp.* 30*s. net*

An Outline of Philosophy

BERTRAND RUSSELL

In this book Russell shows the sort of world in which, according to modern science, we really live, and how it differs from the world in which we seem to live. "A book which we cannot afford to miss if we think at all."—*Spectator. 5th imp.* 12*s. 6d. net*

Bermondsey Story

FENNER BROCKWAY

"A book which, even for a reader who knew neither Salter nor Salter's Bermondsey, is almost unbearably moving . . . *Bermondsey Story* is the tragedy of a latter day saint."—R. H. S. CROSSMAN in the *New Statesman and Nation. 2nd imp.* 15*s. net*

ALLEN & UNWIN LTD

le meilleur témoignage que nous puissions donner de notre dignité.

And when we talk about art among ourselves—

> Our job is to enjoy ourselves and not to lose heart, and to spread culture not because we love our fellow men, but because certain things seem to us unique and priceless, and as it were push us out into the world on their service. It is a Gospel, and not altogether a benign one.

All this is the wisdom of the contemplative man, the non-participant, who belongs to the secret society of hermits who make their signals —a favourite metaphor of Mr. Forster's—in the night. When he applies himself to specific books and writers, our expectations are disappointed. His Gibbon, his Butler, his Tolstoy are pleasing enough; these essays have the virtue, which he seeks, of unselfing him and bringing him into the skin of his subject. But afterwards all one can say is "Yes, I had better read Gibbon or Tolstoy or Butler. They sound unique." Whereas one wants more than that from our most distinguished living novelist. Tolstoy was possibly unjust about Maupassant, but he *added* to the subject. What he added may have been wrong, but it was the uniqueness of Tolstoy. Do we really need to be taught to contemplate? Don't we have to be taught, even clumsily, to add? Mr. Forster is writing here very well, but deliberately and on principle (it seems) below his powers, humbling himself to our level.

It is an irony, one begins to think, that Wells who did not believe in art, and Forster (the anti-Wells of *The Machine Stops*) who *does* believe in it, should be alike in their extremism: both abandoned art in order to teach. One begins to ask if the pursuit of the good life is not, like the pursuit of the World State and so on, inimical to the creative act. The work of art is the sole exemplar of an internal order? Yes—but does the artist know this? Is he not drowning in chaos, in confused participation? A bucket, we are told, is let down into the unconscious and then the work of art arises; but what sends the bucket down, what winds it up again? Surely, the artist's will. And when we have said the word Will, then everything Mr. Forster is opposed to comes rushing in. The bad heart, to begin with; the bad hearts of Dickens, of Swift, of Proust, of all the great artists, in short. There is no personal choice about being committed to the world; it is not in our hands at all; it is done for us by others, that is the tragedy or the comedy of the human condition. Of course, Mr. Forster knows this. The great extremists always know what they are leaving out. The Idea of Will and Greatness had reached the point where, in his opinion, the returns for the individual and for the value of living, had hopelessly diminished. Somewhere in this book he tartly warns us man has tried everything except exhaustion. If we are not careful, if we do not redress the balance, that may come next.

V. S. PRITCHETT

More New Books

Stephen Graham's intimate knowledge and personal experience of this great but unpredictable country make his SUMMING-UP ON RUSSIA a 'must' at the present time. Also 'abroad,' but on the fictional front, is an exciting new novel by E. G. Cousins, ANY KIND OF DANGER, with troublous Venezia Giulia as a background. Action, humour and good dialogue.

And nearer home we have Elizabeth M. Harland with her delightful diary of a country housewife, NO HALT AT SUNSET—wit and wisdom, with many recipes. To pass from the country scene to the stage can be but a short step. When A. P. Herbert and Reginald Arkell combine to produce a new libretto for *Die Fledermaus*, the result in COME TO THE BALL is a sparkling draught of light-headed nonsense.

From fantasy to fact, brings a timely book by W. H. G. Armytage on a too-little-known Liberal reformer, A. J. MUNDELLA, 1825-1897; presents the Liberal background to the Labour Movement with vigour and apt illustrations.

ANY KIND OF DANGER. E. G. Cousins. *Benn*, 10*s*. 6*d*.

COME TO THE BALL. A. P. Herbert and Reginald Arkell. *Benn*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Available from 15 *November* :

SUMMING-UP ON RUSSIA. Stephen Graham. *Benn*. 18*s*.

NO HALT AT SUNSET. Elizabeth M. Harland. *Benn*. 15*s*.

A. J. MUNDELLA, 1825-1897. W. H. G. Armytage. *Benn*. 30*s*.

THE BEST OF PALMERSTON

The Foreign Policy of Palmerston 1830-1841. By SIR CHARLES WEBSTER. *Bell*. 2 vols. 63*s*.

Palmerston, one of the greatest Foreign Secretaries, has been the most maligned. The despotic Powers hated him for his support of constitutional government; and the Cobdenite radicals attacked him as a warmonger. He deserved criticism perhaps for the mistakes which he made at the end of his life; but as Sir Charles Webster wisely remarks, "few men are fit for such responsibility (as Prime Minister) after the age of seventy-five." To judge Palmerston fairly he has to be examined at his best. Between 1830 and 1841, when he was at the Foreign Office with a short interruption in 1834–35, he showed himself second to none and achieved successes without parallel in time of peace. Moreover he achieved them single-handed. The permanent officials of the Foreign Office were mere clerks; the ambassadors were sometimes ineffective and always critical; public opinion was indifferent to foreign affairs; and the Cabinet tended to oppose him if they took notice at all. Grey, as Prime Minister, sometimes gave useful advice drawn from an out-of-date experience; Melbourne was only concerned to keep out of trouble. Yet Palmerston created Belgium at the beginning of his time in office and settled the Eastern question at the end of it. This was done by great industry, a mastery of diplomatic technique, and confidence in himself—a confidence fully justified. It all looks as easy as the moves of a chess-master or as one of Napoleon's victories; but no one else has been able to repeat Palmerston's success.

Sir Charles Webster is fond of drawing parallels between past and present, but he steers clear of the most obvious one. The Belgian affair was the greatest demonstration in our history of "appeasement" properly understood. Palmerston was ready to meet French grievances and to revise the settlement of the Congress of Vienna; in return France must accept her position in Europe and not aim again at conquest. He balanced between France and the reactionary Powers, played one side off against the other, and got his way against both. Yet all this was achieved at the height of the Reform Bill crisis in England, when the public had no thought to spare for foreign affairs. There followed the period of "the Liberal Alliance," with England and France working together as patrons of constitutionalism especially in Portugal and Spain. Palmerston made much of this, and Sir Charles Webster goes into it in great detail. As things turned out, it amounted to little. The Iberian peninsula was an illusion, a land of dreams. Spain and Portugal counted for nothing in the European balance, and their constitutionalism was a farce. The Quadruple alliance, which included them, was important only on paper; and the best thing was to leave them alone. There was much virtuosity in Palmerston's dealings with them, but no solid gain; and the story now lacks significance.

The Eastern question is very different. Palmerston was the first British Foreign Secretary to have a consistent Turkish policy and to carry it to success. Canning had improvised in the Near East, by no means successfully; Palmerston laid down a broad line which has lasted to our own day. In fact it was Palmerston who decided, for good or ill, that the Ottoman Empire should not be partitioned with Russia; and the decision, once made, settled the future course of events. He began badly. When the Pasha of Egypt threatened the Sultan in 1833, there were no British forces to spare; and Turkey was protected by Russia alone. But when the next crisis came in 1839, Palmerston substituted a European protection under British leadership for that of Russia; and, first winning Russia for this policy, he then imposed it upon France. The outcome was the Convention of 1841, by which the rule of the Straits became a European arrangement, henceforth to be changed only by international agreement. It is true that Palmerston attached much importance to the capacity of the Ottoman Empire for reform; but even though this faith was misplaced, the main achievement stood—the Eastern question could no longer be shaped by the actions of any single Power. The guarantee of Belgium at one end of Europe and the Straits convention at the other gave British diplomacy the pattern which it was to follow for a hundred years and which it is still following with some technical modifications.

Sir Charles Webster has told this story in more detail than it has ever been told before; and his narrative is reinforced by Palmerston's private papers which have hitherto been denied to serious historians. It is much to be regretted that we cannot have a volume of selected letters, as Sir Charles Webster had originally planned. Palmerston was the most forceful and entertaining of writers; but even he becomes drab when presented in relentless summary. Sir Charles Webster excels in presenting the broad outline of his story, as he does in the introduction and in the concluding chapter. But it cannot be claimed that he has solved the problem of narrating the details of diplomatic history in a lively or interesting manner. No one except the conscientious reviewer is likely to read this book from cover to cover; and anyone who attempts the task will emerge exhausted. Diplomacy is a clash of personalities; and the personalities must be brought to life, either by speaking for themselves or by conscious artistry. The one method of keeping them dead is to give the documents in accurate précis. Sir Charles Webster has carried out wide research: he has gone through the official correspondence of the Foreign Office as well as Palmerston's private letters, and has also examined the archives at Paris and Vienna. As a result, the narrative is often subordinated to the documents, instead of the documents to the narrative. Nothing is missed out. There is only one comment to be made on this: "alas!" Moreover the story is strictly diplomatic. We are not even told the strength of the British navy at the time; yet even Palmerston's diplomacy turned on this. Again Sir Charles Webster has been badly served by his publishers. Though there is a delightful portrait of Palmerston at forty-nine, there are no maps; and diplomatic narrative is incomprehensible without them. Still the final word should be one of appreciation. Sir Charles Webster has established Palmerston's greatness beyond dispute, and no other historian could have done it with such ponderous exactness.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

INDEX

An Index to Vol. XLI (Jan.-June, 1951) is now available. 2*s*. post free.

Postal Subscription rates and other information will be found on p. 513. Classified Advertising rates on p. 515.

NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10, Great Turnstile, W.C.1

THE SHAPE OF TOWNS TO COME

Toward New Towns for America. By CLARENCE S. STEIN. *Liverpool University Press.* 30*s.*
The West European City. By ROBERT E. DICKINSON. *Routledge.* 42*s.*
Industry and Planning in Stepney. By D. L. MUNBY. *Oxford University Press.* 30*s.*
Social Aspects of a Town Development Plan: Dudley. *Liverpool University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Community or Chaos: New Housing Estates. Small Towns. New Towns. By L. E. WHITE. *National Council of Social Service.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d. and* 4*s.* 6*d.*

As planning passes from theory to practice, it is of great importance that experiments in various parts of the world should be analysed and appraised. An immense amount of building is going on all over the world, and in spite of regional differences, there is growing up a *lingua franca* of urban design. Civilisation is crystallising out into new shapes. We are getting our first experience in the deliberate planning and replanning of towns as a social task instead of a dictator's whim. It is generally agreed that informed opinion about these changes should be widely based. This is possible only if the literature about them includes a substantial amount of writing that is neither too technical nor too trivial for, shall we say, the average reader of THE NEW STATESMAN.

To him or her I recommend the well-produced volume by Clarence Stein on that remarkable series of American experiments which began in 1924 with Sunnyside Gardens, New York, and continuing through Radburn and the Greenbelt Towns has its culminating achievement to date at Baldwin Hills Village, Los Angeles. Mr. Stein was closely associated, as architect and planner, with all these developments. He writes with inside knowledge and yet with self-critical detachment. His account, while based on a many-sided *expertise*, is streamlined and clear enough for the layman to follow. It is illustrated by photographs which succeed admirably in their aim, which is not to glamourise or "sell," but to really help one see how the new arrangements of space, roads and housing work out on the ground. It may well be that the full aesthetic expression of these planning conceptions is yet to come, but the photographs and the evidence of those who know these places at first hand convince me, at any rate, that the "Radburn idea" of the "superblock" is a truly beneficent invention. The superblocks are, at present, oases in the urban wildernesses of North America, but I think they may be the pattern for towns to come. Primarily they were attempts to provide houses and flats of decent standard at moderate cost, and to reduce the dangers and inconveniences of motor traffic. This dual problem, part human, part physical, was only soluble where, as at Radburn, technicians and sociologists were able to cross each other's borders and think in each other's language. America depends more on the automobile than we do yet, and the pressure of these petrol-fed members of the family on the way of life as a whole is becoming ever more extreme. Automobiles are, indeed, the sacred cows of the American people. Mr. Stein shows how they can be prevented from trespassing too much on the serenity and safety of family life.

In America, new towns can still be started on virgin soil but in Britian and Europe we almost inevitably build around an existing nucleus. We are beginning to realise anew that this link with the past is a priceless asset. It is exciting to juxtapose the old and the new, and to find ways of adjusting old buildings to new needs. Dudley Castle, "adapted" in Professor Simey's phrase "to serve the pleasure of the masses," with sealions swimming in the moat and the modern architecture of Dudley Zoo on its wooded slopes, is an admirable example of what can be done, all the more heartening when encountered in the middle of the Black Country. It is difficult however to rescue much from the more recent past of uncontrolled industrialism in a place like Dudley, for whose enterprising Town Council a helpful, if rather complacent report has been produced by Liverpool University. Mr. Denis Munby, in a similar report on Stepney—which also has an imposing link with the past in the shape of the Tower of London—is less complacent and more critical of the way in which the planning problems of this populous borough are being shelved. He argues clearly that Stepney could be made less populous by a more resolute policy for decentralising its industry; and that this would allow for "a large proportion of houses rather than flats" which is undoubtedly what its people would prefer.

No two towns are quite alike but each particular town and its history can best be interpreted in the light of wider knowledge. In *The West European City*, much comparative material has been assembled by Professor Dickinson, a geographer. From plans and descriptions of many towns, large and small, in France, Germany and other West European countries, he proceeds to a general analysis of urban growth, which lacks the excitement of Geddes and Mumford but has sober merits of its own.

The three booklets by L. E. White are, to my mind, the best available discussion of social aspects of post-war housing in Britain. There is no expert in this field who will not gain both information and insight from them, and for the non-expert, they form an ideal introduction to a fascinating subject. Of the New Towns, Mr. White is an effective but fair-minded critic. True, he finds them an improvement on St. Paul's Cray, the post-war housing estate where he himself lives. There, despite "the initiative and drive" of the L.C.C., "which can produce nearly 4,000 houses on one estate in record time," there is as yet only the most meagre social provision for the 12,000 residents, apart from a few shops. The New Towns have so far done better than this in co-ordinating housing and the other requirements of the town-dweller, but a livelier public interest might be an important factor in keeping the performance of the Development Corporations up to their initial promises. Mr. White's booklets will certainly help to stimulate this interest; he has lived with his problems and he writes about them uncommonly well.

CHARLES MADGE

SHOWS AND SIDESHOWS

Memoirs of a Sword Swallower. By DAN MANNIX. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
We Barrymores. By LIONEL BARRYMORE. *Peter Davies.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Fifty Years of Song. By PETER DAWSON. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Ever since Miss Billie Burke announced that she was christened Mary William Ethelbert Appleton at St. Margaret's Westminster, by the Rev. Kirshbaum, one has been, somehow, prepared for the surprising revelations of our more gifted performers, and no eyelid is now batted at the news that the early Ella Wheeler Wilcox poems were illustrated by John Barrymore, or that Mr. Dan Mannix progressed to sword-swallowing via the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

Of these three autobiographies, that of Mr. Mannix is the most absorbing, dealing as he does with something slightly outside our province. Fire-eating was, as it were, his first love. If planning to take it up, do remember to keep the mouth and lips moist (fewer blisters) and to breathe gently out during your performance, otherwise inhaled fumes may ignite within. "I probably never would have become America's leading fire-eater," he confesses, "if Flamo the Great hadn't happened to explode that night." The fire-eater death-rate is, it appears, high, and so there is a pleasantly brisk demand for their services.

A meeting with the Human Electric Light Bulb (who swallowed neon tubes which glowed excitingly from inside) inspired Mr. Mannix to begin swallowing swords. Here there are interesting points to watch, too: after withdrawing the sword always remember to wipe the blade to remove the stomach fluids, which corrode the nickel-plating (". . . and nickel-plate is expensive"); never practise after a meal as tiresome retching may occur; when you feel the tip of your sword touch the pit of your stomach, look out for a "curious sensation"; if you aim to emulate the Human Bulb, do all you can to eliminate short circuits.

Mr. Mannix gives an altogether fascinating account of Sideshow life: we read of Dot (a five-legged horse), electro-magnetic treatments for waning virility, Jolly Daisy (who tipped the scales at fifty stone), mitt camps (Palmists' Saloons), and a fakir who sewed buttons on his eyelids and plunged hatpins through his cheeks.

Mr. Lionel Barrymore's *We Barrymores* is an enjoyable collection of anecdote and reminiscence. As with many children born into the theatre, he had an early disinclination to act, and he and his brother John tried to break away and become artists. The E. W. Wilcox illustrations are not readily available, but Mr. Barrymore includes one of his own etchings to justify the brothers' ambitions, and remarkably good it is.

In a very full life, the actor's dream was nearly his, for he played Macbeth in New York, a performance dismissed, with typically American critical cruelty, as "Lay on Macduff, Lay Off McBride" (a famous ticket agency). He had the experience, often mortifying for a veteran, of appearing with a talented child actress (you may recollect that W. C. Fields solved this problem by lacing the scene-stealing Baby LeRoy's orange juice with gin), and he says of the "awesome" Margaret O'Brien: "If she had been unfortunate enough to be born in Salem, they would have burned her as a witch." He even found time to be knocked out by two heavyweight champions of the world, in what circumstances he does not, alas, relate.

Mr. Peter Dawson treads a statelier measure in his *Fifty Years of Song*, as befits a man who nearly became a plumber. One may marvel at

REGINALD REYNOLDS

To Live in Mankind

A QUEST FOR GANDHI

Mr Reynolds—author of *The White Sahibs in India*—describes his search for Gandhi's influence in republican India today and gives the first full account of "basic education" as he saw it in practice.

26 November 15s

★

Books are Essential

A symposium by The Rt. Hon. SIR NORMAN BIRKETT P.C., J. L. HODSON, MICHAEL JOSEPH, W. A. MUNFORD, CADNESS PAGE and HUBERT WILSON.

12 November 7s 6d

★

Dr Stephen Taylor (Nicolas Bentley drew the pictures): *Fats and Figures or Slimming without Fears* (6s); Leah W. Leonard: *Jewish Cookery* (18s): both 26 November.

ANDRE DEUTSCH

12 THAYER STREET MANCHESTER SQUARE LONDON W.1

the range of his voice (he could manage the full repertoire of the bass, bass-baritone and baritone, and comfortably reach top A flat), but more surprising still is his staying-power in the sometimes unworthy use to which he has had to put this astonishing organ. He is the popular ballad singer *par excellence* and, though he does not complain, the mind reels at the number of times that his boots must have gone sloggin' over Africa or come Up from Somerset (where, you may recall, the zider apples grow): Drake, he has told us down the years, is Going West, and we know by heart the full details (supplied by Miss Katie Moss) of that intriguing occurrence at The Floral Dance.

We follow Mr. Dawson through his Australian and New Zealand tours, into India, Burma and the Straits Settlements and, if this is not, perhaps, an outstandingly interesting book, it reveals a friendly and generous personality, well in keeping with the true and agreeable voice. You may, possibly, wish to know how many copies of Mr. Dawson's gramophone records have been sold: it is over thirteen million.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

SHELLEY, M.P.

The Young Shelley: Genesis of a Radical. By K. N. CAMERON. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

A hundred and thirty years after his death, Shelley is still a highly controversial figure. His life, which ended so abruptly in the Bay of Leirici, had undergone none of that tidying up process which happens in most lives. He left his poems, his politics and his family commitments all in a state of wild confusion, and no one has ever quite cleared up the mess. His early biographers were far from dispassionate about him, and Matthew Arnold's famous apothegm is as misleading as it is helpful. Many of his views, as also of his poems, were those of a very young man, and, if his opinions had been more reactionary, it seems unlikely that conservative critics would have dismissed him with such vehemence as an adolescent. Moreover, the critical essays by T. S. Eliot and F. R. Leavis do not seem to take into account the serious poetic influence of Shelley on poets as different as Browning and Yeats, nor the influence of his ideas on political thinkers like William Morris and Bernard Shaw.

Professor Cameron is certainly a partisan, but his views are considered and just. He argues that if allowance is made for the violence of his youth, Shelley's opinions were on the whole considered, reasonable and responsible. Sir Timothy Shelley and the Duke of Norfolk both wished him to enter parliament, and although his views could not be adapted to the Whig Party they were probably right in thinking that his personality and rhetoric were by no means unsuited to the House.

Michael Roberts once pointed out to me that although so much is written about Shelley, no critic had attempted seriously to deal with the *Notes to Queen Mab*. A good many readers would, I suspect, be embarrassed to discover how much in them they agreed with. The same is true of Godwin's *Political Justice*. Godwin has been labelled the "ridiculous philosopher of Skinner Street," and it is universally assumed that *Political Justice* is a hash of absurd perfectionism and unpractical idealism. Godwin and Shelley were, of course, never tolerated by the Right and they are a liability to the Left. Yet, apart from a few admitted absurdities, their fallacies—if they are fallacies—are logical developments of ideas which are embedded in radical thinking to this day. How many Leftists assume that a completely reasonable world, in which all material benefits were evenly distributed among the whole population, would be one of universal prosperity? This is the kind of thinking that Godwin and Shelley express with embarrassing frankness.

Professor Cameron does a service in re-establishing Godwin as the centre of Shelley's thought. *Political Justice* is a serious book, even if Godwin, hounded by the difficulties brought on him by his two marriages, had ceased to be a very serious person by the time Shelley got to know him. *Political Justice* was the basis of Shelley's thinking about politics, though he disagreed with Godwin's view that society could be changed by purely reasonable measures. Shelley was a revolutionary and he grasped the fact that the political struggle was essentially a struggle for power.

A consideration often overlooked is Shelley's relationship to his predecessors in revolutionary ideas, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey. By the time that Shelley was twenty, all of these had reacted passionately against their own youthful idealism. Southey, aged thirty-seven when he met Shelley, was conscientiously recanting every radical opinion he had ever held, even to the extent of writing a defence of flogging in the British navy, which he had strenuously opposed as a young man. The young poet seemed like the ghost of his own youth. But to Shelley, Southey must have seemed a signal warning of what could happen in middle age to a poet with advanced ideas. Shelley belonged to the second wave of radical opinion, when the advanced thinkers not only hold certain views, but are anxious to retain them.

Perhaps the greatest service which Professor Cameron renders in this excellent study, is to establish the importance of *Queen Mab*. This poem was relegated by Shelley himself to his juvenilia, and he spoke of it as having been written when he was eighteen. Professor Cameron shows that in fact it was written three years later, and that so far from having been written hurriedly, it was one of the works which Shelley revised most carefully. *Queen Mab*—even if it was written when Shelley was twenty-one—remains, of course, the work of a very young man. But it has certain qualities of concreteness and clear thinking which Shelley did not achieve again until he wrote the Third Act of *Prometheus Unbound*. Shelley was always preoccupied with the idea of creating a form which could combine the utmost freedom of imaginative fantasy, with closeness, and actuality even, of social thought. In *Queen Mab* he made an extremely good start, which was not followed up in the undisciplined overflowing of *The Revolt of Islam*.

The tragedy of Shelley's youth was that, having been sent down from Oxford, he became for several years involved in situations which dissipated his powers of concentration. What Professor Cameron's book shows is that intellectually he was not nearly so extravagant as is generally supposed. Even things like the expedition to Dublin and the saving of the embankment near Tre-Madoc, were not nearly so absurd as they have been made to appear by biographers and critics who have gayed them. There is a good deal of evidence that Shelley himself was one of those who parodied his own actions, so that it is difficult to draw the line between what he meant seriously and what was a conscious absurdity. He may have lacked humour, but to deny him a sense of fun is obtuse.

Shelley's extravagances were the result of passionate generosity. Cut off by his father of almost all his means, and deprived by the University of the privilege of leisure, it took him long to realise how little he had of either time or money. He gave himself, who was no longer free to be given, to every caller, and he gave away money which he did not have. He was an heir who could not get used to the idea that he had been partially disinherited. The squandering of losses and prospects certainly does introduce a note of knight-errantry into his life. He seems to have been one of those who are in certain situations utterly at the mercy of other people, entering into their wishes, moods and nonsense with a sensitivity which is like a disintegration of his own personality. Some of his letters to Elizabeth Hitchener are positively hare-brained. Shelley ultimately became a solitary. One can see why. Tension with his father, with Hogg and with his sister-in-law brought him to the verge of complete nervous collapse. All the same, as Professor Cameron points out, the extraordinary thing about Shelley is not that he was so distracted but that fundamentally, despite his excessive sensibility, he was so tough.

STEPHEN SPENDER

NEW NOVELS

A Trial of Love. By MAURICE EDELMAN. *Wingate.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Riding Master. By H. C. BRANNER. *Secker & Warburg.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Mystery of Dead Lovers. By MAURICE COLLIS. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Engulfed in the swell of private fantasy, childhood memories and projected neurosis that makes up four-fifths of contemporary fiction, the reviewer clutches at a documentary novel like a lifebelt. Here, at last, is a slice of experience, raw, to the life and off the slab. Mr. Edelman is a journalist and *A Trial of Love* is a journalist's novel. Fleet Street's fairy godmother has waved her wand over this book, endowing it with wit, pace and incident, eliminating day-dream, padding and meander. True to his profession's first axiom—"capture and hold the reader's attention at all costs"—Mr. Edelman never lets up.

For this the reader is grateful. Yet appreciation of the craftsmanship displayed in a book of this kind should not blind us to its limitations. Though superficially it may be vastly more readable than the poet's, the psychiatrist's or the mystic's novel, the journalist's novel shares a common defect with them all. It is not the novelist's novel and, with all its virtues, it remains a hybrid. Whereas most writers *live* in the world, the journalist *writes* in it. He may exhibit compassion, insight, reflection, and what other qualities you will, but he seldom achieves crystallisation. Both his training and medium preclude his ever setting the final seal on his creation. (There is, of course, a world of difference between the journalist who writes novels and the writer—*e.g.*, Balzac—whose novels sometimes lapse into journalism.)

Set in Algiers during the later stages of the war,

Four outstanding novels

Graham
GREENE
THE END OF THE AFFAIR
"The finest book he has written."
—*Daily Telegraph*

John
LODWICK
THE CRADLE OF NEPTUNE
"Sad, amusing, pungent."—*Sunday Times.*
2nd imp.

Olivia
MANNING
SCHOOL FOR LOVE
"A triumph of portraiture."—*Time and Tide.*
2nd imp.

Rhys
DAVIES
MARIANNE
"A full-size novelist."—*Daily Telegraph.*"

WILLIAM HEINEMANN

ELSA
Triolet
A PRIX GONCOURT WINNER
has now written
The White Horse

The story of a picaresque character born out of his time. Set in a 'tween-war Parisian society that fairly bubbles with life and will bring nostalgic memories to many English readers.

Ready Thursday 12/6 net

HUTCHINSON
International Authors

MEDICI CARDS & CALENDARS

Medici Christmas Cards and Calendars with their distinctive beauty include the work of the Old Masters and some of today's most popular artists. Prices range from 2½d. upwards. See them at your local art dealers or stationers or visit the Medici Galleries.

To shop by post write for catalogue to THE MEDICI SOCIETY LTD., Box B, Mail Order Dept., 34-40, Pentonville Road, London, N.1

THE MEDICI GALLERIES
7, Grafton Street, London, W.1.
26, Thurloe St., Sth. Kensington, S.W.7
& 63, Bold Street, Liverpool

READING FOR PROFIT
by Montgomery Belgion
An important book of guidance on how to organize one's reading.
"The best modern guide book of its kind, thoroughly sensible and covering a remarkably wide literary field."—*Manchester Evening News.* "Mr. Belgion establishes himself as a real influence on a potential reading public."—STEPHEN SPENDER.
18s. *net*

★

A LAND
by Jacquetta Hawkes
With numerous illustrations and colour plates by Henry Moore
"Clearly on its way to becoming a classic."—*Sunday Times.* "The dazzling spectacle of a marriage between scholarship and imagination transfigures *A Land* into something like a work of genius."—*Spectator.*
3RD IMPRESSION
21s. *net*

★

FICTION

BUTTERFIELD 8
by John O'Hara
"Mr. O'Hara is probably the most virile, penetrating, and stimulating of living American novelists."—*Sunday Mercury.*
12s. 6d. *net*

★

THE BLINDNESS OF RICHARD BLAKE
by Peter Sutcliffe
"An acute and sympathetic study of the adjustment to life of a man blinded in the war. Mr. Sutcliffe has written Richard Blake's story from the inside, and he has done it extremely well. There is evidence here of an unusual talent."—*Manchester Evening News.*
10s. 6d. *net*

★

A NARROW STREET
by Elliot Paul
"Something more than excellent entertainment."—J. B. PRIESTLEY. "This study of just one street and the people who lived in it does more to explain the sudden collapse of France in 1940 than any other book."—*B.B.C.*
8TH IMPRESSION
12s. 6d. *net*

★

SPRINGTIME IN PARIS
by Elliot Paul
The sequel to *A Narrow Street.*
"Like its predecessor, rich in human comedy and drama, wise and witty."—*Times Literary Supplement.* "A wonderfully good picture of what France is like."—*B.B.C.*
2ND IMPRESSION
12s. 6d. *net*

THE CRESSET PRESS

A Trial of Love deals with a successful armchair columnist ("Hudson on the War") who flies out to "see it all and experience it all" and so achieve self-integration. "Don't worry," he tells a fellow newspaperman in a burst of bad Balchinese, "it's just a private thing between me and me." Hudson is the book's first and major stumbling-block. Selfish, cynical, a tough egoist who wants to be loved, he is more of an ideogram for the contemporary man of feeling than a novelist's character. Not that Mr. Edelman has any doubts about his hero. He could, if challenged, provide us with a complete dossier on Hudson's life, character and habits. It is just that he has not gestated Hudson sufficiently, has not thought through and round and about him for long enough. Because of this, the twin themes of the book—Hudson's relations with a French collaborator and his wife and a U.S. general's revenge on the journalist who reports his treatment of Negro troops—are a vivid patchwork of incidents rather than a progression building to a double climax. Nor is the book helped by an artificial twist on its final page.

If *A Trial of Love* fails as a novel, it succeeds grandly as fictionalised reportage. General Pepper, terror of battle-fatigued G.I.s, spilling the spleen of military unemployment into his evening Pernod; the war correspondents, nervously needling each other before the bombing raid; the English captain at loose among the Ouled Nail—all this Mr. Edelman handles superbly. His characterisation is sharp, witty and one-dimensional. If General Pepper is raw material for Norman Mailer, the Minister is an unfinished portrait of the school of Waugh:

> "The set-up," said the Minister, drawing Hudson to a stone seat under a cypress tree, "is a temporary one. *Provisoire*, like everything else here. There's Duff-Cooper, good chap, the French like him. They mistake him for an *écrivain*. Then there's Macmillan, Minister of State. The Americans love him; they mistake him for a typical Englishman. And then there's myself, Minister for Odds and Sods—they call it information. I'm more ornamental than functional, but I manage to get in some archæology at Tlemsen . . ."

This Taper-and-Tadpole approach leaves one wishing that Mr. Edelman would write a political novel.

Mr. Branner is a Danish novelist and *The Riding Master* is tinged with that bleakness that one associates with nineteenth-century translations of Scandinavian drama. It concerns a small group of people hagridden by the personality of the dead riding master, Hubert. There is his school-friend, Dr. Clement, fat, middle-aged, and masochistic; Clement's mistress, Suzanne, and assistant, Bertha; and Herman, Hubert's successor at the stables. The story, told in the compass of 150 pages, is impressive but uneven. Mr. Branner has apparently used this theme as a play at some time and the alteration of good dialogue with rather woolly, subjective writing has an unsettling effect on the reader. I can imagine that *The Riding Master* must be extremely effective on the stage. The best quarter of the book, a description of a scene between Suzanne and Herman entitled "Afternoon," is obviously written for the theatre and attains a fine Strindbergian violence. If the book fails as a whole it is because one feels the author has attempted to graft an elaborate psychological message on to what is essentially a dramatic theme calling for stage treatment. Alternatively, he has not probed his subject sufficiently deeply; what should be Freudian icebergs remain mere snowdrifts on the sub-conscious surface. For this reason, while agreeing that the book admirably evokes "the influence which the dead exert over the living," I cannot concede to Mr. Branner's English publisher that it successfully treats either "the problem of responsibility" or "the incessant conflict between the will and the spirit."

I think I must have read all Mr. Collis's books, yet I can hardly say which I have enjoyed most. His country ranges from Goa to the Great Wall and his historical imagination has recaptured a dozen periods of Far Eastern history—whether it be the imbroglios of the Opium War, the panache of the Portugese adventurers or the uncouth serenity of Taoist anchorites. In their range and diversity, his books resemble some vast Oriental cuisine. Occasionally, after offering us a majestic pilaf like *The Grand Peregrination* or a Chinese wedding dish such as *The Great Within*, he tosses off a Burmese kickshaw. The latest is heavily spiced with saffron. *Mystery of Dead Lovers* is a romantic fantasy, telling of a Shan princess's journey to Himalaya in search of her sweetheart. It is full of tree demons, astrologers, sadhus and benevolent divinity and, as usual, its author writes with a wit, lucidity and distinction which is almost unique in a writer of his output.

JOHN RAYMOND

Harrods

COMPLETE

BOOK SERVICE

THE BOOK SHOP

Harrods buy at least one copy of practically every new book published in this country and of most technical books published in America.

This ensures that the staff know of the book and that most requests can be met at once.

Large quantities of the popular books are bought so that however great the demand, you can usually "get it at Harrods."

A special Mail Order Dept. ensures prompt despatch of books ordered by post. Order now for Christmas presents going overseas.

Order your books from Harrods

HARRODS LTD KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1

BEDTIME BOOKS

The Prodigal Father. By EDITH SAUNDERS. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

The Young George Du Maurier. Letters 1860-67. Edited by DAPHNE DU MAURIER. *Davies.* 18*s.*

Nostalgia for the past is, I suppose, together with crime the steadiest of the literary industries. Indeed, it is slump-proof for the worse things get the greater the desire to project oneself somewhere quite other for a quarter of an hour before switching out the light. And fiction, all but the least fictional fiction, won't do; fiction is far far too real. In fiction one soon becomes personally involved, and what one wants is something bemusing enough in its way in which one isn't the least little bit involved. Something, for example, like this:

> It was cold, but by day Dumas père was frequently to be seen pacing up and down his garden in the snow, lost in thought, coatless and bareheaded, great snowflakes caught in his thick black locks.

Too tame, you complain? The tameness is the pleasure. Here is a more immediate example:

> Last time Millais was there, beautiful as a young God—Et versus incessu patuit, by Jove. He went away directly after I got there so was not introduced. I have been fraternising extensively with Val Prinsep who next Sunday is going to take me off to little Holland House to see Watts.

Both times that easy note is struck which evokes the unpresent, the not urgent past; which offers one's curiosity something believable, but right out of this world. For both these books have solely, it seems to me, as their justification the degree to which they satisfy the surely pardonable desire for occasional time off. Both have of course been recommended by the Book Society. So let us be fair and take them on these terms. As purveyors of otherness, how good are they?

Miss Saunders is particularly happy in her choice of setting—Paris round about a century ago. Nothing could be more remote. It was the age of, in all senses, consumption: writers of inordinate energy; courtesans of inordinate rapacity; Byronism still, not existentialism as the fashionable European mode of feeling. In fact the book is all setting; perhaps a characteristic of the genre. The centre is supposed to be the events behind the younger Dumas' play *La Dame aux Camélias* but this centre cannot hold except as a pretext for a brief panoramic view of a "brilliant" period. The elder Dumas, after whom the book is named, with his devotion as a writer, his assiduousness as a lover and his skill as a cook, is certainly its most lively figure. His mistress, Catherine Lebay, who bore the younger Dumas and was abandoned to a life of drudgery as a seamstress when the father became successful, appears as a tacit reproach to the whole thing. Dumas was that paradox which turns up in every age, someone ruthless and impossible with an endearing streak of quite uncalculated generosity in his nature.

The son learnt from his father's defects. He remembered Catherine in his hour of glory, developed a moral conscience and began the series of plays in which somebody coughs in the first scene in order to die in the last. Apart from the portrait of the Lady of the Camellias, herself, all the other characters are quite familiar, Balzac, Lizt, Berlioz, Rachel and so on, in many cases so stock that they have almost ceased to excite curiosity. But not somehow for Miss Saunders. She has an eye for individuality or perhaps it is just a scrupulousness for accuracy. The information is deftly assembled and though dramatised, it is not melodramatised. The nostalgia is sustained and a bull-fight benevolently thrown in to make up the weight.

Du Maurier's letters, written when he was beginning as a *Punch* artist, not while he was composing *Trilby* much later, aren't nearly such good value. They are dull, precious letters. He had that infuriating sixth-form habit of breaking into French every other minute. The personality that emerges from them is not as the blurb says, "singularly gifted and attractive," but one that was a little childish ("mong share amee") unattractive ("the way I have got on is simply marvellous"), repressed ("a temptation to break loose and indulge in every riotous excess"). His favourite subject is money, or rather "tin." He has some pleasant flashes of humour but they are rare, especially when you consider he worked for a humorous magazine. "Jolly" and "beastly" were his basic system of evaluation. These reactions are probably quite unjust: remarks flung down in a hurry to one's intimates are bound to be misconstrued by strangers; but then, usually they are not printed.

ANTHONY CURTIS

THE WORLD FROM A BLANK PAGE

The Oxford Atlas. Edited by BRIG. SIR CLINTON LEWIS and COLONEL J. D. CAMPBELL. *Oxford University Press.* 30*s.*

English atlases notoriously live long and die hard. The Elizabethan atlas of Saxton was republished for the last time nearly two centuries after its first printing. Of *The Oxford Atlas's* immediate predecessors in its own class, we have only post-war revisions of atlases first planned and published before 1939. The birth of a new atlas,

3 BEST-SELLING NOVELS FOR FIRESIDE READING

Charles Morgan

A BREEZE OF MORNING

★ "Mr. Charles Morgan's scrupulous and graceful style has seldom shown to better advantage than in *A Breeze of Morning*." —L. P. Hartley: *Sunday Times*.
"It is the most beautiful evocation of boyhood trembling on the verge of youth . . . told with an exceptional tenderness." —Howard Spring: *Country Life*. 10s. 6d.

Howard Clewes

THE LONG MEMORY

★ This is a Book Society *Choice*. "A few more books like this would re-establish murder as a serious literary activity."—*Manchester Guardian*. "It is a compelling story, the characters being few and strongly drawn, the action continuous, the atmosphere full of suspense."—*Daily Telegraph*. 10s. 6d.

O. and W. Shepard

JENKINS' EAR

★ "An exciting novel about the 18th-century trouble with Spain which became known, because of its curious origin, as The War of Jenkins' Ear."—Joseph Taggart: *The Star*. "It is a welcome contrast to many of the historical novels of our own day."—*New York Herald Tribune*. 15s.

AND TWO IMPORTANT WORKS OF SCHOLARSHIP

A. L. Rowse

THE ENGLISH PAST

"Mr. Rowse has a remarkable gift not only for making the past live again, but also for emphasising the continuity of history . . . His latest book consists of a series of essays on places in England and on the people . . . connected with them."—*The Scotsman*. 15s.

N. C. Chaudhuri

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN UNKNOWN INDIAN

"An extraordinary book."—*Glasgow Herald*. "A delight to read . . . . . It is more than an autobiography, for it incorporates essays upon History, upon Nationalism, upon the nineteenth-century Indian Renaissance."—*Tablet*. Book Society Recommendation. 21s.

MACMILLAN

TURNSTILE ONE

A miscellany from
THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION

Edited by
V. S. PRITCHETT

'Far and away better than any other literary miscellany that one can think of. It really is worth having.'—*The Listener*.

Almost all the distinguished writers of two generations have at some time or other contributed to the literary pages of *The New Statesman and Nation* and a complete collection of their work for the paper would be a lively guide to the literature and miscellaneous wit of our time. Turning back through the years the reader must be struck by the high proportion of their poems, stories, essays and criticisms which already seem to be moving towards a permanent place in English literature. A former literary editor, V. S. Pritchett, has made a first selection from this tantalising mass of material. The declamations of Belloc, the mischief of H. G. Wells, the irony of E. M. Forster, the scholarship of Lytton Strachey, the superb criticism of Roger Fry and Desmond MacCarthy in their respective fields, and the evocative essays of Virginia Woolf will be found here; and passing to a younger generation, there are stories by Elizabeth Bowen, H. E. Bates and William Plomer, the poems of Auden, Spender and Day Lewis, Alun Lewis and W. R. Rodgers, the criticism of G. W. Stonier, W. J. Turner and Edward Sackville West. Readers of the paper will recall many notable verdicts: Roger Fry's placing of Epstein, Clive Bell's article on Picasso and Matisse, Rebecca West's brilliant judgment on Kipling, Raymond Mortimer's learned appreciation of the comedies of the episcopacy, and Cyril Connolly's reconnaissance of Noel Coward. And there are the eccentric pieces: editorial scoops like James Joyce's extraordinary address to an Irish singer, Wells's devastating comment on the Abdication, Ethel Smyth's startling confession, and D. H. Lawrence's outstanding prophecy of the rise of Nazism, Kingsley Martin's description of the mud baths of Czechoslovakia, a Chehov discovery, and a curious portrait of the original of Conrad's *Lord Jim*. Time has not dated these things: they are as fresh as when they were first written and many that had not been republished might have been lost in the files of the paper.

now in a cheap edition

6s. *net*

from all booksellers

Turnstile Press

10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1

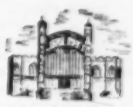
JOHN MURRAY

My First Eighty Years

ALBERT VICTOR BAILLIE, K.C.V.O., D.D.

Formerly Dean of Windsor

Dean Baillie has had a life of most unusual variety. He was a godson of Queen Victoria, had a wide experience of parish work in slum, industrial towns and educational Rugby and he entertained most of the notabilities of his time. His zest for life at the age of 88 is quite undiminished.



Illustrated. 21s. *net.*

Out of Poole

G. C. L. PAYNE

An exciting account of a double trip across the Atlantic in a 40ft. yacht with a crew of five; of the American Ocean race from Newport R.I. to Bermuda, and of a race back from Bermuda to Plymouth covering nearly 10,000 miles of ocean sailing in just under 5 months. *Illustr.* 12s. 6d. *net.*

Happy Yesterdays

Major C. S. JARVIS

This reissue of a book of essays first published by Country Life shows this spicy, raconteur at his best. He ranges from the Sinai Peninsula to the New Forest and from keeping the peace in Egypt to keeping hens in Hampshire.

Illustrated by Roly. 10s 6d. *net.*

Ready on November 16

New Letters of Robert Browning

Edited with Introduction & Notes by
WILLIAM CLYDE DE VANE and KENNETH LESLIE KNICKERBOCKER

These letters are particularly valuable in including a large number from Browning's middle period which has not been well represented in previous collections. They show him as an anxious young man striving for his place in the literary and social world of London. 30s. *net.*

in which (in its publisher's words) "every map has been built up from a blank sheet of paper," gives its editors an enviable opportunity for the exercise of their judgment in planning and presentation.

The compilation of an atlas occupying a middle place between the large general atlas and the school atlas involves many difficult compromises between the desirable and the possible. It must satisfy the needs and standards of the geographer no less than those of the citizen who finds newspaper sketch maps inadequate as a geographical background for the news. The determination of limits for the topographical maps, of scales and projections, and of special features to be shown in the distribution maps, the selection of detail and of the conventions of drawing, lettering and design by which it is to be represented—to these and many other problems the editor must find answers (partly theoretical but mainly empirical) which will seldom please all his readers. To crown his embarrassments, he must present his work in a volume of convenient bulk and at a price within the restricted means of students.

The planning of *The Oxford Atlas* has been sensible and judicious. It contains 49 general or topographical maps, 14 distribution maps, and a gazetteer. The choice of projection for each map, related to the shape of the area represented and to the purpose of the map, has made it possible to use scales which are unusually large for an atlas of this type. Topographical maps of contiguous areas are drawn on a common scale; Europe, for instance, is covered by six 1/4 million maps, supplemented by seven maps on larger scales. It may be accepted that an English atlas will give special prominence to Europe; but the focal points of political activity shift rapidly to-day, and more space might have been found for the larger continents, had overlapping of the European maps on different scales been avoided.

We expect the long suit of a new atlas to be its representation of those factors in human geography most subject to change: population and political status, land use, communications. Here *The Oxford Atlas* does not disappoint us, and its lists of sources in the introduction and in notes on individual maps indicate that the most recent authorities have been used. The three population maps do not include one of the British Isles, perhaps because the results of the 1951 Census were not yet available. General approval must be qualified by some criticism of details which call for correction in a new edition. The zone boundary in Austria, although it appears in the map of the Alps, is omitted from that of Central Europe, which however shows the boundary in Germany. In the map of the Pacific Ocean, the international date line is drawn but not named. The representation of communications is somewhat arbitrary. More travellers cross the sea by ship than by air; yet, although a map of World Air Routes is included and airfields are marked in many other maps, the equally important steamship routes are nowhere drawn. It is not less disconcerting to find that, according to the map of Southern England (scale 1/1 million) no coastwise road links Dover, Brighton, Southampton, Dorchester and Exeter; but this important road appears in the map of the North Sea (scale 1/4 million) and other smaller scale maps. The forms of a good many names need reconsideration. We know Kärnten and its English equivalent Carinthia, but what of the hybrid "Karinthia"? "Romania," in spite of official encouragement, has not yet supplanted the more familiar Rumania in English usage. The Soviet republics of Central Asia are rather oddly indicated only by the adjectival part of their names ("Uzbek," "Turkmen," and so forth). It is a pity that the editors could not use the figures of the 1951 Census for the selection and grading of English town names and sites, which do not accurately reflect the distribution of settlements.

The style in which the topographical maps are drawn is well-judged and agreeable to the eye. Names are in clear but condensed sans-serif lettering, appropriately graded. Relief is represented by a new and lucid system of layer colouring; the omission of contour lines, which places on the printer a special responsibility for correct "register," introduces a slight loss in precision but a gain in visual realism. R. A. SKELTON

'SHALLOW AND SUPERFICIAL'
Labour and Secondary Education

'NEW SOCIAL DISEASES'
The Welfare State: Theory and Practice

G. D. H. COLE ON MONOPOLY
Re-sale Price Maintenance

FRENCH IMPERIALISM
Morocco, Yesterday and To-day

INTERNATIONALISM
Beyond Nationalism
U.N.O. and Backward Countries
The Revived International

All in the current issue of *The Political Quarterly*. Price 5/3, or annual subscription of £1 for 4 issues (both post free). A subscription now will ensure a copy of next January's special number on the Soviet Union, its economy, social services, foreign policy, etc. Write to-day to the Publisher,

THE
POLITICAL QUARTERLY
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

DETECTION AND INNES

The Starry-eyed Chipmonk. By STURGES MASON SCHLEY. *Gollancz*. 9s. 6d.
Never Look Back. By M. G. EBERHART. *Collins*. 9s. 6d.
Lilies in her Garden Grew. By STEPHEN RANSOME. *Gollancz*. 9s. 6d.
Reasonable Doubt. By JOHN STEPHEN STRANGE. *Collins*. 9s. 6d.
The Birthday Murder. By LANGE LEWIS. *Bodley Head*. 8s. 6d.
Night Man. By A. ULLMAN AND L. FLETCHER. *Gollancz*. 9s. 6d.
An Axe to Grind. By A. A. FAIR. *Heinemann*. 9s. 6d.
Operation Pax. By MICHAEL INNES. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

Many people prefer American detection to our native product; and it is hard to blame them, when one remembers how often English authors let their plots fizzle out conscientiously in boredom and unreadability. At least the Americans go off with a bang; if they don't hit the target they hit something, like the rules of syntax or the limit of credulity. As it happens seven of the authors represented on this occasion are American, so no reader need hope to find sleep between their pages; although he may well disturb that of others with loud outbursts of exasperation.

Take *The Starry-eyed Chipmonk*. What a title! Author sure packs a swell vocabulary. Then the dust-cover:— "? Why? was the heiress so horribly frightened of? FISH?" Another of these blamed neurotics I suppose. Open the book and see who comes. Sure enough, the handsomest psychiatrist who ever slugged a phobia out of a fish-ridden heroine for big money. That chipmonk; she's an artful little body. You should watch the psych when her bright blue eye gets to work on him. And the rest of the bunch; those that aren't already hazed by the psych run around trying to put him out of business. The crime? Oh! yes, there's a murder. Some rich fellow who gets in the way of the plans. The plans? I wouldn't know much about those. After more money, I expect. Let's leave it at that. Mr. Schley may be a beginner, but already he can reel out the darndest stuff.

To pass from the vagaries of the cock-eyed chipmonk into the serene assurance of Mrs. Eberhart is like entering harbour after a rough crossing. After twenty years of practice on her favourite theme of feminine hysteria this talented authoress never strikes a false note. In *Never Look Back* the heroine, while trying to decide whether to return to a feckless husband, gradually becomes aware that someone is after her life. Mrs. Eberhart piles on the nervous agony through 250 sinister pages before letting the face of the killer materialise.

When an old lady trots through a New York house to leave a wreath in the backyard, what can you conclude? That X marks the spot where the body lies; and that the plot had better be good to justify such an extravagant entry. On the contrary Mr. Ransome decides that one absurdity is an excuse for another; and insists on all his characters belying their supposedly human nature. This straining after effect becomes wearisome once one recognises it as mere camouflage for the unfortunate fact that the villain of *Lilies in her Garden Grew* is only too obvious.

Reasonable Doubt opens with the trial of a wife for murdering her husband with a dose of insecticide. Is she innocent? If not, who else could have done it? To her lawyer, who is in love with her, the answers are even more important than to the jury. If the reader is inclined to give his own verdict off-hand, he had better think again. With remarkable ingenuity and absolute fairness the scales are kept evenly balanced, for and against her guilt, until the very last chapter. John Stephen Strange does not always find a suitable plot for her sensitive and intelligent style; but *Reasonable Doubt* is the best book of hers that I have ever read.

Strangely enough, the plot of *The Birthday Murder* is basically the same as that of *Reasonable Doubt*: and Miss Lewis too writes at the top of her form. Assuming that a lady novelist wants to get rid of her second husband, would she use the identical poison which she has elaborately described in her latest best-seller? (If you can't find a lady novelist from whom to inquire, you will have to accept Miss Lewis's authority for the right answer.) There are special grounds for caution confronting the reader since the setting is Hollywood, where we have learnt by bitter experience to expect anything but rational conduct in murderers or their victims. However, on this occasion the Californian code of *non sequitur* is not enforced, as Inspector Tuck of Los Angeles Homicide solves the baffling problem within the strictest terms of plausibility. *The Birthday Murder* is a splendid case and deserves the closest attention.

Ullman and Fletcher in collaboration produced the brilliant short thriller *Sorry, Wrong Number*. *Night Man* shows how hard it is to repeat a triumph of that sort, just by enlarging the scale and adding a huge question-mark. A woman with a bad conscience cowers away, night after night, from a liftman whose face reminds her of her guilty past. The reader is expected to climb on to tenterhooks to know who the liftman is. But as Nemesis is in full cry anyhow, does it really matter? I confess that I fell off my hooks long before the finish.

With *An Axe to Grind* we enter the familiar territory of racketeers, where the blonde weighs 112 lb. and what she says to the private dick isn't evidence. "It's the way you didn't do the things you did'nt do that makes you a gentleman" were her actual words—but let it pass. When not too busy putting salt on his wisecracks, Mr. Fair achieves a fair measure of excitement.

Reginald Hine

Relics of an Un-common Attorney

The last work of a lawyer and historian who wore his deep learning with scintillating wit and warm humanity.
Illustrated. 18s. net

Successor to his famous
CONFESSIONS OF AN UN-COMMON ATTORNEY

Strange tales left unpublished by the author of *The Beast with Five Fingers*

The Arm of Mrs. Egan

Dr. W. F. Harvey

10s. 6d. net

Ready Monday

Paloma

Mrs. Robert Henrey

Author of *The Little Madeleine*

'Unique, moving biographical study of a most unusual woman, inhabitant of Soho, ex-Gaiety girl, and native of Burgundy.' (Advance note in *Good Housekeeping*.) 15s. net

DENT

HARRAP

Bernard Spilsbury

DOUGLAS BROWNE & E. V. TULLETT

The life and cases of the first great medical detective. Written from many hitherto unpublished papers and files and with the full co-operation of his family. A serious study, popularly presented. *Illustrated* 21/- *net*

César Franck

LÉON VALLAS

Translated by Hubert Foss. The life and works of the eminent French composer are related with a wealth of detail. This work has yet to be published in France. "A very readable translation."—*The Star* 15/- *net*

Rulers of Mecca

GERALD DE GAURY

The first account of the Meccan rulership to be published in the English language. With 24 half-tone illustrations, four drawings, glossary, bibliography and index. "It will be a standard work."—*British Book News* 21/- *net*

Calculated Risk

General MARK CLARK

In the words of R. H. S. Crossman writing in this journal (August 4th, 1951) this "is a soldierly account of the North African and Italian campaigns." A candid, forthright account of both personalities and policies. *Fully illustrated* 22/6 *net*

The Shelbourne

ELIZABETH BOWEN

Dublin through twelve decades as seen from the windows of its famous hotel and landmark, The Shelbourne. *Fully illustrated with half-tone plates and many line drawings by Norah McGuiness.* 15/- *net*

Providence Ponds

STANLEY PORTEUS

An unusual and deeply interesting novel concerning a pioneering family in the early days of the Australian outback. "A fine novel; full of true imagination"—John Keir Cross speaking in the *B.B.C. Scottish Service*. 10/6 *net*

GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD

THE WINDOWS on the WORLD Series of Travel Books

NEGLEY FARSON's

Caucasian Journey

is the latest addition to this popular series. Written in this famous author's celebrated style, this account of a journey through the Caucasus in the pre-war years makes exhilarating and unusual reading.

Illustrated with 17 full-page plates

12/6 net

From all Booksellers

EVANS

1/-

for a book in these days sounds unbelievable, but nevertheless it is true. The twelve books listed below are all new and up to date and are the first of the series of THRIFT BOOKS.

1. **EVOLUTION IN OUTLINE** (Diagrams) *Prof. T. Neville George*
2. **THEATREGOING** *Harold Downs*
3. **WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT GENETICS?** (Diagrams) *Rona Hurst*
4. **THE LADDER OF LIFE** *A. GowansWhyte* (Diagrams)
5. **GETTING TO KNOW ENGLISH LITERATURE** *T. G. Williams*
6. **FINDING OUT ABOUT ATOMIC ENERGY** (Diagrams) *Dr. J. L. Michiels*
7. **A SHORT HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES (1919-1950)** *Esmond Wright*
8. **A SIGNPOST TO MATHEMATICS** (Diagrams) *A. H. Read*
9. **SECRETS OF AN AUTHOR** *P. Fontaine*
10. **THE GLANDS INSIDE US** *John Ebling* (Diagrams)
11. **YOU SHALL HAVE MUSIC** *S. Harrison*
12. **BROWSING AMONG WORDS OF SCIENCE** *T. H. Savory*

All the above can be yours by calling at your nearest bookseller or by sending him 1s. 2d. for one vol. or 13s. 3d. for the complete set. They are well produced in strong card covers and are issued by Watts, publishers of the well-known Thinker's Library and pioneers in cheap books on science, religion, philosophy, etc. Complete catalogue and specimen copy of "The Literary Guide" (monthly, 6d.) will be sent on receipt of 2d. stamp.

C. A. WATTS & CO. LTD.
5 & 6 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

LITTLE STRANGER

Paul Svenningsen

A family tale without words

3s. 6d.

FRACTURED FRENCH

Pearson & Taylor

Laughs but not for the prudish. 6s.

THE SULTAN'S RENEGADE

Mika Waltari

Mika Waltari's latest thrilling and colourful historical novel. 15s.

SCOTCH

Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart

"An enchanting book"

Edmund Shanks, Daily Graphic 15s.

PUTNAM

Michael Innes has abandoned the rigours of detection for the pleasure of writing picaresque thrillers in the Buchan tradition. *Operation Pax* presupposes a centre of diabolical wickedness humming in the convenient neighbourhood of Oxford. I say convenient, because it allows Michael Innes to portray a splendid assortment of University characters in all their charm and absurdity embarking on righteous adventure. Even old Appleby, now Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard, is granted a sister at Somerville to bring him into the hunt. What goes on behind the high walls of Milton Porcorum is more than I dare say. But the name is suggestive: English Literature never lets you down, remember. The fantastic plot itself will rouse no resentment, once you can swallow the free use of firearms in the English landscape. But the incessant dramatic action might be more suited to a film than to a book. The final scene in the vaults of the Bodleian, where the Director of Evil is brought—literally—to book might have been written for Alfred Hitchcock. Indeed, perhaps it was.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

ENOUGH OF THIS JOKE

My Dear Holmes. By GAVIN BREND. *Allen & Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Conan Doyle is said by his biographer to have disliked Sherlock Holmes and to have been reluctant to bring him back to life after supposing that he had rid himself of this incubus by throwing him into the Reichenbach Falls. Nevertheless, once launched upon a story, he must have enjoyed writing it: the ingenuity of plot and the effectiveness of style could not have been achieved by an author bored with his subject. It is to the style in which the stories are written, so convincingly maintaining the illusion that they are accounts of actual events, so exactly, in manner, what a Dr. Watson *would* have written, that we owe the vitality of Holmes himself. That vitality got him alive out of the Reichenbach Falls; more remarkable, it got him several feet of *The Times* correspondence column, the Festival "reconstruction" of his rooms in Baker Street, and at least four books in which he is treated not by the methods of literary criticism, as a creation of fiction, but by the methods of scholarship, as a living detective.

One book of this kind would surely have been enough: the application, in a frivolous mood, of the methods of scholarship and higher criticism, to the activities and personalities of imaginary people, can be first-rate comedy. Such a *tour de force* has to be justified by wit, or by satire: it can be used to satirise the excesses of a too logical and literal scholarship, or the pomposity of the higher critic who has lost his sense of proportion. It can even be justified by being sufficiently amusing. On the whole Mr. Brend's book does not fulfil these conditions. It consists of an all too painstaking attempt to establish, in mock solemnity, the chronological order of the sixty Holmes cases. In the course of this reconstruction an occasionally successful attempt is made to extract humour out of anomalies and obscurities due to Conan Doyle's excusable lapses into carelessness by treating these as obscurities in the life of a real man which can, therefore, be cleared up. This would be well worth doing in a longish and brilliantly written article; in a book of 180 pages it is tedious. But not, perhaps, for the puzzle-lover, the reader who really tries to work out the mystery in a detective novel, for himself. For such a reader, and doubtless for the apparently numerous collectors and creators of Holmesiana, there is a good deal to be said for *My Dear Holmes*; and if, for the less devoted, the book is not a success, Mr. Brend is surely not to blame. What he has done is well done, but, really, this joke is beginning to wear very thin.

EDWARD HYAMS

READERS IN THE U.S.A., PLEASE NOTE:

Books reviewed or advertised in the N.S.&N. (or any British book) are easily obtained from us.

ROBERT BENTLEY CO
Specialists in British books
581 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON 16, MASS.

* Christmas Display of Abbatt Toys

at 94 Wimpole St. W1

* Free catalogue on request

FROGS, WARBLE-FLIES & PINTAILS

British Amphibians and Reptiles. By MALCOLM SMITH. *Collins.* 21s.

Parasitic Animals. By GEOFFREY LAPAGE. *Cambridge University Press.* 21s.

Wild Wings. By FRANK STUART. *Gollancz.* 14s.

Dr. Malcolm Smith, one of the best living authorities on frogs and toads, snakes and lizards, opens his book in the *New Naturalist* series with a brief history of the subject—beginning, as usual, with Aristotle, and coming down to Gerald Leighton's two volumes published in the early years of the present century. Dr. Smith is nothing if not serious, and one must not be surprised that he makes no reference to our most famous Herpetologist, Saint Patrick.

And yet, when one turns to his account of the frog in Ireland, one feels that he ought to have done so. For the anomalous history of Irish frogs is precisely compatible with the old tradition that they were expelled, along with snakes and perhaps dragons, by the saint standing in Apostolic power on the summit of that superb mountain of pilgrimage, Croagh Patrick in County Mayo. The facts seem to be clear, though scientists have done their best to confound them. Bones of pre-Patrician frogs have been discovered deep in the clay floors of a number of Irish caves. None the less, there is plenty of direct literary evidence that frogs were unknown in Ireland between the age of Saint Patrick and the end of the seventeenth century—when they were re-introduced by a certain Dr. Guithers of Trinity College, Dublin. Zoologists, for some reason, find the evidence uncomfortable, and they have tried to upset it at both ends. Dr. Praeger, for instance, accepts the ancient frog-bones, but rejects the literary evidence. Dr. Smith, on the other hand, doubts the provenance of the bones, but accepts the literary evidence—without quoting the best of it. Between them they would reduce the Irish frog to a work of fiction—and Dr. Smith does, in fact, print an entirely misleading map of the alleged distribution of the frog in Ireland. However, apart from this entertaining mystery, his book is almost certainly the very essence of grave accuracy, and will be found invaluable by all interested readers. The coloured illustrations are as good as they could be, except that some are inexcusably presented "slightly enlarged."

Dr. Lapage's book in the "Cambridge Library of Modern Science" is, for a work of its great erudition, uncommonly readable. Parasites may well be thought of as an unpleasant subject—though no one could deny the fascination of their often fantastic life-histories. Dr. Lapage would go further, holding that "the beauties exhibited by parasitic animals must fill us with a reverence no less than that which we feel when we contemplate the beauties of animals whose ways of life we can more readily approve." And neither is he in the least afraid to recognise a mystery when he meets one.

There can be no doubt, for example, that those deplorable Warble-flies, *Hypoderma bovis* and *Hypoderma lineatum*, will by their approach produce sheer panic in cattle either singly or in herds. Yet "this kind of behaviour cannot be caused by fear of a bite or sting, because the mouth parts of the warble-flies are degenerate, so that they cannot bite. Nor do they possess any stinging apparatus. They have, indeed, no means of doing harm at all." No direct means, that is. But the warble-fly lays her eggs on the hairs near a cow's heel, where they remain harmless and inactive for nearly a week. Then the eggs hatch, and the minute grubs pierce the skin and enter their host's blood stream. It seems strange that a cow can connect the approach of the fly with this long-delayed event—which, anyhow, sets up at the time but a mild inflammation. None the less, cattle will take effective and what appear to be intelligent measures to outwit the warble-fly's attack—as though they appreciated the serious, long-term, damage of which the apparently harmless fly would be the cause.

As Dr. Lapage says, many biologists, when they are faced with animal behaviour of this sort, refuse to use such words as "Avoidance" which imply that there is a purpose in view. Scientists, in fact, are strongly averse to the recognition of final causes at any stage. Yet here there seems to be no honest way round, and "the term 'avoidance' seems to describe exactly the behaviour of some hosts to some kinds of parasitic animals."

Mr. Frank Stuart's *Wild Wings* is a different kind of book from Dr. Smith's and Dr. Lapage's. It is a romantic reconstruction of a year in the life of a pair of Pintail duck. Mr. Stuart claims that his story is based on sound ornithological observation, but in telling it he certainly falls into the pathetic fallacy. Nor can he safeguard himself by claiming that "nobody can yet tell the point at which instinct and imitativeness in birds merge into genuine intelligence." That may be so, but Mr. Stuart, in his well-written book, goes misleadingly far in the humanisation of his hero and heroine.

GEOFFREY TAYLOR

WIT AND WITCHCRAFT

The Thirteen Clocks. By JAMES THURBER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 9s. 6d.

Doctor Dolittle and the Green Canary. By HUGH LOFTING. *Cape.* 9s. 6d.

The Land of No Strangers. By GWEN MARSH, VICTORIA DE BRAY and JEAN GARSIDE. *Oxford.* 8s. 6d.

The Enormous Apple Pie. By DIANA ROSS. *Lutterworth.* 8s. 6d.

Silver-Sand and Snow. By ELEANOR FARJEON. *Michael Joseph.* 15s.

The Fairy Tales of Charles Perrault. *Bodley Head.* 7s. 6d.

Magic for children, like other fictional fashions, is embarrassingly revealing of its time. Compare *The Wind in the Willows* and *Peter Pan* (both Edwardian productions) with the hard fare offered by Andrew Lang in his *Fairy Books*—the magnificent *Death of Koshchei the Deathless* for instance. I am not averse from terror, though for invented fairy tales it needs a homely basis as in that superb Victorian story, *The Back of the North Wind*. But to-day, how few such

★ BELL ★

The Foreign Policy of Palmerston

1830-1841

SIR CHARLES WEBSTER

K.C.M.G., M.A., Litt.D., F.B.A.
Stevenson Professor of International History, London School of Economics

"Palmerston's great contribution to the liberal movement in Europe receives here for the first time the full attention which it deserves. . . . This authoritative account of British foreign policy during the 1830's is not likely to be superseded; it is at once scholarly and readable."—SPECTATOR.

940 *pages.* 2 *vols.* 63*s. net.*

READY NOV. 8

Old Clocks

FOR MODERN USE

by EDWARD WENHAM

formerly Editor of the Connoisseur

A beautifully produced and lavishly illustrated account of the styles, makers and mechanisms of the antique clocks that best suit modern rooms, and pockets. There is a most valuable list of some 4,000 master clockmakers with their dates. 192 *pages.* 26 *photographs.* 71 *line drawings.* 21*s. net.*

READY NOV. 15

The Background of Modern Poetry

by J. ISAACS

Based on an important series of broadcast lectures. The *Listener* critic said, "I found myself frantically trying to jot down ideas and sentences which, at all costs, I must not forget." All the talks with many omitted passages are in the book. 8*s.* 6*d. net.*

The Libraries of Greater London

A GUIDE

by L. M. HARROD

An up-to-date guide to the library resources of London, giving particulars of stock, special collections, hours of opening, etc., of about 500 university, college, research, public, learned society, industrial and other libraries in the area. 25*s. net.*

¶ *for boys and girls*

THE ANIMAL'S WORLD

by Doris L. Mackinnon, D.Sc., LL.D.

We believe this to be one of the best books for young naturalists ever published. It gives a profusely illustrated account of the behaviour and living machinery of animals. 340 *pages.* 150 *illustrations.* 18*s.* 6*d. net.*

ANIMALS STRANGE & RARE

by Richard Ogle

Ranges the world in search of the rarest and strangest animals of air, land and sea. 84 *splendid illustrations.* 194 *pages.* 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

LONDON: G. BELL & SONS, LTD.

DIZZY

The Life and Nature of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield

HESKETH PEARSON

'Mr. Pearson's portrait of the dandy, wit, the great orator, the political prophet who has been so often justified . . . is admirably balanced and discerning.' *Sunday Times. Book Society Recommendation.* Illustrated 21*s.*

BLACK SUNRISE

The Life and Times of Mulai Ismail Emperor of Morocco, 1672-1727

WILFRID BLUNT

'A wholly fascinating book about one of the most extreme sadists who can ever have accepted a position of power. Yet he was an able administrator . . . Mr. Blunt makes this amazing man live by the vividness of his descriptive writing. *Reuter.* Illustrated 21*s.*

IRISH NATIONALISM AND BRITISH DEMOCRACY

E. STRAUSS

This study of the Irish Nationalist movement examines the social forces behind the ceaseless agitation in Ireland from the 18th to the 20th century, and gives an account of the remarkable influence of the Irish question on the political development of Great Britain. 21*s.*

THE APPLE AND THE SPECTROSCOPE

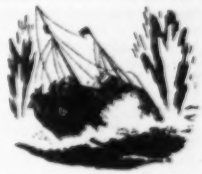
Lectures on Poetry designed (in the main) for Science Students

T. R. HENN

With a Foreword by Professor Sir Lawrence Bragg

'Has an importance beyond the excellence of its contents . . . An intelligent man talking to other intelligent men, whose main interests have lain elsewhere, and demonstrating, without either pedantry or gush, the delight, the complexity, and the relevance of poetry.' *New Statesman.* Illustrated 12*s.* 6*d.*

METHUEN



DAVID HOWARTH'S

FIRST BOOK, *The Shetland Bus*, is a true tale of heroes told without heroics, the never-before-narrated history of the secret Norwegian campaign carried out from a base in Shetland. Mr. Howarth was second-in-command of this base, formerly a BBC war correspondent and is now a boat builder in Shetland.

What an extraordinary tale of bravery and skill this is—
Richard Dimbleby

It is a splendid story told with great distinction, quite unforgettable— **Christopher Mayhew**

A fine story . . . I find it very moving, and am lost in admiration
—**Sir Evelyn Wrench**

Book Society Recommendation

The Shetland Bus

Illustrated 12*s* 6*d*

Nelson's Encyclopaedia

The most modern and concise one-volume encyclopaedia at the price. Rigid compression results in much longer articles on important subjects than in any similar reference books

500,000 *words*, 9,000 *articles*, 744 *pages*, 80 *pages of photographs*, 16 *pages of full colour*

numerous line drawings, maps and diagrams

25*s*

NELSON

books make fair use of the unfair narrative advantage that magic offers. Or is it, after all, a dangerous advantage that holds the seeds of boredom? Let us see.

I should have described Mr. Thurber's fairy tale, *The Thirteen Clocks*, as a piece of escapism and self-indulgence had he not done so in these very words in his Introduction. "Unless Man wanders down these byways occasionally," he adds, "I do not see how he can hope to preserve his sanity." It contains a Duke—cold, evil, lame, with frozen hands ("We all have our flaws," he said, "and mine is being wicked"); a dark-haired Princess, his niece ("She moved across the room like wind in violets"); her suitor, a young man named, liked an early Brontë hero, Prince Zorn of Zorna; some spies called Listen, Whisper and Hark; a creature called the Todal, "an agent of the devil, sent to punish evildoers for having done less evil than they should"; and sentences like "something that would have been purple, if there had been light to see it by, scuttled across the floor." It has not the innocence of the author's adult writing, though wicked little boys with a hard conscience and a Gothic imagination will read it, I should think, several times, and will not fail to increase their vocabulary with some new and repulsive words. The illustrations (by Marc Simont) are mysterious, and made more so when coloured, by a predominance of rich violet.

The Doctor Dolittle stories, about a good-hearted old gentleman with a knowledge of the speech of birds and beasts, and a taste for wild journeys, are a much gentler matter. They combine a large absurdity of adventure with a realistic calm attention to detail that must be very reassuring, and is, I am sure, the source of their success. Their magic is of a homely sort, based on the assumption that the animal world differs from our own solely through its language, and making free use of that happiest fictional motif—coincidence. *Doctor Dolittle and the Green Canary* (the author's last work, is a fair sample, though not by any means the best of these kindly tales. The heroine, a female canary with a striking mezzosoprano voice, relates rather primly a series of adventures which include gas-detecting in a mine, serving as an army mascot, fire, flood, shipwreck, marriage, and a happy period spent with a bohemian window cleaner who writes works on bettering the world.

The Land of No Strangers has a slight, pleasant story about a Welsh boy who pursues a quest through a Bohemian Eastern Europe with a fiddle and a silver-hooved grey pony, like any youngest son in a fairy tale. He goes down the Danube with gipsies, escapes from an enchantress—"a handsome woman with raven hair and steel bright eyes,"—joins in feasts and dances, touches on places like Samarkand, the Caucasus, the Tatra Mountains, the River Voltava, and learns a number of folk songs, all of which (and this is the real point of the book) are given in full, with words and music. I recommend it to houses with a piano, a child or two, and no television.

The Enormous Apple Pie is a surprising book, of such original quality and so well written that I wonder that I have read nothing by its author before. In the current mode it avoids cruelty, and does so with much ingenuity of idea; it also manages to present a convincing off-stage fairy-land while rejecting most conventional fairy-tale idioms. Even the witches are not crones, but pretty, though saucy, girls with dark hair over their shoulders and eyes "bright and uncanny in the moonlight." If the weakest episodes verge on sentiment, the best (the title story and another called *The Swing*) seemed to me to be imaginatively outstanding.

Children's poetry, I hold, must have a recognisable and spirited metre, may be mysterious but not mystical, should be clear of vagueness, pretentious abstract words or coy nursery talk (*'cos, grubby, wee*) and be worth committing to memory. Perhaps the only really suitable infant verses are Isaac Watts's *Moral Hymns*. Nevertheless, it is a lucky child who receives *Silver-Sand and Snow*, a rich selection of Eleanor Farjeon's poems; I recall the pleasure that some of them gave to this reviewer when of pre-St. Trinian years. And if they take too kind a view of children generally, it is not children who will complain. Standing somewhere between *Peacock Pie* and *The Child's Garden of Verses*, they cover the whole range of sheltered nursery life (honey for tea, boredom, bedtime, snow, reading by the fire, uncles, meals) and a few other subjects, like

> The Queen of Winter walks the land
> Among the naked leas;
> She hears, but does not understand
> The talking of the trees,

or

> The Artist sitting in the street
> Chalks loaves of bread he cannot eat,
> And purple hills, and emerald vales,
> And salmon, and the Prince of Wales.
> Give him a penny now and then;
> He wants real bread like other men.

Perrault's *Tales*, with their worldly and astonishing verse morals, now appear in a complete English version for the first time. It is enlightening in his pretty book to see the familiar stories—*Red Riding-hood, Cinderella, Bluebeard, The Beauty* (to translate exactly) *of the Sleeping Wood*, among them—at their sophisticated 17th-century source. Graceful, violent, courtly, simple, they concede to humour or to reason, never to sentiment. Sometimes the twist is unexpected. Cinderella kindly marries off her sisters to two noblemen; Bluebeard's widow is still more practical. The Prince who rouses the Sleeping Beauty notes that the palace clothes are of ancient cut, and the musical airs a hundred years old—charming! And yet, as in all fairy tales, it is only a step, either way, between the court and the peasant's cottage. Both are illustrated with delicate romanticism in M. Philippe Jullian's apt and elegant drawings.

NAOMI LEWIS

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS 1951

What will it be?

Port or Sherry... French or Italian, Hock or Graves, Dry or Sweet, a bottle or a case?

better send...

WINE TOKENS

WINE TOKENS eliminate disappointment. Wine Tokens give your friends double pleasure: choosing and drinking (to your health) the wine that will be exactly to their taste.

Wine Tokens are sold and exchanged by most wine merchants and are available from [illegible] p. 2 5 cents

FOW

KISS-KISS, BANG-BANG

Hollywood the Dream Factory. By HORTENSE POWDERMAKER. *Secker & Warburg.* 18s.

Miss Powdermaker is an American who got her Ph. D. at London University some twenty-two years ago and set sail for that portion of the Pacific whose tribes had not already had a going-over from Margaret Mead or Ruth Benedict or any of the other anthropologist ladies. Then she studied a town in Mississippi, and deciding that the culture patterns of the cinema were to be her next field, went to Hollywood; after a year there, she has emerged with the present study. Hollywood is a subject which carries with it an aura of burlesque, and no more than any other writer has Miss Powdermaker escaped. Indeed, her anthropological background itself too often betrays her:

> In a producer-writer situation, it might be more accurate to say that the producer *buys* his wife. However, in parts of Africa where the bride-price, or *lobolo*, is customary, the bride has far more freedom and rights than the average Hollywood writer.

Her respect for the anonymity of her informants has led to the rather unfortunate adoption of Runyonesque names: it is difficult to take entirely seriously the vicissitudes of men called Mr. Kowtow, Mr. Good Judgement and Mr. Truly Interested, and when two or three of them are gathered together, the result is so like an S. J. Perelman parody as to rock one's faith in the author's judgment.

This is a pity, because although a suspicion develops that perhaps Miss Powdermaker was not an ideal person to undertake the job (for one thing, she appears to have no knowledge whatever of film-making conditions in other countries), there are many good things in the book. *Her* basic point—that American films are what they are because the real bosses are mostly the same small-time business-men who first entered the industry thirty or forty years ago, and not through some immutable law of the cinema—is valuable and decisively proved. Her exposition of the class structure in Hollywood is similarly convincing: anyone who, after reading this book, still wants to be a film star or script-writer in Hollywood will have some tricky explanations to give his ego. She is entirely sensible about the self-imposed censorship, about the waste of talent and the sense of frustration which every returned traveller agrees on. Her conclusions on the relation of Hollywood to the rest of the United States strike one as thoughtful and just. It is all the more regrettable that the work should have been conceived and written in the way it was. As a contribution to her science, Miss Powdermaker's book is, I think, negligible: as a piece of writing it is repetitive, diffuse and frequently naïve. Since she allows initially that an anthropologist must interpret his material, which in the present instance means presumably stating what is a "good" film as opposed to a bad (the whole study is based on the premise that films could be "better"), her reticence on the matter is the more suspect because the film which receives most mention is *The Best Years Of Our Lives*. Her investigation into how films are made, how the studio set-up influences the men actually engaged in production, is useful if not exactly a revelation; but in this context, allusions to New Guinea are distinctly less helpful than would be comparisons with the industry in other parts of the world, as well as a general comparison with the theatre. Hollywood, for good or ill, is now part of the world's heritage, and it is important that we understand how it operates. This book may well help people to grasp a part of the problem, but it is by no means the full-scale analysis for which we are waiting.

FRANK HAUSER

NEW POETRY

The Road to Sinodun. By GEORGE D. PAINTER. *Hart-Davis.* 6s.

One is One. By P. D. CUMMINS. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

Elegy for a Lost Submarine. By EWART MILNE. *Plow Poems.* 6d.

The Two Natures. By ROBERT WALLER. *Hand & Flower Press.* 1s.

Twenty-five years ago Professor I. A. Richards told an audience at Cambridge that, according to him, poetry might very well soon cease to be written at all. He was wrong. Just as much verse is being written at the present time as ever was, and one way or another just as much gets published. Most of it does not sell, but it never did: that loud complaint is beside the point. Mr. Empson says the trouble is that poetry "is no longer a profession in which ability can feel safe," because it is less certain than it used to be that intelligent people will know a good poem when they see one, and this is a large part of the problem. The economic and psychological conditions of modern life and the deterioration of the language weigh in as well to worsen the state of the poets, and they are very conscious of this. The result is that they are often forced to talk to themselves about themselves. If in this way a poet manages to find out something about himself, and if he can turn his personal quarrel into a general calm, then you cannot properly accuse him of obscurity: this is just another kind of

A Unique Achievement in Art Publishing

EL GRECO
VAN GOGH · RENOIR

In an entirely new and significant presentation, the works of El Greco, Van Gogh and Renoir are offered to art lovers. Each of the three volumes contains fifty full colour plates of the most important works of the artist. The excellence and fidelity of the reproductions have won the wholehearted praise of critics on both sides of the Atlantic.

M. RENE HUYGHE *(Curator of the Louvre, Paris) writes:*

"The Library of Great Painters represents an unparalleled development in the field of colour reproduction, that field in which for some years back many attempts have been made. It dares, for the first time, to produce a series of critical monographs which are no longer simply portfolios of plates, and in which all the plates, fifty in number, are in colour; it is the first to direct the commentaries, which in addition to the initial critical study accompany each work, towards the analysis of colour and composition. What an immense advance these books show beyond the arbitrary and deceptive recourse to black and white with which we have so long been familiar! Here at last we retain the fundamental equilibrium of each picture. I believe these fine volumes to be indispensable to the educated man of today."

EACH COLOUR PLATE 10 × 7¼in.—ALSO MONOCHROME DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATING THE TEXT AND BRILLIANTLY WRITTEN COMMENTARIES BY LEADING ART EXPERTS

PRICE 50 - PER VOLUME

For free fully illustrated colour folder, write to:

THE LIBRARY OF GREAT PAINTERS

published by THE IDEHURST PRESS LTD

37-38 ST. ANDREWS HILL, LONDON, E.C.4

Just published

NO CAUSE TO MOURN
Alan Coplestone

This novel tells of the experiences of one man, who, as a member of a tank crew, fought in the desert campaigns that marked the opening phase of the war in North Africa. 10s. 6d. *net.*

9th November

ITALIAN CINEMA
Vernon Jarrett

This volume, illustrated with over 90 stills, is the first serious study of the Italian cinema to be published in this country. 15s. *net.*

15th of November

METTERNICH
Constantin de Grunwald

A new study of the life of the Chancellor, once described by Napoleon as "the biggest liar of the century." This volume contains much hitherto unpublished material which has been obtained by research into the archives of the Foreign Office in Paris, Vienna and Berlin. 21s. *net.*

FALCON PRESS

Just published

ADRIAN HILL
Painting out Illness

The author of *Art versus Illness* continues the story of the development of Art Therapy. He includes practical instructions for beginners and case histories of some who have tried his methods. His book is inspiring reading for all who are concerned about the care of the sick.

Foreword by LORD HORDER

Colour and monochrome plates. **15s.**

Almost ready

MARK HAMBOURG
The Eighth Octave

The celebrated pianist continues his life story, and includes pungent and shrewd comments on places and personalities. A book to please all who love music and good stories.

Illustrated. **12s. 6d.**

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE

36, Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1

PERCIVAL MARSHALL

THE ORPHANED REALM
(Journeys in Cyprus)

By Patrick Balfour

A description of one of the most beautiful and historic islands in the Mediterranean, an amalgam of a dozen different civilizations, surviving incongruously side by side. The author portrays the Cypriot and his modern political problems and aspirations.
The illustrations are by Dimitri.

18s. net

LONDONERS

By Maurice Gorham and Edward Ardizzone

Here is the companion to *Back to the Local*. Author and artist cover the whole London scene in its most human aspects.

12s. 6d net

THE DAYBREAK EDITION

By Kenneth Allsop

Mooney, star feature-writer on the *Daily Exposure*, is a modern man who attempts a single-handed revolt against the modern world. New ground for Allsop and a powerful book.

9s. 6d net

Christmas reminders:

WRITTEN WITH MY LEFT HAND

By Nugent Barker

A collection of short stories which include "some very distinguished imagination and some first-class writing". *Lord Gorrell* in the foreword.

9s. 6d net

SHOWMEN and SUCKERS

By Maurice Gorham

An excursion on the crazy fringe of the entertainment business. This, with its illustrations by Edward Ardizzone, is indeed a delightful, rollicking, fascinating book.

15s. net

23 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

PITMAN

The British Miniature

By Raymond Lister, R.M.S., F.R.S.A. The long-awaited handbook on the British miniature. Illustrated with over a hundred reproductions of British miniatures from the eighth century to the present day, it traces the evolution of the British miniature through various technical and aesthetic phases, discusses the contribution of famous miniaturists, and brings the reader up to date with a critical survey of the contemporary schools. 35s. net.

A Second Anthology of Play Scenes, Verse, and Prose

Edited by Harold Downs. A further selection of literary gems and a book of value to the dramatic student and to the reader who turns to both poetry and prose for aesthetic pleasure through recreative reading. Pitman's "Theatre and Stage" Series. 16s. net.

The Virgin Mary Through the Eyes of the Painter

A collection of reproductions of paintings of The Virgin from the times of Cimabue and Giotto through to the Seventeenth Century. Fra Angelico, della Francesca, Botticelli, Da Vinci, Titian, Rubens, and El Greco, are but a few of the masters represented. A short text gives an authoritative account of the evolution of such painting. 8s. 6d. net.

A Survey of European Civilization

By Wallace K. Ferguson and Geoffrey Bruun. Edited by William Langer. A comprehensive and well-balanced account of the continuous social, cultural, economic, and technological development from pre-historic times to the present day. Profusely illustrated. 45s. net.

Theatre and Stage

Edited by Harold Downs. A new and up-to-date Second Edition of this monumental work. £7 net, set of two vols. "The work is encyclopaedic in its round of knowledge of its subject." *THE STAGE.*

PITMAN

Parker St. • Kingsway • London W.C.2.

THE GREAT CONTRAST

by R. P. D.

Rivals for the Mediterranean (M. Carr); Ernst Thaelmann's Letter from Prison; A Sermon in St. Paul's (Rev. Stanley Evans); Glimpses of Popular Democracies (D. N. Pritt), etc.

LABOUR MONTHLY

Order from all newsagents (1s. 6d.) or post free subscription from

11 N 134 BALLARDS LANE LONDON, N.3

Pamphlets: George Bernard Shaw, by R. Palme Dutt (1s.); The Truth about the U.S.S.R., by D. N. Pritt (6d.); Concerning Practice, by Mao Tse-tung (6d.); New Light on Korea, by D. N. Pritt (1s.); Letters of William Morris, by R. Page Arnot (1s.)

B.Sc. ECON.

— University of London

● The above Degree is *open to all without residence*, and provides a valuable qualification for men and women who seek executive appointments in commerce or industry, government or municipal posts, or promotion in the teaching profession. Study for the Degree covers a course of wide and interesting reading. U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students by post for the required examinations. The College is an Educational Trust, with a staff of highly qualified specialist Tutors. Fees are moderate and may be paid by instalments.

★ PROSPECTUS post free from the Registrar,

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

70 Burlington House, Cambridge

verse: because the poem worked for the poet, by bringing his muddles into the open, it will work again for any reader who needs it.

This is only one of the means by which a private experience becomes a public poem, but I think it shows up an important difference between these books by Mr. Painter and Mrs. Cummins. *The Road to Sinodun*, which is also called "A Winter and Summer Monodrama," is a sequence of short lyrics that describes the history of an obsessive misery occasioned by absence and loss. Sinodun is a strange dome-shaped hill near Dorchester that serves as a symbol of bitter certainty among the shifting sands of the crisis. The poems were written at the time of the bombing in the Thames Valley during 1940 and 1941. They demonstrate a self-concern so intense as almost to shut out the reader. It is easy to be put off by this, but I think that would be a mistake. The Confucian virtues can be too complacently respected, and in any case they dodge some complicated issues of tact: in these things a certain stamina seems important. You do, in fact, get the feeling that writing about his difficulties has somehow helped Mr. Painter to understand them better; and the reader is thereby helped as well. The real poetry of mental conflict ought to reconcile its tensions in the end: that does not happen here, but all the same a genuine and successful piece of exploration is going on in these poems. Mr. Painter has put the language to work for him; like the ballad makers, he uses literary words as though they were speech. This leads to an air of truthfulness and a graciousness of sentiment that has a lot to do with the particular quality of the poems that come off.

> For ever freeze, bare Chilterns,
> Snow, never melt away,
> For my heart and my truelove's
> Have frozen both for aye.

Mrs. Cummins is a dedicated poet with a fine ear and a scholarly and subtle idea of technique. Most of the poems in her book, as in *The Road to Sinodun*, are an attempt to "express" the terms of a painful personal dilemma. That is, she needs to get whatever it is quite clear in order that, in a manner, she may be rid of it. I do not think her poems are good, except in snatches, because she seems to me to leave everything she deals with exactly where she picked it up. Nothing is resolved, but only stated; and the traps of language operate here with their usual fluency. But the long title poem at the end of the book is striking—it is a gloss on *Green Grow the Rushes*—and elsewhere the verse shows a pleasing concentration:

> Thought cannot quicken in a mind
> Become one wound which throbs and spreads:
> Too deep for surgeon's probe to find
> The deadly splinter hate embeds.

Mr. Milne's poem is an elegy of about 150 lines for the men lost in the submarine *Affray*. It is a humane and moving poem but, because it comes so soon, it raises the odd question of what to do about new words in verse. There is an excellent case for using words like *asdic* and *supersonic*, but they still stick out painfully and the most beautiful lines in the poem are those which make use of the traditional literary vocabulary for death at sea. This is an extravagant puzzle about much modern verse. It is not sufficient to tell the poets that they ought to keep up to date. If the subject-matter of verse is not in fact limited, and I believe that it may be, then at any rate the approach to almost any subject for verse is somehow restricted by what the dead poets have written. This is perhaps why reading poetry sometimes seems an unnatural and misleading way to try to get to know about the world.

Robert Waller is a talented poet who has been writing for many years without getting much attention. This pamphlet is his first collection: it consists of a long stocktaking kind of poem, *The Two Natures*, followed by a number of short love poems and religious poems. He, too, is unpleasantly aware that the contemporary poet is caught in a queer corner, and much of his verse conveys a kind of sick regret that any lively man should have to lead this half-cock existence in the unpropitious circumstances of to-day. When he writes about what he likes his poems are modest and grateful: these lines, for instance, are good even if they are not true:

> Shakespeare lusted and grew sad
> Until darkness long and mad
> Drove him to profound reflections
> On beauty and its contradictions.

But when he writes about the city and the modern world, panic and dislike set in before interest begins. This refusal to look at the world around with the calm and curious eye of acceptance, which is general among the poets, is a legacy perhaps of Shelley's arrogant phrase. It is a loss that represents a self-indulgence and a refusal to be intelligent. The intelligence may be an enemy of the heart, but it is also its proudest defence. It is not a failure of nerve but a failure of will that has sold the liberal conscience down the river: if that goes, as it may, it will be a calamity for poetry just as much as politics.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Cruel Sea. By NICHOLAS MONSARRAT. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

This book, which tells the story of a corvette on convoy work in the Atlantic, could be recognised as being the "book of the film" even before it was bought by a film company. Classed as a novel, it reads in fact as a piece of fictionalised reporting. It is a kind of book not infrequent nowadays, of which the form and method derive much more from the cinema than from literature. Its parents are celluloid, not paper, —*The Way Ahead* or *In Which We Serve* rather than, say, Conrad or even C. S. Forester. Both characterisation and dialogue have just that degree of convincingness which we shall accept in due course from Mr. John Mills or Mr. James Donald, either of whom might play the Commander. (Mr. James Hayter will doubtless have a part in the foc'sle, perhaps Mr. Attenborough, undergoing a breakdown, will be fitted in. Casting the book is one of the incidental pleasures of reading it.) But to describe it in these terms is not to depreciate it. And the film will not, in fact, be a substitute for the book. For two-thirds of it are superlative of their kind, and give the feel and smell of the icy, bitter, cramped life of the corvette with a vividness which the film will never be able to catch—as one example Mr. Monsarrat goes further than the film will be able to in the realism of his descriptions of sinkings and death at sea. In the last third the narrative is carried too far to make the book a good book, and the love interest worked in at the end is hopelessly unconvincing. But what has gone before is more than good enough to make up for this.

Reading for Profit. By MONTGOMERY BELGION. *Cresset Press.* 18s.

Mr. Belgion is one of literature's all-rounders. He has read, if not in fact everything, then at least the enormous amount required to create that impression. His book began as a series of lectures delivered to fellow officers (later fellow prisoners) during the war, was published most successfully as a Pelican in 1945, and has now been revised and expanded so as to include American as well as English literature. Full enjoyment is its theme and the profit implied is not, of course, financial; how to absorb rather than how to review. The ground covered stretches vastly, but it is well charted and probed. Mr. Belgion happily has the penetrative, not the comprehensive type of mind. He knows, too, how to talk lucidly without talking down. James Hilton and E. M. Forster, Congreve and Goldsmith, Coleridge, Poe and T. S. Eliot—these are three sets of comparisons which he uses to guide his reader over difficult country in a strenuous search for first principles. That several of his judgments as he approaches the modern period are eccentric, or putting it more bluntly, wrong—for instance, "James's novels and stories are illustrations of the art of story-telling, illustrations often of what should be avoided, more than they are themselves profitable art"—does not, as it happens, weaken the value of the search: the trick of teaching largely consists in inciting significant disagreement.

Given the right person at the right, ripe moment of of inexperience this book should helpfully further his development by providing a sure, friendly, knowledgeable guide together with some challenging observations which, later, on a lonelier journey, will have to be unlearned.

An A.B.C. of Plain Words. By SIR ERNEST GOWERS. *H.M.S.O.* 3s.

A year or two ago Sir Ernest Gowers, with official backing, wrote a little book called *Plain Words*, which attempted to dispel the fog of verbiage in which officials tend to obscure their apprehensions and ambitions. He has now followed it up with a further little book, in which the same kind of material is put in the form of a handbook for consultation. Both books were admirably done; clarity, concision, and candour are advocated with point and with well-chosen examples. Sir Ernest's own style is a model of what might be called purified Mandarin.

But, after all, can "a good style"—even a good impersonal, official style—be taught? If, as George Orwell pointed out, a Communist pamphlet is turgid and almost incomprehensible, the cure is not to try to teach the author how to write English. The case is the same with official letters, and if those which you receive are now clearer and less forbidding than they were before the war, this is for reasons of which prose style is merely the reflection. Yet again, as Orwell also said, concern about language as such may do *some* good, and it is in this mood of stoic patience—incidentally, the most characteristic mood of officials—that we offer Sir Ernest and his sponsors our congratulations and good wishes.

Disabled Citizens. By JOAN S. CLARKE. *Allen & Unwin.* 16s.

The disabled are both an economic and a moral problem for society. At a time of full employment, they can make a significant contribution to national productivity. More important still, they can and do bring out the constructive and reparative side of a materialist civilisation. At their best, the institutions, both voluntary and public, which seek to help the disabled have achieved impressive results. Research has shown that those with the distressing symptoms of cerebral palsy for all their idiot-like appearance include many of good or high intelligence. The epileptics, the tubercular, the crippled, the blind and the deaf, can all, under suitable conditions, lead a productive life in a wide range of occupations and professions.

Our understanding of the disabilities, both mental and physical, needs to be further deepened in terms both of medical and social science. The survey by Miss Clarke will help to make a wider public aware of those who live among them but are in some way crippled and whose suffering is often hidden from view. It may lead some to the vocation of helping them, with the aid of modern skills. It will strengthen the case, on which Miss Clarke rightly places emphasis, for a great extension of *preventive* measures. If the disabilities are detected early enough, and the right training or treatment given, there will be many more cripples who can walk, deaf people who can talk, tubercuious people leading normal working lives.

Shakespeare's Tragedies. By G. B. HARRISON. *Routledge.* 21s.

"Through the curtains at the back of the stage a new character comes out, the Franciscan Friar Laurence . . . . Romeo enters and greets him. The Friar, knowing only of Romeo's passion for Rosaline, is surprised and disturbed to see his young penitent so early. The sudden love for Juliet distresses him at first, until he sees . . . " Anyone considering it useful to be conducted through Shakespeare's eleven tragedies in this fashion may confidently take up the present work—announced as "the first of three volumes in the course of which Professor Harrison will discuss each of Shakespeare's plays." Other readers may suspect that the habit of simple expository lecturing before immature students has robbed the writer of any substantial memory of what constitutes literary criticism, and that he is now innocently offering in its place what is little more than Shakespeare Told to the Children. That, indeed, is something at which Mr. Harrison, following in the tradition of the Lambs, has already had considerable success, and there seems little occasion for doing the job over again for only slightly older readers. The dust-jacket, taking its cue from some rather disparaging remarks upon *Shakespearean Tragedy* in the openin; paragraphs, declares with a neat caution that Mr Harrison "has moved far away from the position of Andrew Bradley." He certainly has. The result reminds one of the fluent descriptive patter on current films broadcast for the benefit of the bedridden and the blind.

The Shetland Bus. By DAVID HOWARTH. *Nelson.* 12s. 6d.

Among the adventurous sideshows which the last war threw up in numbers, the one described in *The Shetland Bus* may make a claim to be the most fascinating. When Norway fell, numbers of Norwegian fishermen made the crossing to Shetland in their fishing boats; and it was decided to form from them a unit which would keep up regular contact with the conquered territory. Agents, wireless sets and sabotage equipment had to be landed there, and people on the run from the Gestapo be brought back. The Norwegian fishing boats were the best means because, once the crossing had been made, they could lie up in the fjords and narrows of the coast without arousing much suspicion. These boats were only fifty or sixty feet in length, and the crossings had to be made in winter, since even in the best of weather the journey took twenty-four hours. The weather was seldom at its best and most of the crossings, one way or the other, were undertaken in high gales, in which a number of the small boats inevitably perished with all hands. In spite of this a regular service to and fro was established. The boats were manned entirely by volunteer crews consisting only of Norwegians, thus minimising the risks involved. But the shore organisation was in the hands of a small English unit, in which the author was the representative of the Navy. Mr. Howarth tells his series of exciting tales plainly, modestly and decently. The various expeditions that he picks out to describe in detail are immensely interesting in themselves: they need no embellishment and he wisely doesn't stop to give any. As a record of courage, endurance and that improvising skill which breeds among those who deal with small boats, the book is of unexampled interest.

SOME REPRINTS

THE following additions have been made to standard libraries: to the New Phœnix Library (Chatto & Windus, 6s. each) Sylvia Townsend Warner's *Lolly Willowes* and G. K. Chesterton's *Short History of England*; to the Holiday Library (John Lehmann, 6s.) Kay Boyle's short novel, *Plagued by the Nightingale*; to the Mariners' Library (Rupert Hart-Davis, 10s. 6d.) Hilaire Belloc's *On Sailing the Sea;* to the Crown Classics (Grey Walls Press, 3s. 6d.) *Selected Poems* of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; to the Novel Library (Hamish Hamilton, 6s.) Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*. Among recent Penguins are George Baker's *Paris of Troy* (2s.), Jack Jones's *Off to Philadelphia in the Morning* (3s. 6d.), Ruth Park's *Harp in The South* (2s. 6d.), Betty Smith's *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* and John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* (3s. 6d. each). *Middlesex* (3s. 6d.) is the third volume in the Penguin Buildings of England series which Dr. Pevsner is doing county by county; Lucretius's *Nature of the Universe* in a new translation by R. E. Latham is a new Penguin Classic (2s. 6d.); and *British Butterflies* by Dr. E. B. Ford has been added to the King Penguins (5s.).

Heinemann's are producing a uniform edition of Constance Garnett's translations of Turgenev: the first six to be issued (8s. 6d. each) are *Fathers and Children, Smoke, A House of Gentlefolk, On The Eve*, and *Virgin Soil* (in two volumes). *Phineas Redux* in two volumes, with a preface by R. W. Chapman and illustrations by T. L. B. Huskinson has been added to the handsome Oxford Trollope

A. G. STREET'S

Invitation to Country-Lovers

Every Country Book Club book has Mr. A. G. Street's honest and personal approval. When *he* has made his choice we set to work — *to make it available to our members at a half to a third of its normal price!* So another modern open-air classic joins its companions on the shelves: books by such masters as Vesey-Fitzgerald, Margaret Leigh, C. Henry Warren, "B.B." Adrian Bell, John Moore, Fraser Darling — and with their original illustrations. Would you like to become a member of this privileged buying group? Don't lose a day — send the coupon for details (or a postcard will do).

To **The COUNTRY BOOK CLUB**
38 WILLIAM IV STREET, LONDON, W.C.2
Please send your brochure without obligation

Name.....

Address.....

NS

Block letters, please (1½d. stamp if unsealed)

Angry Young Man

LESLIE PAUL

'Should be read by all who are interested in, or puzzled by, one of the most important generations that the world has produced . . . Please read this book.'—Harold Nicolson: *Observer*.

'Sensitive, serious and beautifully written—a story of the wrongs and a good man of the illusions of our time.'—Stephen Spender: *Spectator*.

18/-

FABER & FABER

HEFFER'S

The Bookshop known the world over. New and secondhand, English and foreign books. Learned and rare works bought; lists invited.

W. HEFFER & SONS LTD.
PETTY CURY, CAMBRIDGE

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Wolsey Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the General Certificate of Education examinations; B.Sc. Econ.; LL.B., and other external London University Degrees, Civil Service, Local Government and Commercial Examinations, etc.
Also expert postal tuition for Professional Exams. and for the professional exams. in Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management, etc., and many University practical (non-exam.) courses in commercial subjects.

MORE THAN 50,000 POST-WAR EXAMINATION SUCCESSES

Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Textbook lending library. Moderate fees payable by instalments. Write to-day for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary.

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE

(D1/4) ST. ALBANS or call, 30, Queen Victoria St. London, E.C.4

(30s.). The Dent uniform edition of W. H. Hudson now includes *Far Away and Long Ago*, *Adventures Among Birds*, and *Green Mansions* (8s. 6d. each); *The Gods Are Athirst* (new translation by Alec Brown) and *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard* (translated by Lafcadio Hearn) have been added to the Bodley Head edition of Anatole France (8s. 6d. each); the latest volume in Cassell's Hallam edition of Stefan Zweig contains his *Erasmus* and *The Right to Heresy* (8s. 6d.). *Birds of Paradise* and *The Twelfth Hour* now appear in Chapman & Hall's edition of Ada Leverson (7s. 6d. each) and *Pied Piper* in Heinemann's edition of Nevil Shute's novel (7s. 6d.). With the publication of *The Shrimp and the Anemone* (Putnam, 9s. 6d.) the reprint of Mr. L. P. Hartley's "Eustace" trilogy of novels is complete. John dos Passos's *Manhattan Transfer* has been reissued by John Lehmann (12s. 6d.), and D. R. Morier's *Tale of Old Yanina*—a novel of Greece in the days of Ali Pasha, by the brother of *Hajji Baba's* creator—by the St. Catherine Press (8s. 6d.). Walter G. Bell's three books on London—*The Great Fire*, *The Great Plague* and *Unknown* London—are available again from the Bodley Head (25s. each).

Boswell's *Journal of a Tour of Corsica*, only twice reprinted since its publication, has been edited from the original text by Morchard Bishop, who contributes an introductory essay (Williams & Norgate, 9s. 6d.). Wordsworth's *Guide to the Lakes* appears from Rupert Hart-Davis (9s. 6d.) with an introduction by W. M. Merchant and ten drawings by John Piper. Dr. Helly Hohenemser, an authority on Roman art and Roman buildings, has revised E. V. Lucas's *Wanderer in Rome* (Methuen, 15s.) in the light of changes there since the last edition. *Memoirs of a Mountaineer* (Chatto & Windus, 16s.) is a composite volume which contains F. Spencer Chapman's *Helvellyn to Himalaya* and *Lhasa: the Holy City*. M. Barnard Eldershaw has revised his general survey, *My Australia* (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.) which was first published in 1939.

Biographies now available again include Charles Williams's *James I* (Arthur Barker, 10s. 6d.), Janet Whitney's *Elizabeth Fry* (Harrap, 8s. 6d.) and Lewis Broad's *Winston Churchill* (Hutchinson, 21s.), now extended to the beginning of 1951. Jocelyn Brooke's autobiographical trilogy, *The Military Orchid*, *A Mine of Serpents* and *The Goose Cathedral*, is available again (Bodley Head, 10s. 6d. each); so is Alexander Woollcott's amusing mixture of memories and portraits, *While Rome Burns* (Arthur Barker, 10s. 6d.). James Thurber's *Fables for Our Time* and *The Last Flower* now appear in one volume (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.); S. J. Perelman's *A Child's Garden of Curses* is reissued by Heinemann (12s. 6d.); and the twenty-second edition of *The Young Visiters* (Chatto & Windus, 4s.) has new illustrations, by Heather Corlass.

Three volumes of Roger Fry's criticism have now been reissued in one—*French, Flemish and British Art* (Chatto & Windus, 15s.). Ernest Short's *History of Religious Architecture*, which goes from Karnak and Luxor to the Liverpool Cathedrals, appears again from Eyre & Spottiswoode (30s.).

M. D. Zabel's most useful compendium of *Literary Opinion in America*—"essays illustrating the states, methods and problems of criticism in the United States in the Twentieth Century"—has been revised and is now available (Hamish Hamilton, 42s.). Professor V. de Sola Pinto's *English Renaissance* is the second volume of the revised edition of the Cresset Press's Introductions to English Literature (10s. 6d.).

Harold Bayley's *Lost Language of Symbolism* (Williams & Norgate, two volumes, 50s.), "an inquiry into the origin of certain letters, words, names, fairy-tales and folk-lore," was first published in 1912 and has been out of print for many years. The sixth edition of *Notes and Queries on Anthropology* has been revised by a committee of the Anthropological Institution (Routledge, 28s.). Jolande Jacobi's *Psychology of C. G. Jung* is available again (Routledge, 12s. 6d.). Professor G. C. Allen has almost completely rewritten his *British Industries and their Organisation* for the third edition (Longmans, 17s. 6d.).

Finally, two massive classics: the seventh edition of L. T. Hobhouse's *Morals in Evolution* with an introduction by Morris Ginsberg (Chapman & Hall, 25s.); and the fourth edition of S. E. Morison's and H. S. Commager's *Growth of the American Republic* (Oxford University Press, 2 vols., 70s.).

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,132

Set by R. K. Buchanan

The usual prizes are offered for a Ruthless Rhyme (limit eight lines) which incorporates a reference to one of the following topics: comics, television, Guy Fawkes night, road-drills, pre-fabs, candy-floss. Entries by November 13th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION, No. 1,129

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for the opening paragraph of a short story, the hero or heroine of which has just won £100,000 in the football pools, as it might have been written by one of the following: Somerset Maugham, Katherine Mansfield, D. H. Lawrence, Rudyard Kipling.

Report by Richard Lister

Seldom is a setter rewarded with just exactly the entry he would have hoped for. But this happened on this occasion with John Phillips's quite extraordinarily brilliant Kipling. Katherine Mansfield was the most popular model, and apart from the two printed Jean Grant and Diana Wyllie came very near, as did A. M. Sayers, from whom I quote:

> Advice, advice, advice. When Reggie came back from the office, importantly thumping his umbrella into the hall stand, he would have to be told; and then, after a few moments of fatuous incredulity and ecstasy, there would begin this torrent of advice. . . Or perhaps, more disgusting still, he might tell her with contemptible meekness that the money was hers and she "must do with it as she thought best."

H. V. S. Page was another near winner with a Kipling which included this sentence: "Yet he would discourse to maturer cronies, at great length and with little modesty, on the virtues of a certain gear-retarding sprocket which had made the name of McAlpine Engineering Facilities familiar to fishermen on the ice-fringed lakes of the Higher Andes." The deceptive ease of Somerset Maugham proved too elusive for everyone who tried him, though James McGuinness stayed in till the very end for this last sentence alone:

> He said it in just the tone of voice that he might have used if he had said "Oh, by the way, could I possibly touch you for a fiver?" Looking back on the incident I cannot help thinking that if he had not won 100 thousand pounds, that is probably just what he would have said.

So, three guineas to John Phillips: a guinea each to Margaret Tims and Pamela Jockes and half a guinea consolation to Leslie Johnson and Peter Sheldon.

RUDYARD KIPLING

> If you spend your living days in permuting six aways
> The thousandth combination *must* be right.
> *Rewards and Recoveries.*

The Cub was at the Findlaters' *tamasha* when the telegram was brought to him.

"Didn't it mean a lot of beastly work? Algebra and all that rot?" said Val.

He needs a friend

Will you help to save a child from cruelty—by enrolling as a Friend of the N.S.P.C.C.? It will merely involve you in a promise to send 5/- a year—a book of stamps, for instance. The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children needs your help more than ever: it is the only body whose particular business it is to act in cases of cruelty. It only prosecutes when it has to—after help and advice have failed.

N · S · P · C · C

PLEASE ENROL AS A FRIEND TODAY

To the N.S.P.C.C., VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.2. Please enrol me as a Friend of the N.S.P.C.C. I enclose my first contribution—and promise to subscribe 5/- a year (or more if I want to).

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

COLDS & 'FLU · SLEEPLESSNESS · RHEUMATIC PAIN · HEADACHES · NERVINESS · NEURALGIA

THEY ALL YIELD TO 'ASPRO'

SORE THROAT

The medicine of MANY USES!

We detail above some very familiar everyday ills. They have many and varied symptoms, but one thing they have in common—they all yield to 'ASPRO'. The safe, swift action of 'ASPRO' against a whole host of these and similar troubles never ceases to astonish people. "How is it," they ask, "that one single medicine is able to do all this—to dispel colds so quickly, to reduce temperature, to bring blessed relief to people suffering from pain, to bring sweet sleep to the sleepless?" The explanation is simple enough—'ASPRO' works in sympathy with the body, not against it. After all, it is Nature which does the healing and 'ASPRO', by acting as an anti-pyretic or fever-reducer, as an analgesic or pain-reliever, as a sedative or sleep-producer, is able to give Nature the "breathing space" it needs.

LET 'ASPRO' DEAL WITH THESE ILLS AND CHILLS!

'ASPRO' REG. TRADE MARK — Made by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks

"*I* think you're vewwy clever," said little Mrs. Levisohn, wondering if he was clever enough to understand the look she gave him. The Cub went out on the verandah and bit on his pipe. He would be "Treble Chance" Scott to the end of his days, but among all the merciless chaff in the mess there would be one or two who would understand; the Owl who had played the Game in his time and knew the inwardness of soccer players; the Plumber who would comprehend what it had cost in headsplitting nights with slide rule and form book. The Cub thought on these things and was content. Meanwhile the news spread quickly. Carried away from the bungalow by a Sanitary Corporal about his dubious duties under the laurels, it gathered momentum through the huts where the raffle of the battalion wrangled of an evening over games of little skill and finally fetched up with a bump at the back door of the Officers' Mess. So the rumour of the Cub's amazing fortune reached the ears of the Colonel, who, rising in his wrath, flung the *Field* from him and sitting down at his desk inscribed the Cub's name at the head of Army Form 119E (Adverse Report—Officers).

JOHN PHILLIPS

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

But I didn't even *choose* them! shrieked Clara silently. A few random crosses on a piece of paper, and hey presto! a cheque for one hundred thousand pounds was pressed into her hand. ("No really—I must confess, I did it with my eyes shut!") Yet here it was, a real cheque, not to mention the fifty-three letters, the idiotic telegrams from people she hadn't spoken to for years, and heavens above! the newspapers—that awful, simpering photograph ripped out, of all things, from a *hockey* group! Surely the world had gone quite mad. She rushed into the window, fearing shattered houses and a people fled. . . . A milk-bottle squatted on every doorstep, and the black-and-white cat opposite was placidly laundering his chest. She felt it was all some terrible mistake. It's no use—her mouth opened—we must send it back! But before the words could escape, another thought winged out without so much as an excuse-me: Could we really, now, afford to buy a *whole* island? One hand, aghast, flew to her mouth, but she gazed enraptured across the breakfast table. Breathing a little heavily, totally absorbed, Bill had not heard her (perhaps she didn't really say it). He went on stroking the glossy pages of one of the seventeen Television catalogues. . . .

MARGARET TIMS

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

When Harriet opened her eyes, the sun was looking into her bedroom like an old friend; yes, like a dear old friend of the family! Everything was bathed in bright, soft yellow, everything glowed and swam. Harriet was astonished—no, more than that, amazed—to see her shabby little chairs and the sad dressing-table so changed. Oh! she breathed, holding the sheets (poor mended things) to her frilly nightdress. Something was going to happen, something lovely; she could feel it! Her heart beat like a tiny bird trying to be free. Yes, it was exactly like a sparrow, exactly. Her eyes even began to fill with tears at the thought of the small, warm creature flying round and round. . . . She jumped out of bed, tucked her feet into their furry slippers and pulled on her dressing-gown of sensible wool. A cup of tea would be the very thing, a nice hot cup of tea and a slice of toast. She pattered down the stairs, hurrying past the landing-window in case Mr. Sopwith over the road should see her. As she rounded the bend, something caught her eye; an envelope, a long white envelope lay on the mat. The sparrow (ah, tiny darling thing) began to beat its wings again in her breast, and she trembled all over. Only think, a letter! Probably a circular, or a bill for gloves; but at any rate, a letter. She bent to pick it up, and inside her head a small, clear voice said: "Quick! quick!"

PAMELA JOEKES

RUDYARD KIPLING

When a man, in these latter days, takes it upon himself seriously to woo the gods of chance (for there be several of them, which adds to the difficulty of the proceedings), his talk will be of home bankers, and he will be seen every Friday morning in the queue for postal orders at the local Post Office. Hear, then, the story of Samuel Fawcett, a devotee of the aforesaid gods, and one who, for twelve years and three months, concentrated on the Points Pool, consistently perming nine columns from Block A with nine from Block B, and allowing up to five draws. Wherefore it fell out, in the fullness of time, that one Thursday morning there arrived on his doormat a communication that made him the richest man in Ormskirk with three exceptions and the most miserable bar none. This was in the form of a letter bearing the Liverpool postmark and, what was perhaps more important, a cheque for £101,283 : 14 : 6. Which sum if a man keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly. But you shall judge for yourself.

LESLIE JOHNSON

D. H. LAWRENCE

In the blue October twilight, she watched from behind the lace curtains of the house in Scargill Street, as his black figure came shamblingly up the path from the Bottoms. Her hands tightened on the little envelope, but she thrust it deep into her apron pocket. She would not tell him yet, before he had had his supper. The corrupt breath of the flaring chrysanthemums, that stood in their cheap vase on the dark piano, stifled her in the little parlour, and she hurried out into the gas-lit kitchen. She would tell him as she rubbed his back with the warm flannel in front of the fire. Soon she heard his heavy pit boots slurring along the entry, and he stood in the doorway. There was no greeting between them. He lowered himself on to his chair and waited for her to serve him. The old flame that had burned between them, a live thing licking into the secret places of their being, was low and ashy after ten years. But he saw that she was roused, quickened about something. With his dark husband knowledge he saw it, and before he took a mouthful, he asked "What's biting thee to-night then, ma lass?"

PETER SHELDON

CHESS: Triumph and Disaster

No. 109

Most of us have met the one and (more frequently) the other, but in Chess they rarely come as impostors, nor do we treat them just the same. We Chess players are rather apt to gloat in our triumphs and to moan over our disasters. Not so R. W. B. Clarke who, telling a story against himself, sent me a pretty example of the might-have-been that haunts the memory of all Chess players, a game he lost to Rupert Cross in the Oxford-Cambridge match twenty years ago. Playing Black in a Nimzo-Indian, Clarke built up an enviable attack like this:

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(4) B-Q2	O-O
(2) P-QB4	P-K3	(5) P-K3	P-QKt3
(3) Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(6) Kt-B3	B-Kt2
(7) B-Q3	P-Q3	(14) P x P?	R x P
(8) O-O	QKt-Q2	(15) P-B4	Q-R5
(9) P-QR3	B x Kt	(16) Q-K1	Q-R3
(10) B x B	Kt-K5	(17) Kt-B3	R-K1
(11) B x Kt	B x B	(18) B-Q2	Kt-B3
(12) Kt-Q2	B-Kt2	(19) Kt-R4	Kt-Kt5
(13) P-K4	P-KB4	(20) P-R3	R-KR4

Here, Cross played P-KKt3, and Clarke sacrificed the exchange at once, thinking that Kt-K6 would win forthwith. He thought to be following his star, but alas, he was chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. (So disaster did come as an impostor, after all.) It was only in the post-mortem that he discovered the position's potential brilliancy. What might have been was:

(21) P-KKt3	Kt-KB3	(23) B x Q R x RP
(22) P-B5	R x Kt!	(24) B-KB4

This is probably White's best defence, but Black should certainly recover his expenses with compound interest.

In my quest for home-made brilliancies—an invitation still open—my other prize this week goes to J. Pepper who had the rare pleasure of achieving triumph against a famous master. Playing Black in a simultaneous display given by Znosko-Borowsky at Plymouth four years ago, Pepper reached this position after his 19 move. And this is how triumph—no impostor this time—came at his bidding.

(20) P-KKt4	Q-Q1	(29) Kt-B5	Kt-Kt4
(21) B-B2	Q-R5	(30) P-K6	Kt x P ch
(22) Q-Q3	P-Kt3	(31) R x Kt	Q x R ch
(23) R-K3	B-Kt2	(32) K-Kt2	B x P
(24) B x B	K x B	(33) Q x R	B-Q4 ch
(25) P-K5	R-K2	(34) B-K4	B x B ch
(26) KR-K1	R(1)-K1	(35) Kt x B	Q x Kt ch
(27) Kt-K4	P x P	(36) K-Kt3	Q-K8 ch
(28) P x P	R-Q1	(37) Resigns	

A: D. Bronstein 1951

In this week's competition **A**—a 2-mover—has the rare distinction of being composed by a contender for the World's Championship. It is so easy and so vastly over-rated with 3 ladder points that I might as well give the show away by a broad hint: the key is a move which the distinguished author uses none too frequently when opening a game of chess. As for the other two pieces they certainly look very much alike, and yet **B** is a win for White and **C** a draw.

B: Vojta Kosek 1922

C: Vojta Kosek 1922

They are quite instructive endgame studies and I do not consider them over-rated with 6 points each.

Usual prizes. Entries by November 12.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set October 13

A: (1) P-R7, B x P ch, (2) K x B, R-Kt4 ch, (3) B x R, P-Kt6, (4) P-R8 (R!), etc. If the P queens, Black queens his own P, and by playing his K. to B6 after the White Q-checks in the QR—and QKt file he achieves stalemate.

B: Key Rt4)-K4.
If (1) . . . P-Kt4, (2) R x QRP ch, etc.
If (1) . . . R-R4, (2) R x P ch, etc.
If (1) . . . B x R, (2) Q-QR2, ch, etc.
If (1) . . . R-R5, (2) Q x RP ch, etc.

The 3-mover seems to have been not over-rated, since it baffled nearly as many competitors as the more subtle points of Black's best defence in **A**. Prizes shared by J. R. Harman, F. Jaeck, M. Kaye, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg. Equally flawless solutions from D. E. Cohen, N. McKelvie, J. M. Reid, A. Schneider, F. Selander.

ASSIAC

Subscription Rates

Yearly, £2 5s. 0d.; Six months, £1 2s. 6d.; Three months, 11s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

To any country in Europe, £3 8s. 0d. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3 13s. 0d.).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main airport.
Africa, West, £3 15s. South and East, £4.
India, Pakistan, £4 5s. Singapore, Malaya, £4 10s.
Hong Kong, £4 15s. Australia, £5 15s.
New Zealand, £6.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.
Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
30, East 60th Street, N.Y.22, N.Y.
Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express, $17 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland, 2d.; Foreign, 2½.; Canada, 1d.*

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Chair of Organic Chemistry. Salary will be at the rate of £2,000 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £122 (Australian) per annum). There is a normal retirement provision on the lines of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities and, in addition, a pension of £400 (Australian) per annum upon retirement after the age of 60 years. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Professor R. J. W. Le Fevre is Professor of Chemistry and Head of the Chemistry School. A Chair of Physical Chemistry has been established and is being currently advertised. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is November 12, 1951.

HULL University College, Department of Adult Education. Committee for Education in H.M. Forces. Application are invited for the appointment of a Staff Lecturer in International Affairs, well qualified in Geography or in Economics with Geography as a subsidiary subject. Salary £425 × £50—£700. (£800 in special cases), with children's allowances and superannuation benefits. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Particulars from the Registrar to whom eight copies of the application should be sent by November 26, 1951.

BBC. requires Assistant in German Service to edit weekly paper "Hier spricht London." Duties include writing programme notes in German, commissioning articles, preparing programme schedules for publication, page layout and proof checking. Candidates should have German as native language with good knowledge of English, and must have worked on German daily or weekly paper. First-class German literary style essential. Knowledge of current German periodicals and of British and British institutions is desirable. Salary £745 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £965. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "German, N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

RUNWELL Hospital, near Wickford, Essex. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker to the above Hospital. (The establishment consists of four P.S.W.s.) Salary in accordance with the recommendations of the Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) with car or travelling allowance. There is also a hospital car for the use of the department. Candidates must possess the Mental Health Certificate. There is a full-time Secretary for the department, and good office accommodation. Applications with copies of recent testimonials, to be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible. T. Fitzroy Kelly, Secretary.

KENT Education Committee. Valence Boarding Special School, for physically handicapped children, Westerham, Kent, opened in September, 1951. Roll 80, increasing to 70 boys and girls—no bed cases. Applications are invited from men for appointment to the post of Supervisor for duties in connection with the care and supervision of the children. Salary £280 × £12 to £340 a year. Full board, lodging and laundry will be provided for £76 a year. Applications to Acting County Education Officer (P.W.6), Springfield, Maidstone, immediately, giving age, details of experience and names of two referees.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Children's Dept. Housemother (Res.) reqd. for Home in North Middlesex for 12 school-age girls. Experience in residential work with children, genuine understanding of their needs and development, preferably with completed training under Central Training Council in Child Care. Established, subject to medical assessment and prescribed conditions. Wages (under review) £155, p. wk., less 23s. p. wk. for board and residence. Application forms (s.a.e. foolscap size) from Children's Officer, 10 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.1, to be returned within 14 days (quoting K.1, N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

THE County Borough of Hastings invite applications for the post of Children's Welfare Officer. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience within Grades A.P.T. I to III (£400 to £545). Candidates must be qualified Social Workers or Health Visitors, preferably with a Home Office Boarding-Out Visitor's Certificate. Further particulars may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 3, Queens Avenue, Hastings, to whom applications stating age, qualifications, experience and present appointment, together with names and addresses of referees, should be forwarded not later than November 12. Canvassing will be a disqualification. N. P. Lester, Town Clerk, Hastings.

REQD. immediately, Senior clerk, male or female, for routine clerical work booking students for continental tours. Typewriting and ability to devise and observe systems essential, travel experience desirable. 3 weeks' annual leave. Progressive post commencing salary £5 10s.—£6 10s. per wk. Write full partics. to Gen. Sec., Nat. Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, men and women, for pioneer work with Problem Families. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NOTTINGHAM Co-operative Society, Ltd., invites applications for the position of Public Relations and Education Officer. Applicants should have practical experience of market research, publicity and Press work, adult education, and the organisation of educational and propaganda activities; and be able to produce necessary professional qualifications. Salary in accordance with N.U.C.O. scale of wages. Superannuation scheme, with transfer clause, in operation. The last date for receiving applications is Saturday, November 10, 1951. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from Managing Secretary, Nottingham Co-operative Society, Ltd., Upper Parliament Street, Nottingham.

RESIDENT House Master to take complete charge of group of boys aged 11-13. It is possible that opportunities would be available for part-time teaching under local Education Authority for candidates with suitable qualifications. Consideration would be given to a resident married couple for joint appointment as House Master and Assistant House Mistress. Salary for House Master £220 p.a. House Mistress £130-£145 p.a. according to quals. Apply Secy.-Manager, St. Christopher's, Derby.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Housemaster required in Home for emotionally disturbed children, aged 7-12. Resident salary from £200 according to experience. Games and crafts welcome. Please make full application in 1st inst. to Warden, Ponds, Seer Green, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

GIRLS' Remand Home. House Matron required at Newport House, Great Baddow, near Chelmsford, a Home for twenty girls. Post offers scope to woman interested in social work and with sympathetic understanding of delinquent girls. Salary £240 × £12—£280 p.a. less £78 for board and lodging. Additional payment is made for any duties necessarily undertaken in excess of 48 hours a week. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

THE Elizabeth Fry Approved Hostel for Girls on Probation, 14 Highbury Terrace, London, N.5, requires Assistant Matron; apply by letter to Chairman.

BIRMINGHAM Y.W.C.A. requires a full-time Leader (woman) keenly interested in young industrial girls and boys, for very worthwhile Club. Settlement experience would be relevant. Non-resident post. Salary £300 £330. Pension scheme. Apply by letter to Training & Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A. Natl. Offices, 108 Baker St., W.1.

REQD. Res. Asst. to Matron, three others employed. Com. sal. £150 to £170. Some nursing exper. pref. Full partics. to Matron, Residential School for Jewish Deaf Children, 104 Nightingale Lane, S.W.12. BAT. 3833.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, reqs. for Jan. a qualified Kindergarten teacher. Apply in writing.

COUNCIL of Social Service conducting Old People's and Family Welfare Work, C.A.B., etc., requires qualified Assistant to Secretaries. Salary according to experience, minimum £260. Full details to Secretary, Council of Social Service, Worthing.

WORLD University Service has vacancy for Education Secretary to arrange educational travel, seminars and conferences. Details: W.U.S., 55 Gloucester Place, W.1.

SECRETARY to Executive, reqd. by Jewish Organisation in Nuremberg, Germany. Knowledge of German essential. Excellent salary and allowances. Box 6735.

ARTIST required for lettering garment labels, book covers, letterheads, etc. Must be versatile and have commercial experience. Typographic knowledge an advantage. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Age 20-30. Excellent welfare and canteen facilities available. Applications to Box No. AR677, 10 Hertford St., W.1.

A COOK or Cook & Handyman reqd. end of Nov. Lovely Devon Country Children's House. 24 children hale and hearty and a few convalescents. Well-fitted kit., Aga cooker, adequate help given. Mr. & Mrs. Markus, Hapstead House, Buckfastleigh 2117.

YOUNG couple, teachers, require someone resident, to look after 2 young boys. One at school during day. HILLside 1219.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts, requires handy-man—could take married couple. See School Secretary, S. & N., Elizabeth Strachan. Ware 52.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CAMBRIDGE M.A. (psychology) and Harvard Graduate College of Business Administration, executive experience in retail, male, 32, own car, has 3 days (30 hours) a week to spare. Box 6585.

OXFORD Grad. (25), intelligent, adaptable, wide interests, exp. educ., Britain, Sudan, also Psychotherap., interested human beings, seeks post London area. Box 6685.

MANAGER (trainee), 28, B.Com. (Hons.), ex-R.A.F., Nat. British, sks. post, pref. export. Fluent French, German. Box 6763.

LADY, 24, B.A. Hon. (Russian), good French, fluent German, exptl. shd. typist, seeks init. London appointment. Box 6756.

YNG. Ceylonese, 31, Oxford Univ. Diploma Social Studies, 6 years' exp. in Electrical & Mechanical Engineering industries some exp. political organising, reqs. suitable work. Internatl. organisation pref. Box 6600.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

EXPERIENCED master, Public School, Varsity Exhibitioner, Hons., football, English, Geog., Hist., Maths., friendly discipline, modern outlook, artistic, seeks post boys' prep. or co-ed., nr. London. Box 6670.

EXPD. nurse, secretarial and linguistic ability, sks. intg. position. Receptionist, medical sec. Suggestions welc. Box 6678.

YOUNG man, 26, organiser-administrator, eight years' exper. non-governmental agencies U.K. & international. Widely travelled Europe and America. Knowledge French. Seeks responsible position. Box 6674.

WRITER Illustrator, Public Speaker, free to take appointment where initiative required. Good organiser. Box 6644.

WELL-educated Lady offers services country boarding school with senior pupils, secretarial or teaching Art, French, Latin, general subjects, exchange tuition board, daughter. Box 6636.

EXPERIENCED hostel matron would run small home for elderly people in London. Entire responsibility. Box 6684.

EXPD. young business-man in holiday resort would like further remunerative interests in Scotland during Winter months. Interested in books would particularly like to act as publishers' representative. Box 6794.

ARCHITECT, ex-lecturer, 34, seeks post, proposals partnership. Box 6701.

CAN anyone offer unusual job abroad to two sane frost-bitten bachelors, small capital. Box 6772.

FARMER'S boy, single, 24, tired feudal relationships, will work for (pref.) young professional farmer. Box 6757.

LADY, 27; trained secretary, well-educated, travelled, car driver; experience in engineering, architectural, catering firms; wishes post London or South. "Blakeney," Golf Side, Cheam, Surrey.

FREELANCE shd. typist, varied exp., reqs. temp. work from Nov. 1st. Box 6730.

FIRST-class Sec. lit., executive experience, free-lance. MOU. 1701

EX-R.A.F. man, 42, wants secretarial sht., typ., admin., research etc., work where writing ability wd. be asset. Box 6740.

EXPERIENCED lady secretary types at home from MSS. or shtd. & sks. regular part-time job. Box 6607 WES. 9676 8621.

MISCELLANEOUS

AVOID furs got by torture; particularly ermine. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets from Noor Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Rd., London, S.W.10. Funds are needed.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street" (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

CHRISTMAS Cards. Entirely new set from Ditchling Press. Artists include Molly Latham, Robin Jacques, Kenneth Center and Stuart Somerville. For 6s., post free, Sept. N., Ditchling Press, Ltd., Ditchling, Sussex.

CATHAY Arts, Ltd., 27, Nassau St., W.1. MUSeum 0646, for Chinese Artists' brushes & stickinks (black & vermilion).

PARACHUTES. 1, Pure White Heavy English Silk or Primrose Nylon; each panel 36in. × 132in., 3in. at top, 2 panels 17s., 4 panels 32s. 6d., 8 panels 60s. 2, Nylon, Peach, Rose or Light Blue, each panel 36in. × 150in., 2 panels 20s., 4 panels 37s. 6d., 8 panels 72s. 6d. New Irish Linen Lengths. (a) Natural Shade 66ds. × 32in., each 27s. (b) Embroidery Cream 3yds. × 27in., each 20s. New Grey Linen Boxed Mattress Cases (box 4) to 5in., 6ft. × 2ft. 3in., each 22s. 6d. Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 183), 1, Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, dramatics, music, literary and art groups, publics., holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (Hol. 5088).

CRESCENT Smoking Mixture, the supreme Coltsfoot blend; 2s. 6d. per 4 ozs. post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

SLENDER Feet? A.A.A., AAA. You can be perfectly fitted from over 1,000 pairs always in stock, of special Slim Fitting Physical Culture Fashion Shoes; American sizes 6—12. Elliotts, 112 Westbourne Gr., W.2. Buses 7, 15, 27, 28, 31, 36, 46. BAY 4282.

PARACHUTES. British Heavy Sheer Silk in White and Khaki. Each panel 36in. wide, 140in. long, with 3in. top, 1 panel 7s. 6d., 3 panels 21s., 6 panels 40s. 6d. Lovely Nylon in pastel shades of Peach, Light-Green, Sky-Blue and Khaki, each panel 36in. wide, 150in. long, with 4in. top, 1 panel 8s. 9d., 3 panels 24s. 9d., 6 panels 48s. White Nylon, 186in. long, 34in. wide, 3in. top, 11s. each panel. White Rayon Panels, 190in. long, 36in. wide, 3in. top, 6s. per panel. Also big quantity Remnant Tricot Nylon and Heavy Quality Curtain Net in various colours. Write for our sample range at bargain prices. Post free. Woollen "U" Blankets, brand-new in Grey, 60in. × 80in. (4 lbs. each) 32s. 11d. Post and packing for blankets 1s. Money back guarantee. Angel Trading Co. (Dept. N.S.), 8 Duncan Terrace, City Rd., London, N.1.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

TOM Long, a smoke of high degree, you can't mistake its pedigree.

ACCELERANDO—a new speed system of abbreviated longhand. Learn in a few hours. Simple, rapid, legible. Start using it now. Send 2s. 6d. for complete system. Box 6645.

CLUBS, hotels, restaurants, institutions. Reduce your overheads by buying Irish linen tablecloths in plain and damask at strictly wholesale prices. Inquire for samples and prices to Box 6686.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. 'Phones: Shoreditch 3889/6046.

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists Club, London's International Centre, 20, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. Phone SLO. 0998.

PHOTOGRAPHIC Quantity printing. Immediate delivery of any quantity. We are old-fashioned enough to believe in craftsmanship, use modern methods and charge trade prices. Photo-Graphics, 41 Southampton Rd., London, N.W.5. GUL. 3524.

INVISIBLE Mending on all garments—7-day service. Hosiery Mending 3-day Service. Post or call. Bell Invisible Menders, Ltd., 22 New Bond St., London, W.1.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

WINTER in the West at The Carnarvon Arms Hotel, Dulverton, Somerset. Winter holidays or residence. Terms October to March, 5 to 6gns. Central heating, varied and good food. Billiard Room, fully licensed. Tel. Dulverton 2 and 184.

OLD Plow Hutch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, has three things that are important in a hotel: good food, comfort and congenial company. Sharpthorne 17.

SWITZERLAND. Aeschi, Lake Thun, middle of Berner Oberland. Hotel Blumgarten for summer holidays, 12 to 16frs. per day inclusive. Special terms for parties. Book early. Prop. Proprietor London November 21-23. Write, Kummer, Hotel Blumgarten, Aeschi-Spiez.

STEANBRIDGE welcomes people of all nationalities. Quiet guest house in sheltered Cotswold valley offers special opportunities for rest and recuperation during winter months. Home-grown produce, log fires; bkft. in bed (optnl.). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

IDEAL for late Autumn holidays. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers good food, comfortable bedrooms with h. & c. and gas fires, delightful surroundings, cosy evenings round the fire.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food a. Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. Terms 5gns. weekly. Tel. Robertsbridge 148.

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing 50yd. from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & C. in all rooms. Telephone Bude 147.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Cent. heating. Comf. & good food. Billiards, library, etc. Perm. residents special rates. Fishing, golf, lakes. A.A., R.A.C.

HASTINGS 4571. The Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea, is open all year round. Congenial atmosphere, optima conditions. Competitive terms and further reductions for groups.

FRENCH Riviera all the year round. Enjoy sun and sea, varied and ample menu, all modern comforts, at less than £1 a day inclusive. Write for brochure: English Manager, L'Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

GUESTLING Hall, near Hastings. A beautiful country house offering all the amenities to residents in an English country home. Overseas visitors especially catered for. Cent. htg. Cuisine a speciality. Write WHM, Guestling Hall, nr. Hastings. Pett 3283.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and afternoon tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2157. Open till 10 p.m.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

OVERLOOKING Battersea Park, house converted 4 flats, vac. poss. of ground floor, 2 rooms, large kitchen and bathroom. Other flats producing £210 p.a. Price, £1,250. Brown, SLO. 8141.

HOUSEBOAT, Cubitts Basin, Chiswick; spacious family home. Main elec., ample water. £2,200 or offer. Mooring 29s. wk. No rates, taxes. Box 6768.

PERSONAL

FRENCH girl reqd. give informal French lessons to 4 young children. Visit house N.W. London wk-ends, holidays. Box 6810.

WELL-educated German girl, 19, wishes spend one year England as mother's help or similar, to improve English. Would consider exchange British girl from similar home. Refs. exchanged. Box 6616.

BABY-sitter exp. children. Phone Miss Wilson, BAY. 5988.

PIANO lessons by concert pianist. Continental training. Tel. VIC. 0820.

FRENCH, Spanish Engl. by able specialist. Personal adaptation to your needs. Children/adults all stages. Speech improvement. F. J. Vehils, F.I.L., 3 Sussex Pl., W.2.

SECY. of M.P. (not standing again) seeks job shortly London/Cornwall, pref. with author—possibly residential. High speeds, adaptable, domesticated, driver, willing to travel, wide interests. Box 6583.

FRENCH girl, educated, 26, good English, shd./typist, shs. situation, secretary, housekeeper, companion, care of children. Au-pair or salary. Box 6839.

VACANT lge. furn. van, Weald, Kent. Isolated, long/sht. let. Sleep 3, elec., low rent. Box 6702.

B.Sc. student wants coaching in Statistics. Degree standard. Box 6700.

LOCH Fyne Auxiliary Ketch, 10 tons (T.M.), 6 berths, roomy boat, lying Bosham. For quick sale £475. Box 6645.

ARTISTS are invited to submit designs for mural to cover external roofed wall, measuring 24ft × 8ft. Send for particulars to Managing Director, Henry's Stores Ltd., Market Street, Manchester.

WOULD anyone interested in contemporary painting, and able to assist in the presentation of unusual exhibition, please write to Box 6698?

BABY-sitter. Student, reliable, highly recomm. In reach Hampstead. Box 6676.

HOME, £340. Excellent proprietary make 4-berth caravan. Perfectly new condition, 4-berth. Considerably reduced. Terms possible (deposit about £150 desired). Box 6513.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. Maida Vale 4657.

VERSATILE student (m.) shs. any kind evg./wk-end. work London. Box 6637.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship encouraged by use of Esperanto, the second language for all." The British Esperanto Association (Inc.) exists to promote the study of the international language. Donations gratefully received. Prospectus from 140 Holland Park Avenue, W.11. (Park 7821.)

PIANO Lessons for beginners and advanced pupils given by Professor of the Vienna Academy. EUS. 3466 ext. 63.

WOMAN Graduate gives private English or French lessons. Box 6807.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 6879.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds, Colonic irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

LOOK younger, live longer! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure régime, with hydro, electro and dietetic treatments, in a delightful Regency House, will revitalise your personality and poise. Folder: Vernon Symonds, "The Brooklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 4 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 39 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

XMAS Party to Sun & Snow in lovely Flims (Switzerland). All winter sports, easy walks & social activities. 10 days £29 15s. 6d., 15 days £37 10s. incl. London. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards, 7s. 6d. Fivestars Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

LINGUISTS interested in social gatherings, Kensington area on Sundays, discussions French, German, English. Write Box 6659.

IF you are interested in modern education, why not augment your income by representing a London publishing house in your spare time? Write for details to Tartan Filmstrips, 3 Harrington Rd., London, S.W.7.

DO you want to be an M.P.? Hampstead Parliament is now enrolling members for 54th session. All Parties and Independents. You are equally welcome whether or not you wish to take part in debates. Mtgs. Tn. Hall, Weds. 8.15. Sec., 29 Platts Lane, N.W.3.

PERSONAL—continued

HOME-to-home exchanges and paying guest visits to France & Switzerland. Congenial arrangements made all year round by social workers, for children and young people. For exchanges during summer, early applic. advisable. Details (S.a.e.): Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Road, N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

PLEASE remember that Finders (WELbeck 6655) will always take a message for me if you find my telephone engaged or unanswered. Anthony Panting, photographer, 5 Paddington St., W.1.

FRENCH girl wishes to have a stay in England as a mother's help. Write Cours Rouget de Lisle, Choisy le Roi, Seine, France.

AUTHORS with books in the Autumn lists may require portraits for professional use. John Vickers specialises in photographs of those whose personality is somewhat elusive of the camera. 29.B Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

PICASSO: Still Life; Canaletto: View of Vienna; Manet: Peonies; &c. Full range of French, Swiss & Ganymed Facsimiles: Gregue's Gallery (Books), 65 Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. (One min. from S. Ken. underground. stn.). Open daily until 6 (later by appointment—KEN. 7495) Sats. 1 p.m.

THE Publishers of the Phaidon Art Books invite those interested in their publications and who are not already on their regular mailing list to write for their Autumn prospectus. Phaidon Press Ltd., 1 Cromwell Place, S.W.7.

INTERESTING week-end party in attractive Country Manor Hotel, near Hove, Sussex. Meet the well-known graphologist, Erich Singer, and enjoy a country week-end in stimulating company! Full details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

CAP d'Antibes. Escape to sunshine. Lady takes paying guests in her beautiful villa. Superb abundant food, comfortable beds, running water; really hot all bedrooms, central heating, garage, magnificent views, garden, sun-bathing terraces, 5 mins. easy walk sea. Box 6582.

FRANCE for Winter's Pleasures. Holiday in France for unrivalled winter sports or warm sunshine. Perfect food and service yours to command. Go by train on reduced tourist or road-rail tickets. Couchette sleeping accommodation (1st or 2nd class) for increased comfort. Through registration from London (Victoria) of baggage, skis, etc. Information, tickets and reservations from Travel Agents or French Railways, Ltd., 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

EXHIBITION and Conference Rooms available in West End. Apply British Colour Council, 13 Portman Square, W.1. WEL. 4183.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anmerwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

DO You Count In Life? Pelmanism will develop your Personality and Individuality and give you a well-founded belief in yourself which will help you to succeed. Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of His Majesty's Forces.—Write for a free copy of "The Science of Success," which fully describes the Course, Pelman Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

WINTER sunshine in Bermuda, Madeira, Algiers, French and Italian Rivieras, individually arranged by Business and Holiday Travel, Ltd. Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kollerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

HOSPITALITY & care offered for convalescence or for the aged. Lovely house—lounge & garden. HAMpstead 2281.

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, meetings, Classes. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

DO you suffer from nerves? Try Nerve Manipulation, a therapy of proved value in conditions of nervous tension, exhaustion, fatigue and physical debility. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Ask for explanatory brochure. Inqs.: Welbeck 9600

PROFICIENT ski-ers will be interested in two ski-ing tours we are arranging, one to the Silvretta Alps and one in the Otztal region. Cost under £30 for a fortnight. Programme from Ramblers' Assn., 48 (a) Park Road, Baker St., N.W.1.

SHIRTS re-collared, 6s., post free. B4, OSEV, 6 Silver Cres., W.4. CHI. 0765.

P.S. Weinachten in Osterreich! Noël en Suisse! Ski at Obergurgl, 26½gns., or Bretaye sur Villars, 28½gns.

P.P.S. Apply to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Harrow 1040.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

AUTUMN issue of "Poetry Manchester" now available, including poems by Kathleen Raine, Patrick Galvin, Irving Wardle, James Kirkup, Norman Nicholson, L. A. Redford, Robin Skelton, Peter Russell, Ewart Milne & many young poets from the North. 2s. 8d. or 10s. p.a. from Carrington Cottage, Leigh, Lancashire.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"EMPEROR and Proletarian," and other poems of the Rumanian poet, Eminescu, rendered into English verse by Sylvia Pankhurst, with a foreword by George Bernard Shaw. From New Times publishers, 3 Chatteris Rd., Woodford Green, Essex.

"SOVIET Teaching of British History" by Christopher Hill. Autumn issue "Anglo Soviet Journal." Also articles on Factory Profits, Local Gov't., Colour Films, Summer Holidays; J. D. Bernal on Developments in Science. 56 p. Illvs. 2s. 6d. (post 3d). From 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

BOOK Bargains! New books at half price or less. Mint condition. Many offers such as "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam," 12 plates, 6 coloured, publ. at 5s.; our price 1s. 6d., post 3d. Stamp for full lists. Town Bookshop, Enfield, Middx. Money back gtee.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, Hill Top, Park Rd., Bridport, Dorset.

INTERESTED in languages? Then read "The Linguist," published monthly with articles and features in English, French, German, Spanish, Italian and Esperanto. "Original, entertaining and, above all, helpful." 1s. from newsagents, or 13s. yearly from "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

"ARMS and Mr. Bevan." New 32-page sixpenny pamphlet by Emrys Hughes. From "Forward," 26 Civic St., Glasgow, C.4.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner. 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers' Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., S.W.1. 'Phone VICtoria 9827.

OUR selection of Christmas books and cards are worth your careful consideration. Please come in and see for yourself—we are near the Brompton Rd. Open 10-6. Sats. till 1.0. Rosina & Maurice Fry, Temple Fortune Bookshop, 5 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Nursery 8gns., K.G. 15gns., Junior and Senior School 18gns.

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking. Prep. school for boys. Old-established but not old-fashioned. Sensible schooling in appropriate setting. Hobbies encouraged.

HILL House, Steepie Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £40 term. Good acad. results. Children/parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M. Winter, B.A.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm. T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls, 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

PALINURUS School, Ebworth Park, Near Stroud, Glos., known for its serenity, has vacancies at reduced rates under 9. Secy. Co-ed. 5-13. Progressive. Creative afternoons. Food reform (not exclusively). Spacious life. Common Entrance, &c., undertaken. Pers. tuition regularly. One adult to two children; difficult, backward child welcome.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

PAGES School, Heathfield, Sussex. Co-educational. All ages. Exams., boarding.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of redeveloped Garden City. Applications for vacancies from 1952 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A day school for boys and girls 5-15. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

STERLING House School, 33 Victoria Rd., W.8. WEStern 8399. Boys and girls up to 7 years, girls only up to 11 years. Prepared for Common Entrance. Car service. Apply Principal, Mrs. Venning.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St., W.1. Regent 2803. Founded 1901.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON. Service rooms, constant hot water, bed & good breakfast from £3 15s. week. £5 10s. double. Box 6634.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1930.

BEAUTIFUL room, 22'6 × 15, well-furnished, in Englishwoman's flat, Hampstead, 3½gns. Includes cleaning, bed-linen, use bathroom & kitchen. Cons. h.w. Milk frig. Telephone in room. No couples. Suitable prof. or business executive. MAI. 5267.

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakf., dinner optional. Moderate.

UNUSUAL, furnished, single bed-sitting room, central heating, hot water, telephone, use of kitchen. Two mins. West Hampstead stn. and buses. Phone MAI. 9517.

FURN. bed-sit. room available, Chiswick, in new flat of quiet prof. couple. Elec. ring, use of bath (c.h.w.). Pleasant open aspect 3 mins. from station. Box 6755.

LARGE bed-sitting room, Clapham district, easy reach bus and tube, suit professl. or business woman. No attendance. Box 6596.

BAYSWATER service rooms with breakfast, H. & C. & 'phones; from £2 2s. p.w. BAY. 3670.

W.C.1. Large ground-floor front b.s.r. Mod. cons. £3 5s. sgle. TER. 8161.

WOMAN grad., 25, seeks companion share flat N. London. Moderate. Box 6843.

N. FINCHLEY. Lge. dble. divan room, also single divan rm. Bkfst. opt., 3gns., 2gns. Garage available. HILL. 0903.

BED-sit. room; gas rings, meter, use bathrm, 30s. Clapham South. BAT. 3565.

SOUTHGATE. Comf. bed-sit. rm., use bath, elec. fire, ckg. facils. Box 6833.

COMF. accom. in London s/c flat (C.H., C.H.W.) offered to professional/business lady. Own bdrm. Use of kit., sitting-rm., £2 15s. p.w. inc. Box 6695.

BUSINESS lady offers another share home E. Sheen. Incl. cost approx. £3-£3 10s. wkly. Ring PROspect 4664 betw. 8 & 9 a.m.

FLAT, slightly furnished, N.W.6. 2 rooms, kitchen, use bath and telephone. Suit single person. Box 6828.

HIGHGATE Woods. Bach. flats. Well equp. & furn. H. & C. Use frig. 45s. wk. With kit.—bath—63s. Tel. after 6. TUD. 6184.

COMFORTABLE home and excellent food in secluded country house. Eminently suitable artist, writer, craftsman. Saltiel, Long Stratton, Norfolk.

WELL.-furn. flat to let, 3 rms., kit., bthrm., c.h.w. Warm country house, Surrey. Easy journey London. £4 wkly. Box 6721.

BACHELOR (50) has two furnished rooms for another in pleasant flat 6 miles London Bridge. Share kitchen, etc. About £2 10s. Box 6720.

UNFURN. s.c. modern flat, 3 rms., kit., bthrm., £2 p.w., in exchange for similar possibly smaller company-owned flat. Any district. Ring CHI. 0529.

EXCHANGE. Pleasant 4-rm. flat Oxford similar/house London. Box 6613.

YNG. couple advtg. for past year still seek s.c. unf. flat, N.W. pref. Up to £200 f. & f. LAN. 5861 office hours.

LABOUR M.P. requires unfurn. accom. in London. Would share with bathroom. Any district, but Cen. London pref. Box 6845.

CANADIAN family (3 children) need furn. 2-3 bed-rmd. flat till May. Chelsea/S. Ken. pref. Best ref. Box 6821.

MALE teacher wishes accom. with piano, nr. art school, mid-Dec. Box 6809.

PRESENTABLE young couple with baby urgently require unfurn. s.c. flat. Maximum rent £115 p.a. inc. Willing to stoke boiler, etc. Box 6663.

ARCHITECT, wishing marry, seeks unf. London flat. Mod. rent. Box 6906.

ANY offers for tenancy of part-house, lodge, outbuilding, suitable conversions as dwelling in/nr. Highgate Village? Box 6581.

NIGERIAN student & wife, coloured, req. furn./unf. flatlet urgently. Box 6791.

WOMAN grad., early 30's, admin. worker, Jewish but emancipated, desperately needs unfurn./furn. room, kit., use bath.; humane surroundings. Max. £2. Box 6778.

ARCHITECT, wife, seek s.c. unf./part furn. flat. Central London. Box 6758.

WANTED rent buy small bungalow House unfurnished, pleasant surroundings, London or radius 30 miles. Box 6727.

"THE Homefinder." England's leading property magazine can help you find a house, over 1,000 advertised in each issue. 9d. monthly from newsagents. By post 1s., or 5s. 9d. for six months. Homefinders Ltd. (N.S.), 42 Wool Exchange, London, E.C.2.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7.0 (ex. Mon.). St. & Sun. 5 & 8. "Third Person." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "The Hawthorn Grove." a Russian Comedy. Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. only.

ON Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3 p.m. The Attic Theatre presents "The Mistress of the Inn," by Carlo Goldoni, at the White Eagle Club, Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, and on Monday, Nov. 12, at 8 p.m., a dance and cabaret on the same premises. Mems.

"THE Flies" by Jean-Paul Sartre with Yvonne Mitchell, Mary Hinton, Abraham Sofaer and David King-Wood at the New Boltheatre, Sun., Nov. 25. Produced by Rupert Doone for The Group Theatre. For terms of membship. prices of tickets apply Sec., 5 Goodwin's Court, W.C.2. TEM. 7631.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Nov. 4, 7.30. "Sanders of the River" (U) (American).

EVERYMAN. Hum. 1525. Until Nov. 4. Magnani in "The Miracle" (A-London). From Nov. 5, Max Ophuls' "Liebelei." A.A.

NEW Era Film Club presents René Clair's "The Italian Straw Hat" (Fr.), also "Feet of Mud" (U.S.A.). Langdon, at Beaver Hall (Mansion Hse. Tube Stn.), Sat., November 3, 7.30 p.m. Members 2s., guests 2s. 6d. Details, tickets and membership: A. Miller, 166 High Rd., N.15.

INTERNATIONAL Art Film Show, Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1. Tuesday, Nov. 6, 8 p.m. Admission 2s.

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Royal Albert Hall, Wed., Nov. 7, at 8. Symphony No. 36 in C ("The Linz" (Mozart); Preludes and Entr'actes (Delius and Debussy); Symphony No. 2 in D (Brahms). Conductor: Sir John Barbirolli. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., from Hall (KEN. 8212) and usual Agents.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Thurs. next, at 8: Barbara Milne-Home (viola), Ruth Dyson (piano); Thelma Godfrey (soprano); Brahms, Bax, Purcell &c. Fri. next, at 8: Samuel Kutcher (violin); Andrew Ratcliffe (piano); sonatas by Schumann, Beethoven, Fauré. 5s., 3s., at hall. Director of Concerts: N. Chiveaux.

JOHN Clegg, pianist, Wigmore Hall, Sun., Nov. 4, at 3. Haydn F minor Variations, Chopin Etudes, Op. 25, Rachmaninov works, 9s., 6s., 3s. at hall. Mgt. N. Chiveaux.

71ST Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Thurs., Nov. 15, at 7. Fauré, Debussy, Poulenc, Honegger, Cello Sonatas Pierre Fournier and Ernest Lush. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d.

ST. MARYLEBONE Church, W.1. The Renaissance Singers directed by Michael Howard. Music by John Taverner. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 3.30 p.m., "Playn Songe" Mass and Motets. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 3.30 p.m., "O Michael" Mass and Te Deum. Introduced by Denis Stevens.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Recital by Ernest Frank (baritone), Paul Hamburger (piano). Sunday, November 4 at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

JAMES Gibb, well-known pianist, will give a Recital and a talk on The Spring Music Festival held in Prague, at the Hampstead Town Hall (small hall), on Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8 p.m. Admission 1s. All welcome. Organised by the London Committee B.C.F.I.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League. Dance for Members and Friends at 20 Pont St., S.W.1, Sat., Nov. 3, at 7.30 p.m. Band. Licensed bar for members only, bring your membership cards. Adm., members 2s. 6d., friends 3s. 6d. (incl. refreshments).

FESTIVAL Reunion Dance, West Indians and Friends. Royal Hotel, Woburn Place (Russell Sq. Tube). Sat., 3rd, 7-11 p.m. Original Calypso Band. Caribbean Labour Congress, L.B., welcomes all.

A DANCE organised by Central London Fabian Society, Sat., Nov. 3, 7.30 p.m. at St. Martin's School of Art, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Adm. 4s. by ticket. Members and friends of Fabian Society only.

COCKTAIL Party, followed by Winter Sports Travel Forum! Winter Sports enthusiasts and others interested in original holidays will be welcome Nov. 7, 6.30-9.30, Westminster. Tickets 7s. on applic. to Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

EXHIBITIONS

ZWEMMER Gallery. Gainsmed Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints and first showing of Gainsmed Collographs by Henry Moore. 10-6 daily incl. Saturdays. Last few days. 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2 (near Cambridge Circus).

EDVARD Munch. An Arts Council Exhibition arranged in conjunction with the City of Oslo. Tate Gallery. Open till Dec. 1. Weekdays 10-6; Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

SCANDINAVIAN Design for Living. An Exhibn. of new furniture and furnishings from Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Finland. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Crt. Rd., W.1.

LEIGHTON House, Holland Pk. Rd., Kensington. Retrospective Exhibition Paintings 1950-1946. Henry Behon. November 7-19. Weekdays 11-7; Saturdays 11-5. Station: Kensington High St.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings by Bryan Robey. Till Nov. 17. Mon.-Sat., 10-5.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WILLIAM Dobson. An Arts Council Exhibition. The Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 11. Weekdays, 10-6, Suns. 2-6. Adm. free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1. 19th & 20th Century French Painting: & Works by G. Loiseau, 1865-1935.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leic. Sq. New pictures by Cecil Collins and Mary Potter. Florence Engelbach Memorial Exhibition. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

PICASSO Drawings. Institute of Contemporary Arts Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon. to Sat., 10-6.

GEORGE Melhuish—recent paintings. Irving Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Until Dec. 1.

ALA Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq., W.C.2. Recent Paintings by George Hooper and Elmslie Owen. Also A.I.A. Lithographs. 11-6 incl. Sats. Until Nov. 19.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Sq., W.1. Paintings by Bonnard and Vuillard. Designs for "Tiresias" by Isabel Lambert. Private view, Tuesday, Nov. ember 6 at 5 o'clock.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St. Henri Laurens. Sculptures, Drawings, Prints. First Exhibition in England. Week-days 10-5, Saturdays 10-1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Contemporary Jewish Artists. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Until Dec. 2.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New paintings by Humphrey Spender; Patrick Heron; & Fred Uhlman. Groups of drawings by Graham Sutherland, Keith Vaughan, Prunella Clough & Zulawski. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Current Exhibition, Drawings by Picasso. Nov. 5: Films made by Children intro. Stanley Reed. Nov. 6: Lecture: Edvard Munch (J. P. Hodin). Nov. 8: First lecture course on Contemporary Art (J. P. Hodin). Nov. 9: Schoenberg and his Music.

"THE New Statesman Speaks." The first of a series of 4 weekly lectures. "The Press." 7.30 p.m. Wallace Reid, Asst. Editor, "New Statesman"), Thurs., Nov. 8 at 8 p.m. Questions and discussion. All Nations Social Club, Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 2s. at door.

ANGLO-Russian Relations: A Conference with R. H. S. Crossman and R. Palme Dutt, Saturday, December 1, 2.30 p.m. Beaver Hall, St. Trinity Lane, E.C.4. Tickets 1s. 6d. Tea should be ordered with applicn. (Not payable in advance, 1s.) Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

WOOL Education Society. A lecture will be given at 7.15 p.m. on Thursday, November 15 1951, in the Lecture Hall of the Royal Society of John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2, by Professor W. T. Astbury, F.R.S., Professor of Biomolecular Structure and Honorary Reader in Textile Physics in the University of Leeds, on "How the Wool Molecule Works, and its Further Significance in Biology and Medicine." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

"THE Present Crisis and Man's Future" F. M. Lee. Sunday, Nov. 4, 7. Theosophical Soc., 50, Gloucester Place, W.1.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m. Nov. 6: "Vedanta In Brief." All welcome.

J. HUTTON Hynd: "British & American Standards of Living." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Grn. Sun., Nov. 4, at 7.45.

KENSINGTON Fabian Society. Discussion meeting at Abingdon Arms, Abingdon Rd., W.8. Monday, Nov. 5 at 8 p.m. Subject: Educational Problems in the Conservative State. Speaker: Mr. J. Wittrid.

SOC. of Labour Lawyers. Dr. Glover on "Study & Treatment of Delinquents." 7 p.m. Nov. 5. The Feathers, Tudor St.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. November 10 at 6 p.m., Mr. A. G. Ellis: "The Power of Colour."

LUNCH Hour Talks, Tuesdays at 1 p.m. Caxton Hall, S.W. Nov. 6: "Mind and The Will. Nov. 13: "The Eternal Wisdom."

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues. Nov. 6 at 7.45 p.m. Mr. Tom Smith, M.Th., B.D., on "Religion in Czechoslovakia." Chair: Mr. Ken Campbell. Adm. free. All welc.

"CHERRY Kearton's Jungle Story." A lecture will be given by John Kearton, for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Nov. 5, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock, Nov. 4: S. K. Ratcliffe, "An Indian Life Story." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON Opera Club, 17 Kingswood Court, N.W.6. (MAL. 0058.) Series of 5 Lectures: November 2 at 8 p.m., on "Il Mondo Della Luna" by Haydn. Nov. 29 at 8 p.m., on "Billy Budd" by Benjamin Britten. Jan. 3, 1952, at 8 p.m., on "Wozzeck" by Alban Berg, held at the Arts Council of Great Britain, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Tickets for series: 15s., single lectures: 3s. 6d. Performances of "Il Mondo Della Luna" on Nov. 8 and 10 at Scala Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1. Tickets for performances from Chappell Ltd., 50 New Bond St., W.1. (MAY. 7600.)

JOHN Betjeman: "Victorian Architecture" 6 Grosvenor Place. Nov. 5, 6 p.m. 5s.

MATYAS Seiber will speak on his cantata "Ulysses" with gramophone illustrations, Thursday, November 8 at 8 p.m. Hungarian Club, 33, Pembridge Square, W.2.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "What is good drawing?" Illustrated lecture by Henry M. Roland, Ph.D. Thursdays, Nov. 8 at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

CELEBRATE the 34th Anniversary of the U.S.S.R., Empress Hall, Earls Court, 3 p.m., Sunday, November 11. Dean of Canterbury, S. O. Davies, Harry Pollitt, distinguished Soviet visitors, Hanwell Silver Band. Presentation of Declaration of Friendship from London to Moscow. Tickets 2s., 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s. 6d. (5% disc. on block bookings of 20 or more) from Educ. C'tee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 16 Spencer Street, E.C.1.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Nov. 4: Psyche and Its Problems.

BUDDHIST Society, Caxton Hall, Victoria St., S.W.1. Public Lecture, Wed., Nov. 7, 6.30. "The Buddha's Thought and the Modern World." Mr. Mehta.

FARM Street Church, W.1 (Entrance also in Mount St.). Conferences given by Roman Catholic Church and Freedom of the Mind." By F. Copleston, S.J., Wed., Nov. 7, 6.30. "The Catholic Church and the non-Christian Religions."

EX-SERVICE Movement for Peace. Peace and Remembrance Rally. Trafalgar Square, November 4, 3 p.m.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Nov. 6, W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E.: "Is Education Really Necessary?" Adm. free. Collection.

JEWISH Forum for the discussion of topical Jewish Questions: (2) "Should Jewry make Peace with Germany?" Speakers: Prof. N. Bentwich, Prof. E. J. Cohn, Rabbi Lionel Rosen. In the chair: Dr. R. Bienenfeld. Discussion, Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 8 p.m., at Anglo-Israeli Club, 43-44 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. Arranged by World Jewish Congress British Section.

FABIAN Autumn Lectures: "Is This Socialism?" Note new dates: Tuesdays, Nov. 6, 13, 20, 27, Dec. 4. Kingsley Martin, Mary Stocks, Walter Padley, M.P., Alex Comfort, Anthony Crosland, M.P., Livingstone Hall, S.W.1, at 7.15 p.m. Single tickets 2s. 6d. & 4s., Series 8s. & 12s. 6d. Apply: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

CENT. London Fabian Socy., Wed., Nov. 7, 7.30. St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The Russian Revolution in World Politics". F. A. Radley. Adm. 1s. 6d.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"INEQUALITIES in Marriage." Week-end Conference at Elmswood, Heywards Heath. Fri., Nov. 16 (supper 7.30) to Sun., Nov. 18. Speakers: Norman Haire, Joyce Martin, Robert S. W. Pollard, Betty Scharf. £2 2s. 0d. (£1 7s. 6d. from Sat. after lunch). Organised by Six Point Group, 4% Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3.

WEEK-END School organised by Central London Fabian Society at Pasture Wood, nr. Dorking, November 16-18. Harold Wilson, M.P., E. Grebenik (Reader in Demography, L.S.E.) and Paul Yates (of the Colonial Development Corpn.) will speak on Food, Resources and Population. Applics. to Miss B. McSweency, 50 George St., W.1.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Special Advanced New Course starts on November 7. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Hamp. 7986.

TOUCH-typing. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

THE Bedford Physical Training College. Principal, Miss Eileen Alexander. Students are trained to become teachers of all branches of Physical Education. Course extends over 3 years. Apply Sec., 37 Lansdowne Rd., Bedford.

OXFORD. Wychlea Domestic Science House. One year after-school domestic science course for twelve resident students. Cultural opportunities. Apply: The Warden, 4 Bardwell Road.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled "La Géographie du monde tropical" will be delivered (in French) by Professor P. Gourou (Collège de France, Paris) at 5 p.m. on November 12, 13 and 15, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

GRESHAM College, Basinghall St., London, E.C.2. "Our Lectures on Some Seldom-Seen Shakespeare Plays" by the Professor in Rhetoric, Nevill Coghill, Esq., M.A., on Mon. to Thurs., Nov. 5 to 8. The lectures are free and begin at 5.30.

UNIVERSITY of London, Department of Extra-Mural Studies (University Extension Courses). The following residential weekend courses have been arranged for the session 1951-52: Windermere House, Croydon—a series of four courses on Adult Education. November 2-4: A Comparative Survey. November 30-December 2: Sociology of Adult Education. February 1-3: A Philosophy for Adult Education. March 14-16: Method and Purpose in Adult Education. A series of four courses on Man's Place in the Universe. November 16-18: The Nature of Man. December 14-16: Anthropology and Social Psychology. January 18-20: Man in Society. February 15-17: Destiny of Man. Battle of Britain House, Northwood—January 25-27: Problems of a National Medical Service. February 22-24: Religion and Science in the Modern World. March 21-23: The Music of Vaughan Williams. Maris Grey College, Twickenham—January 4-6: London's Bird Population. The inclusive charge is approximately 21s. Further details may be obtained from the Director, Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, W.C.1.

LANGHAM Secretarial College trains educated girls for highly-paid posts at home and overseas. Vacancies now at new address, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2904-5. Prospectus from Secretary.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 2347.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING. Learn in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 1493.

RE-EDUCATION of movement and posture and reduction of overtension due to bodily and psychological stress. Trained teachers and medical supervision. Photographs and films used as teaching aids. Classes, Secretary, Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11 (Park 7223).

A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening Classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Private lessons in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1. May. 4040, 3805.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

EXPERT typing: Literary, educ., medical and technical MSS. a speciality. Duplicating & dictation services available. Beeston, 91 Priory Rd., London, N.W.6. MAI. 5391.

INTELLIGENT typing and clean duplicating. London's speediest service. Plays a speciality. Baker Street Copy-Type Services, 93 Baker St., W.1. WEL. 0066. Also temporary secretaries supplied & wanted.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. & MSS., Commercial documents, etc. Impeccable work. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

DUPLICATING, typing, express service, office staff supplied. Southern Secretarial Agency, 69 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. ABB. 1341/2.

DUPLICATING typing verbatim reporting.—An efficient and express service. Bayswater 1786.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting of every description undertaken under personal supervision, by careful and intelligent typists. Express service if required. Duplicating 24 hours. Special checking service for theses. Translations. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. Mai. 7479.

RANK Secretarial Service (Cambridge & London): MSS expertly typed. Careful checking. Novels, Theses 2 days. Translations all languages. Mod. terms. 109 Cambridge Rd., Gt. Shelford, Cambridge, & 5 Uppingham Ave., Stanmore, Mdx. WOR. 7087.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 93 Kensington Church St., London W.8. WEStern 5806.

LITERARY typing. 7-day or 4-day service. Short stories duplicated, etc.—24 hrs. Dictating machine service. Indexing, proof-reading, etc. Translns. (all languages). Temporary staff. Secretarial Aunts, 324-5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831 Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

EX-B.B.C. editor (author) trnlts. to/fr. all Eur. langs., revises MSS. Bus. 6149.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 514 and 515

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office. 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Penn Gardens, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.